



MAD

OUR PRICE
CHEAP!

NO. 23
FEB 2022

WHAT, ME VENGEANCE?





COVER ART FOR MAD #455
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, JUL 2005
ARTIST MARK FREDRICKSON



SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VAIN

MAD

NO. 23 FEBRUARY 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

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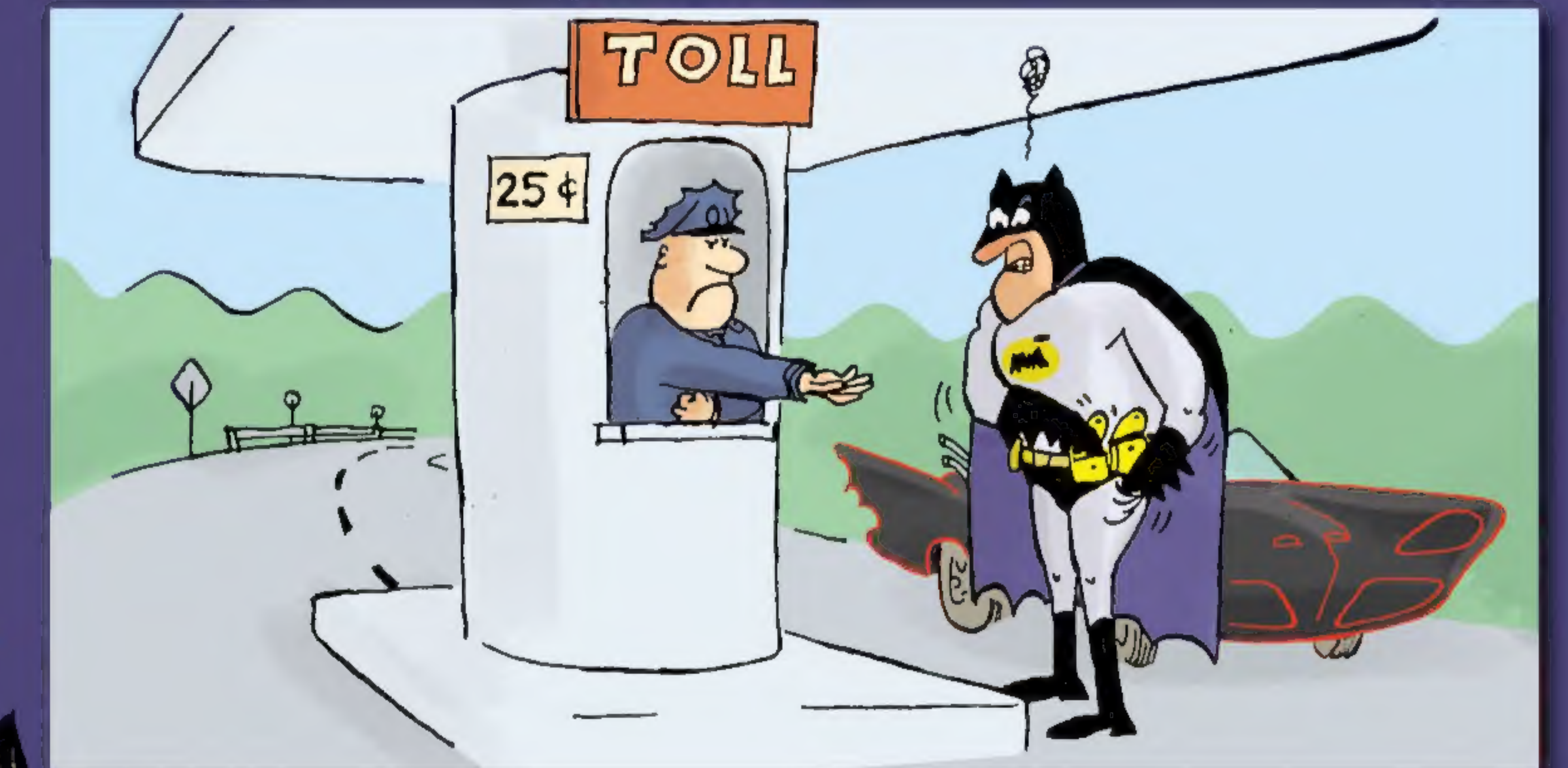
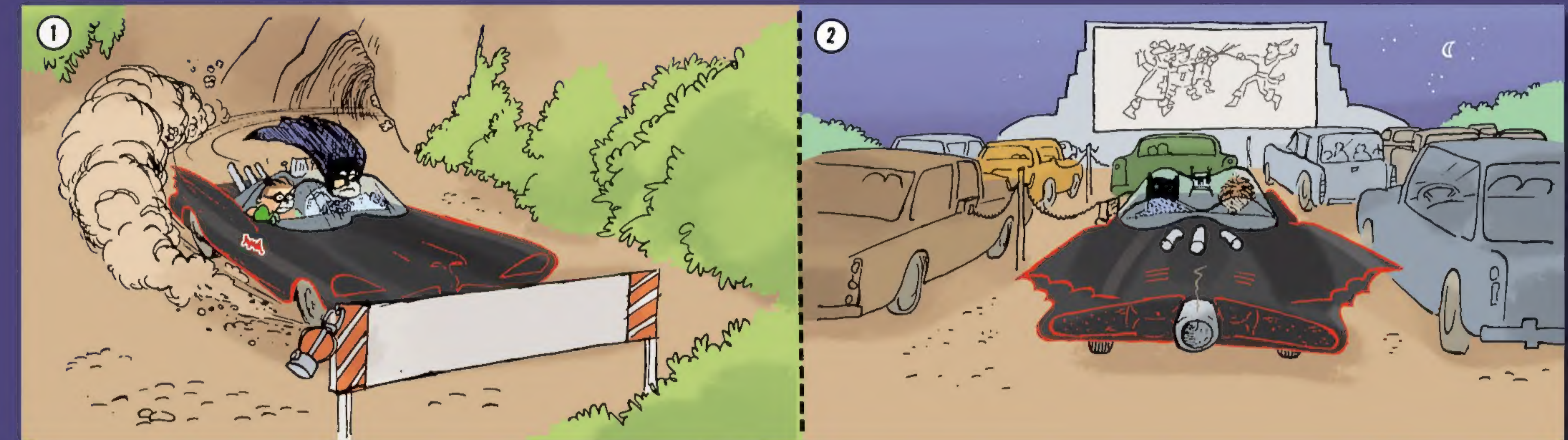
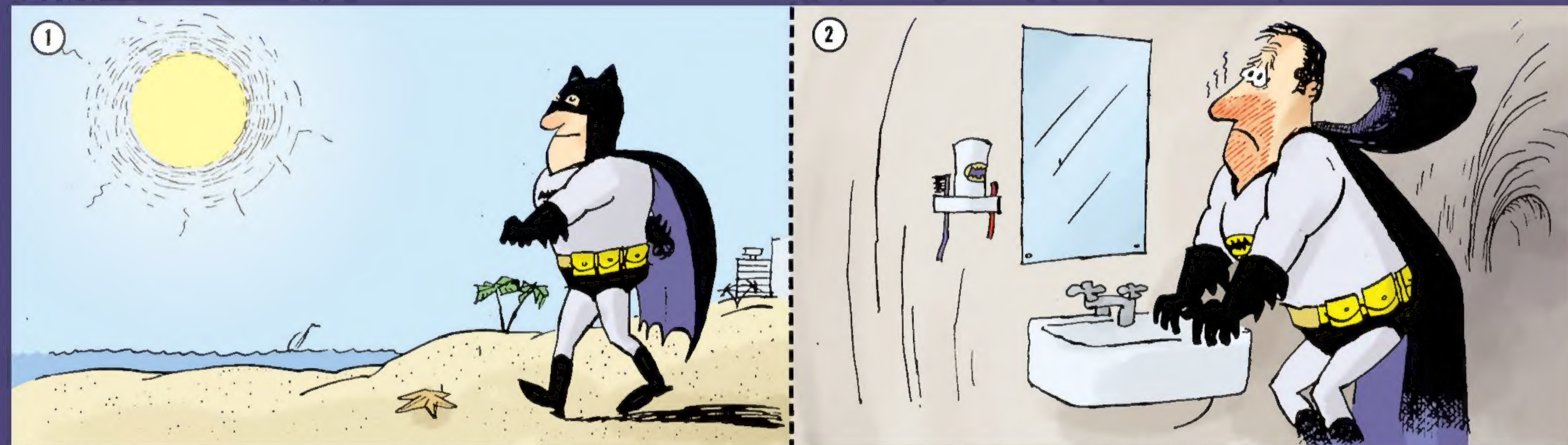
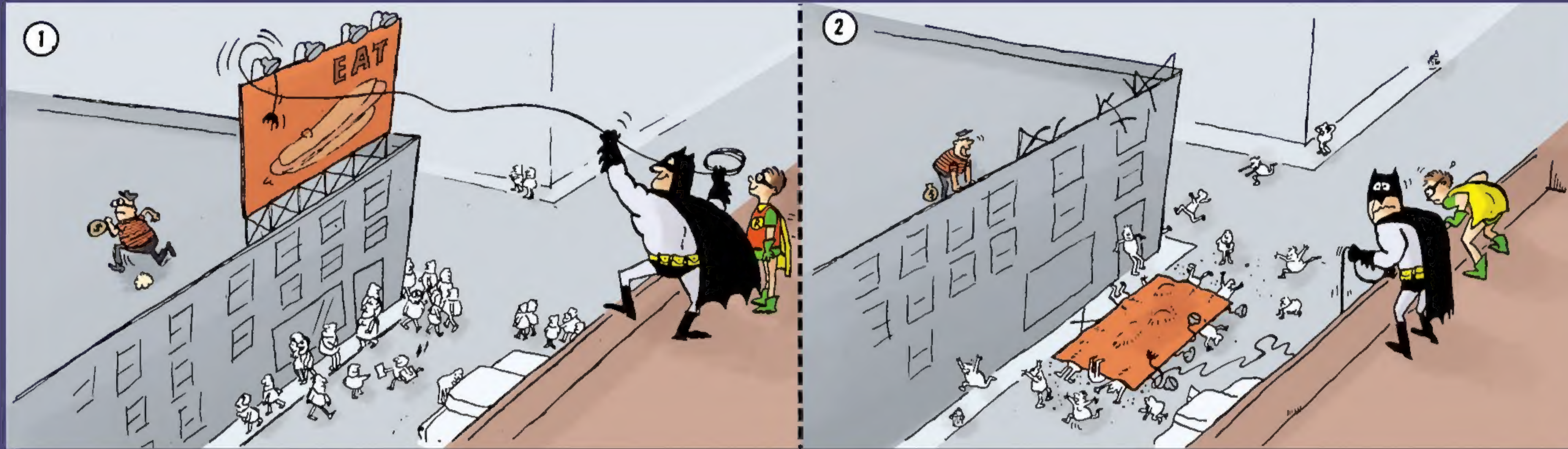
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

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A MAD LOOK AT BATMAN



WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST CARL PETERSON



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #106, OCT 1966

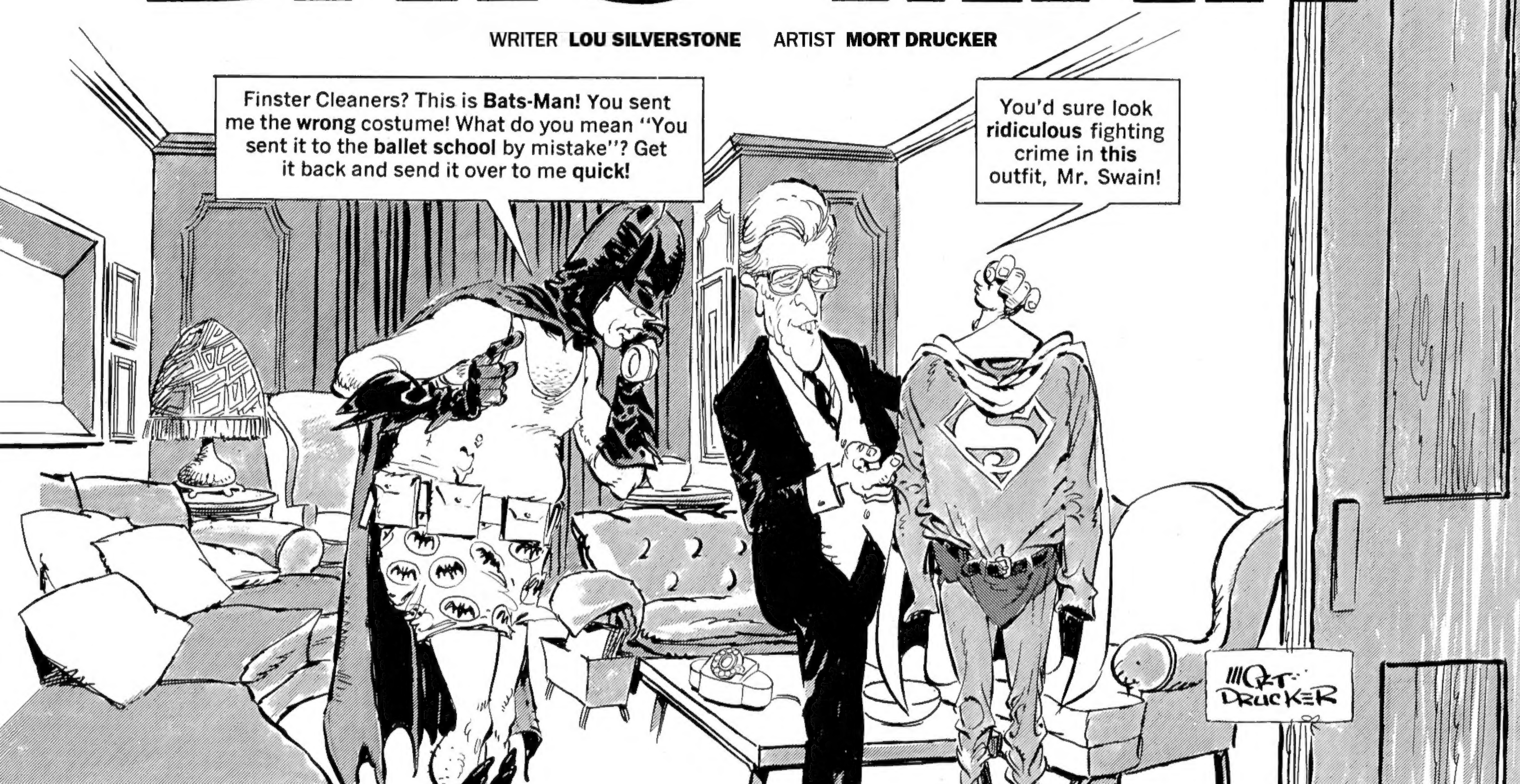


Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven...

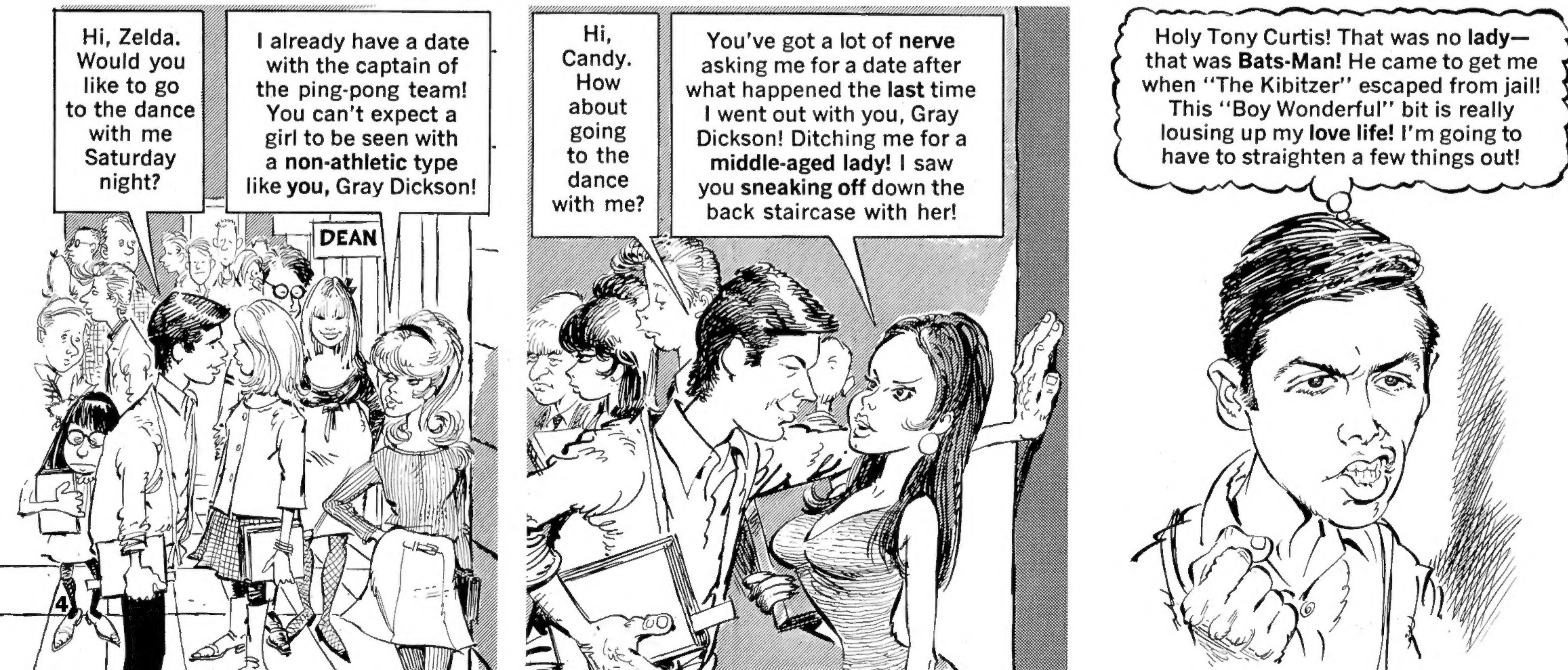


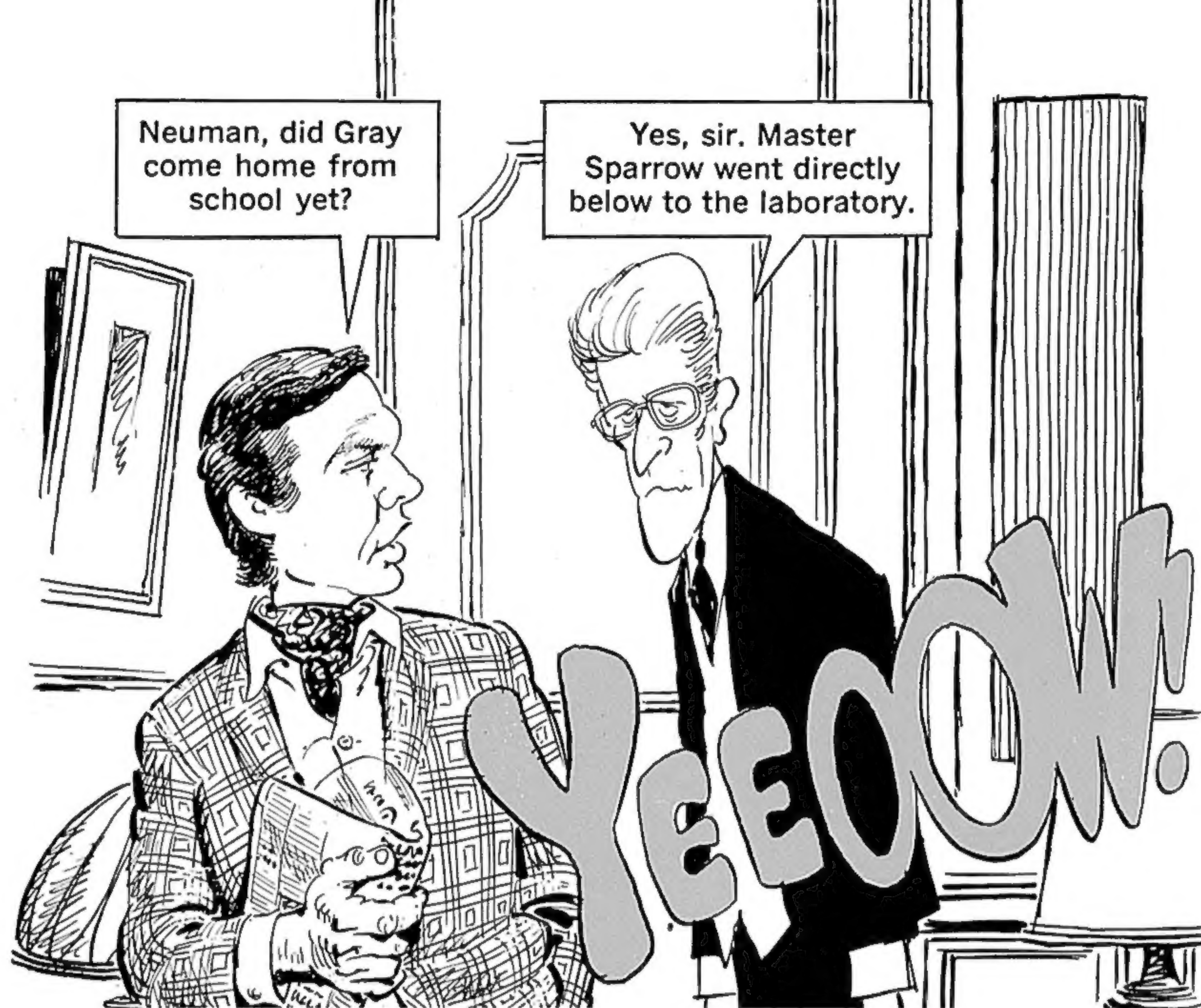
BATS-MAN

WRITER LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School...





Neuman, did Gray come home from school yet?

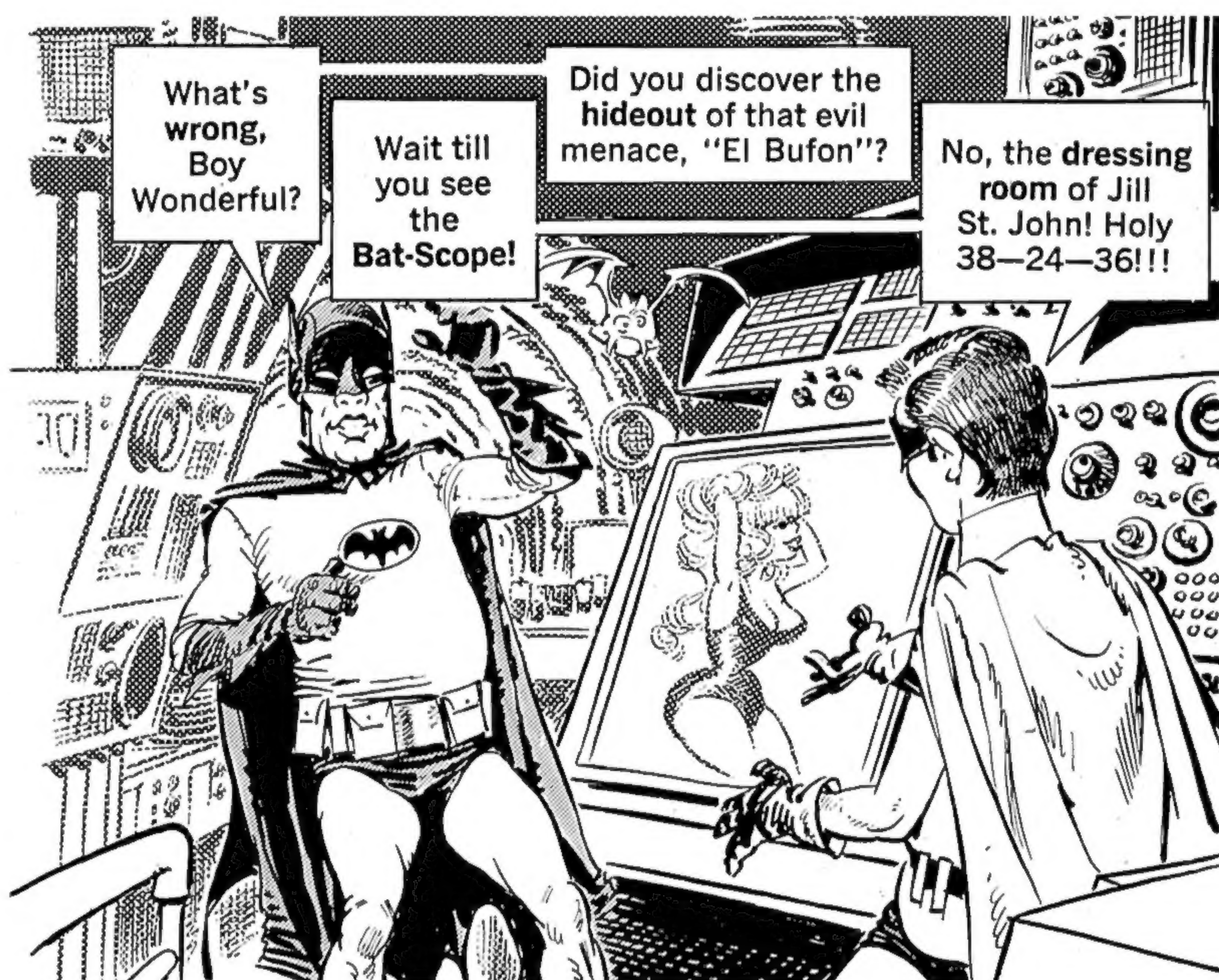
Yes, sir. Master Sparrow went directly below to the laboratory.

YEEOW!



That was Sparrow! He must be in danger! I haven't a moment to lose! To the Bat-Slide!

WHEEE!

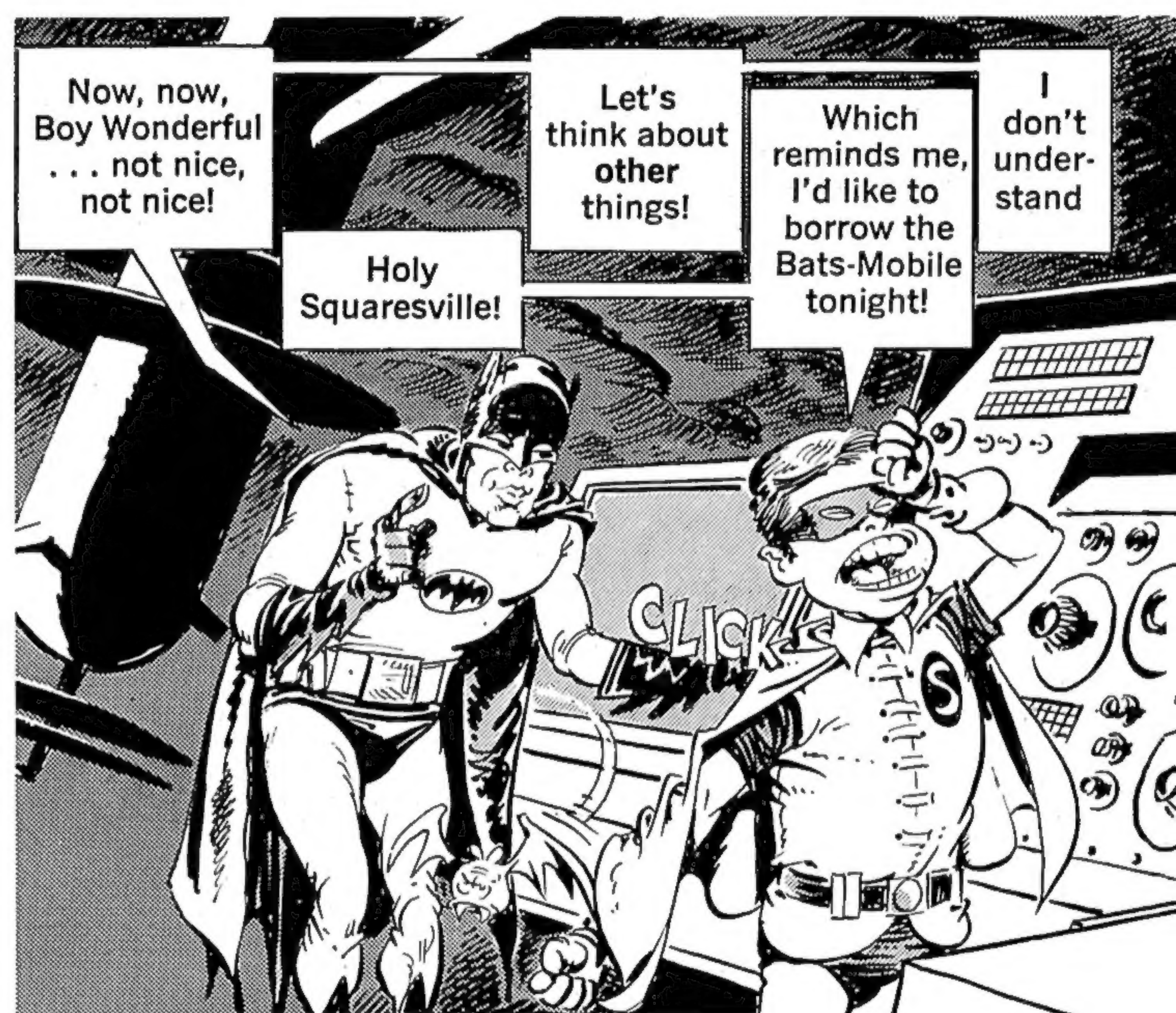


What's wrong, Boy Wonderful?

Wait till you see the Bat-Scope!

Did you discover the hideout of that evil menace, "El Bufon"?

No, the dressing room of Jill St. John! Holy 38-24-36!!!



Now, now, Boy Wonderful ... not nice, not nice!

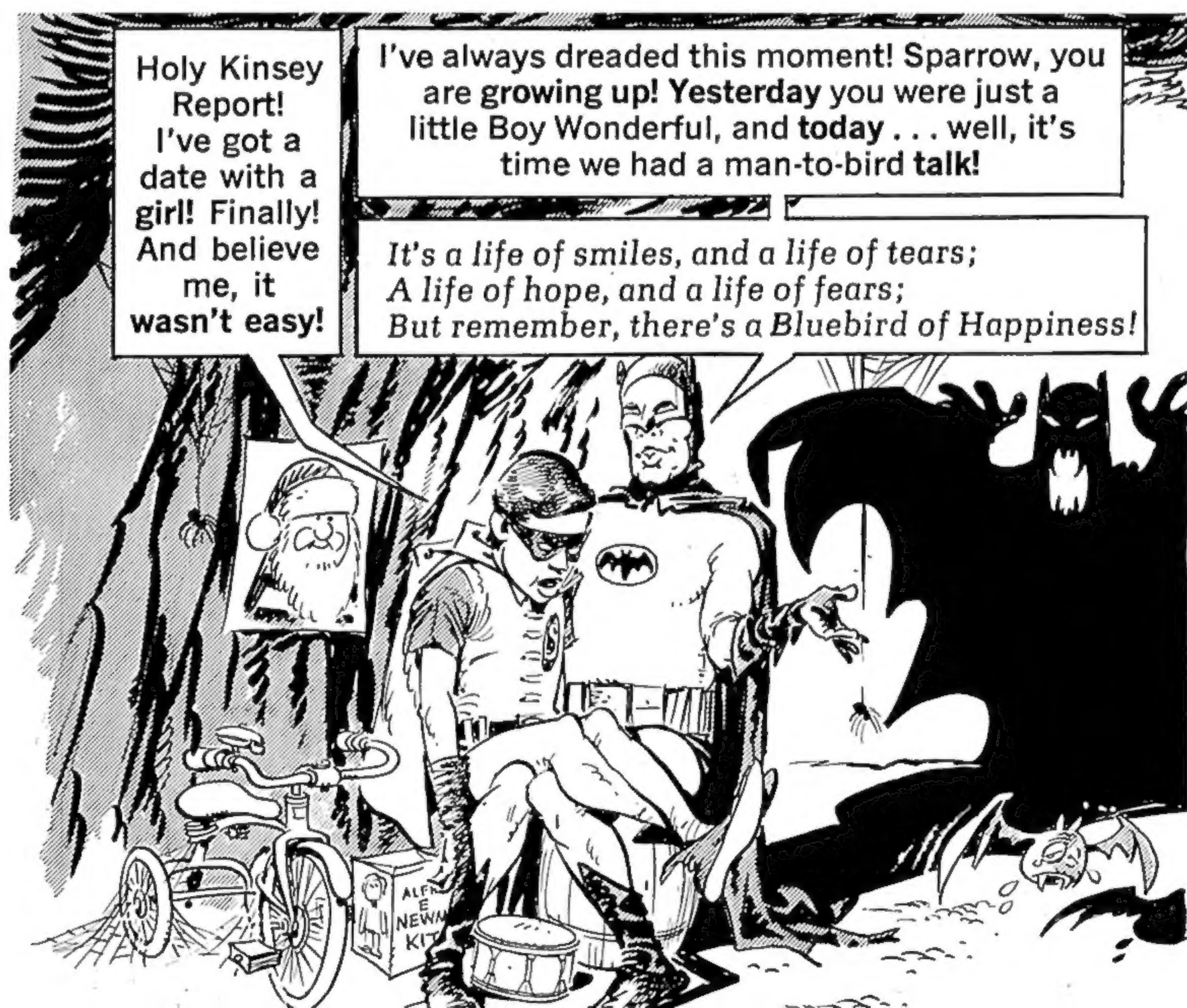
Let's think about other things!

Which reminds me, I'd like to borrow the Bats-Mobile tonight!

I don't understand

Holy Squaresville!

CLICK



Holy Kinsey Report! I've got a date with a girl! Finally! And believe me, it wasn't easy!

I've always dreaded this moment! Sparrow, you are growing up! Yesterday you were just a little Boy Wonderful, and today ... well, it's time we had a man-to-bird talk!

*It's a life of smiles, and a life of tears;
A life of hope, and a life of fears;
But remember, there's a Bluebird of Happiness!*



Holy Cornball! Listen, don't get me wrong, Bats-Man ... I don't mind fighting crooks and running around in my underwear! But I'd also like some time for good, clean teenage activities, like making out and sniffing airplane glue and talking for hours on the phone ...

But Sparrow— You have your own private phone!

Holy Don Ameche!
Some phone! A
direct wire to
the Commissioner's
office!

It just happens that the Commissioner is
a very witty conversationalist! And not
only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello,
Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were
just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!

It was the Commissioner! He's bored out
of his mind! He said we've been on the air
15 minutes and we haven't had one fight,
seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall!
Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!

But what
about
my date
tonight?



What's wrong with you kids today? Your date
will have to wait until evil and injustice have
been erased from Gotham City! And after that,
we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel
the need for feminine companionship, there's
always Aunt Hattie!



Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one lousy
night off and he gives me the whole darn
Pollyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked
for it! There's only one cat sharp enough
to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!



Leapin' Lizards!
It's Sparrow
Versus Bats-Man!

This bomb
attached to the
ignition will
fix his wagon!

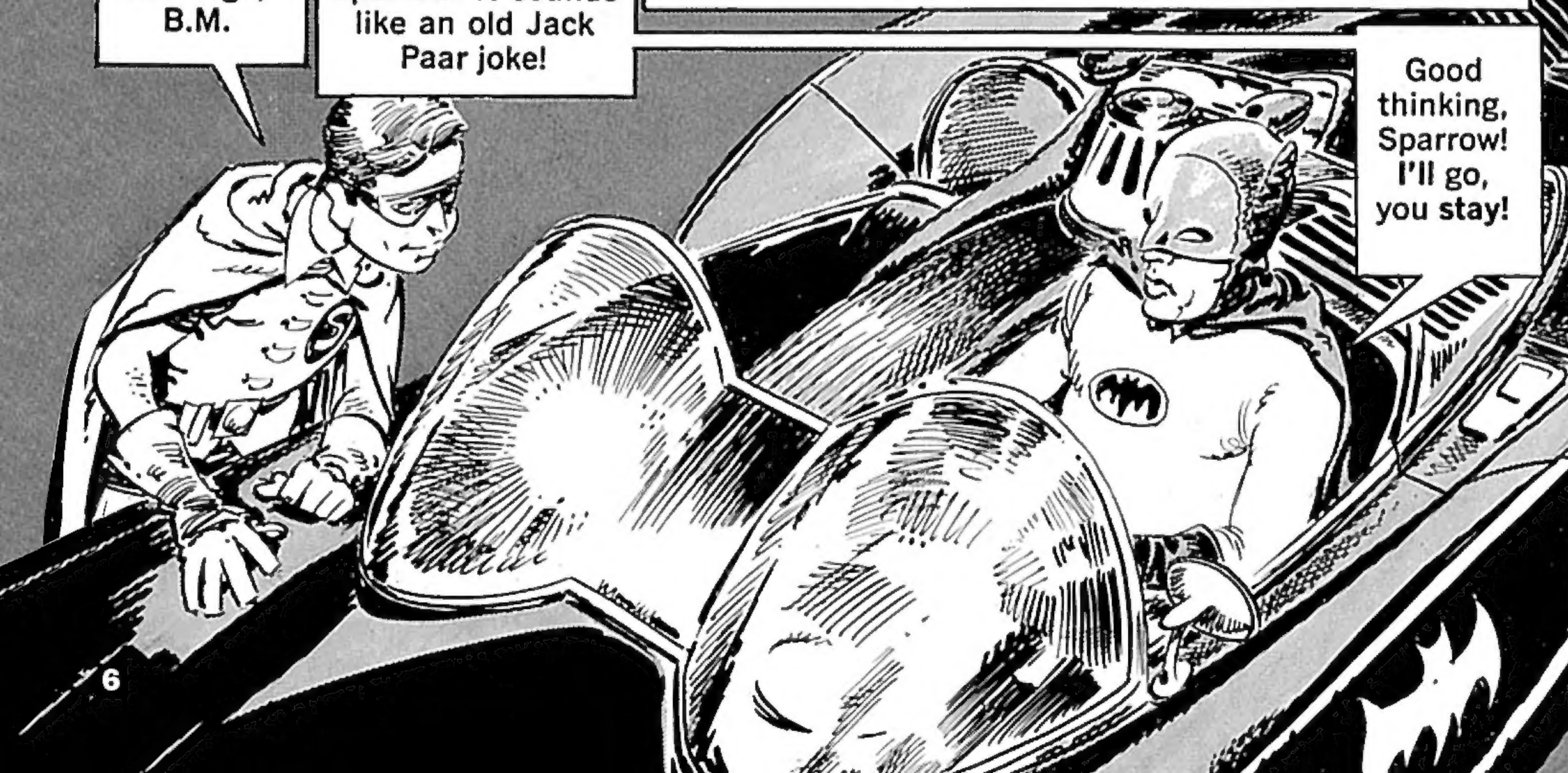


The
Bats-Mobile
is all
set to go,
B.M.

I wish you wouldn't
call me that,
Sparrow! It sounds
like an old Jack
Paar joke!

I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap-prone Aunt
Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed
here to protect her while the other zooms into town in
the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—

Good
thinking,
Sparrow!
I'll go,
you stay!

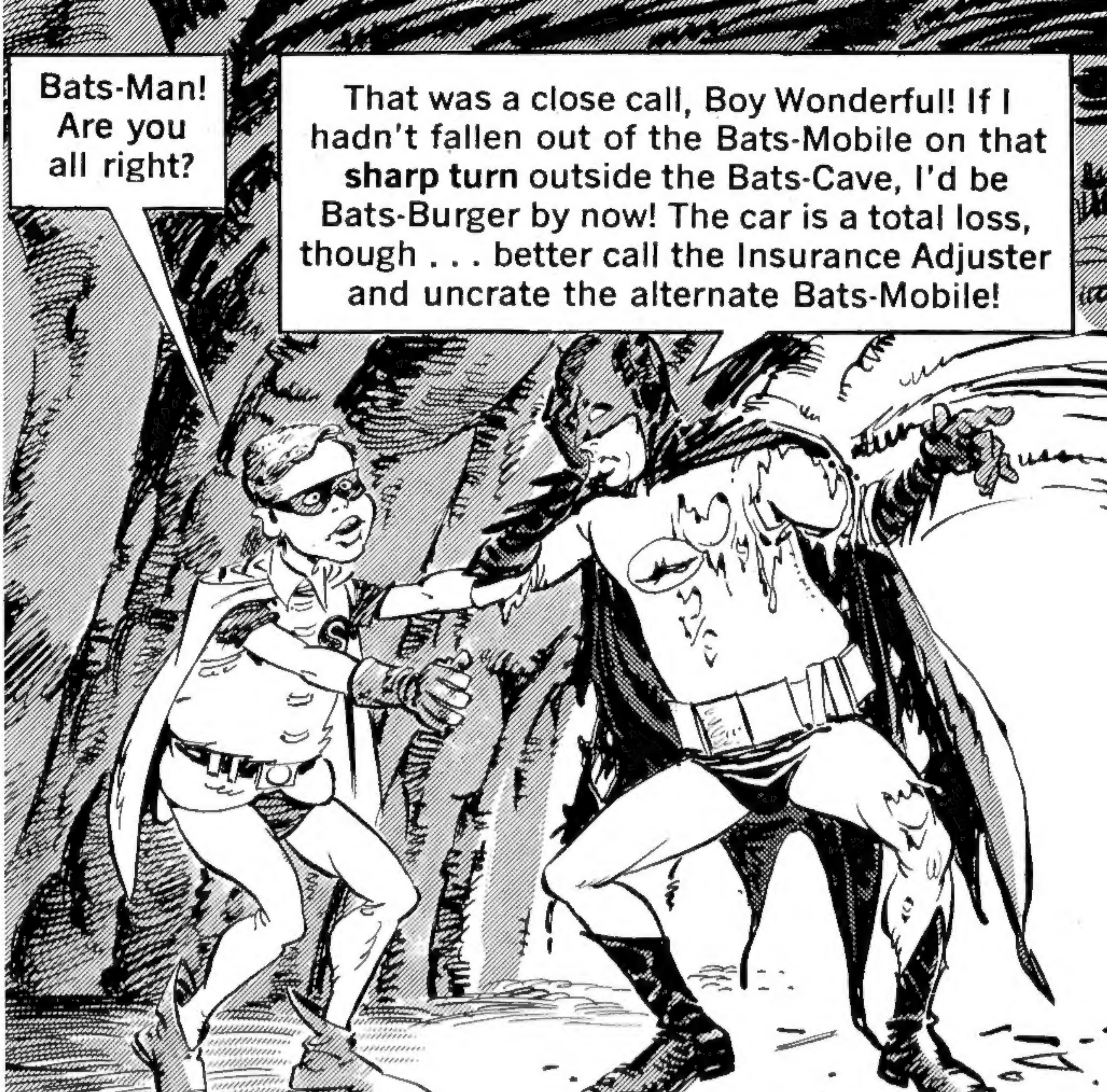


That's better. At least now I
look like a normal teenager!
And in a few minutes . . .





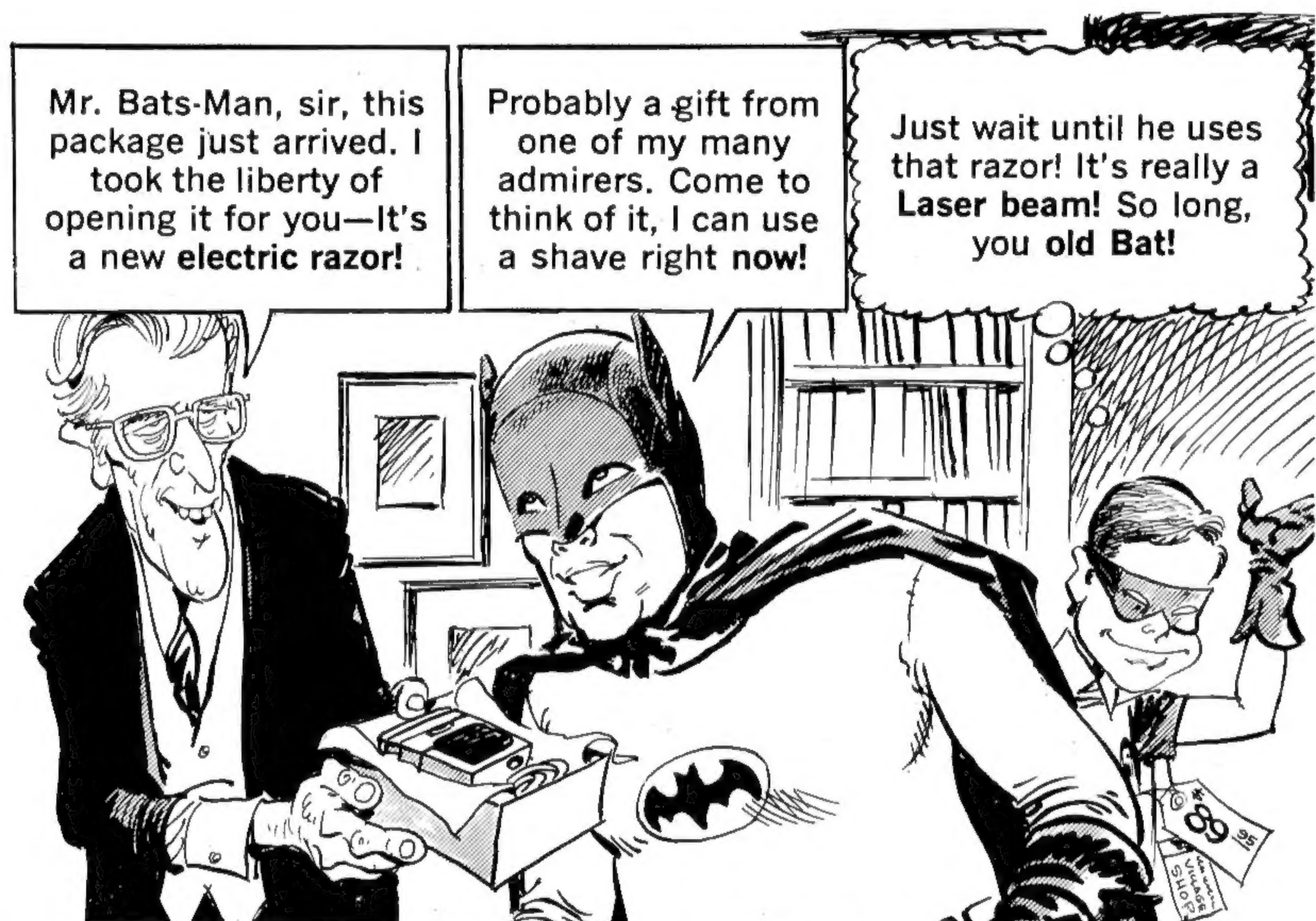
**Holy Mushroom
Cloud! Can
That Be The End
Of Bats-Man?!**



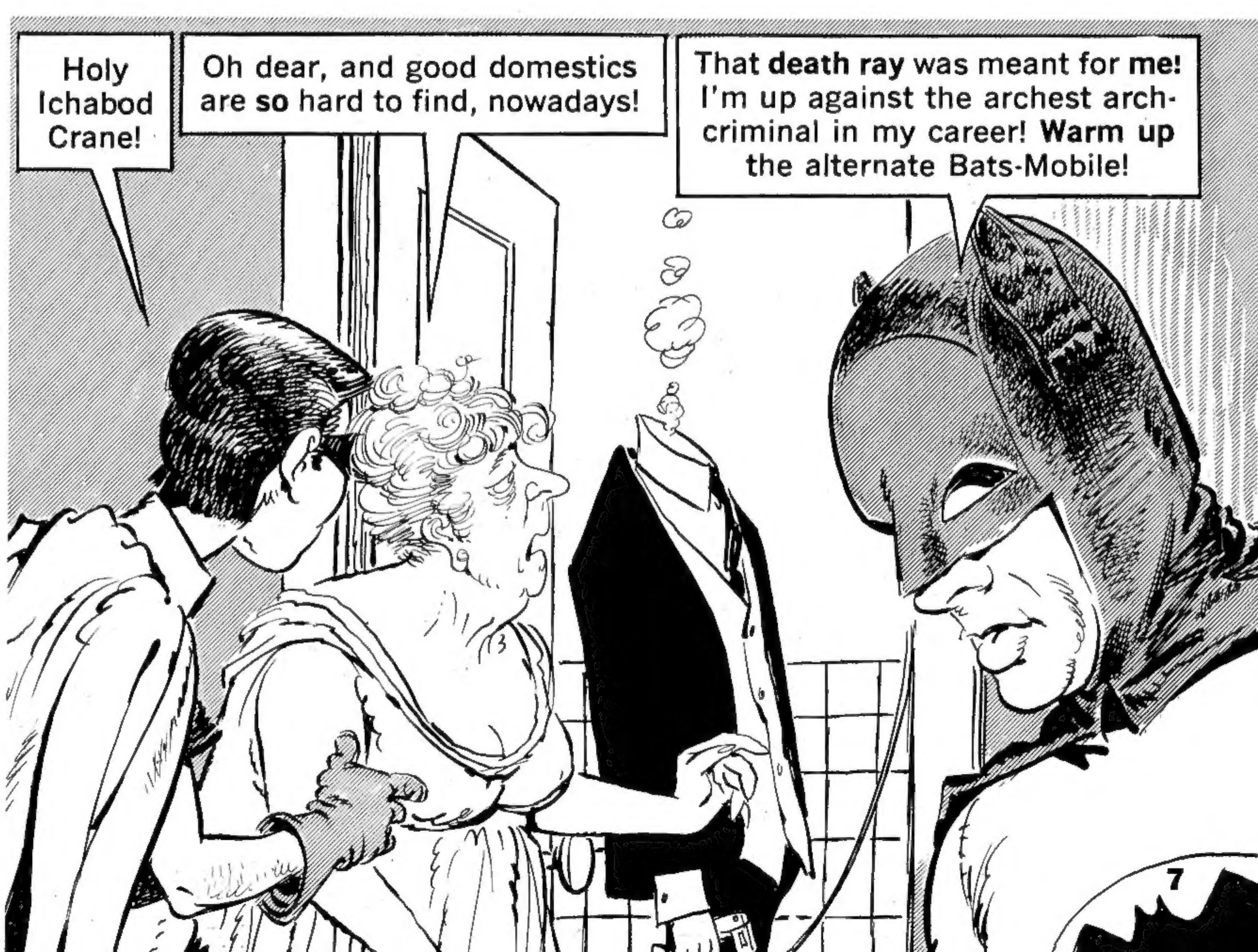
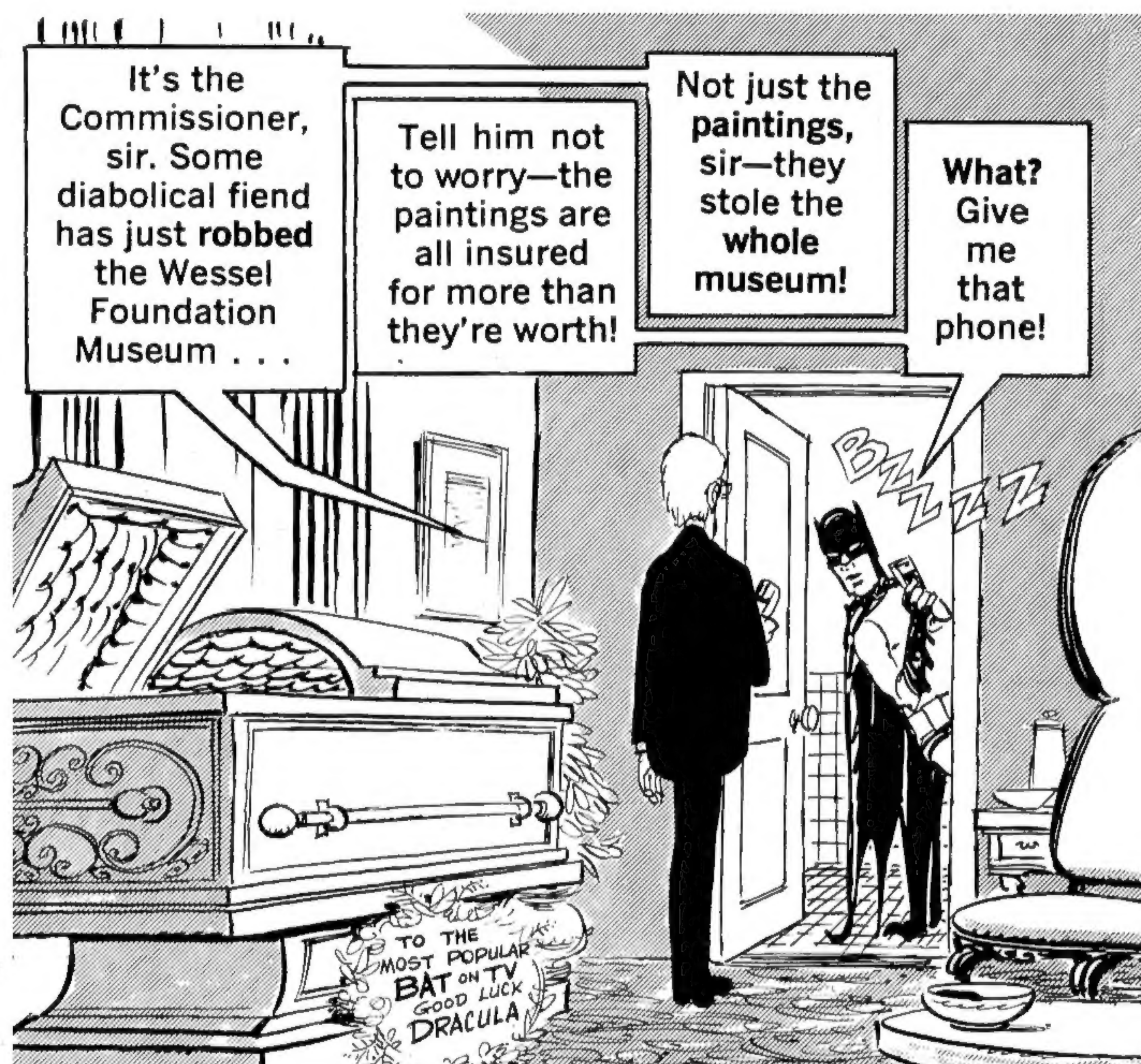
Hmmm . . . getting this Bat off my back is going to be tougher than I figured. But my next idea won't fail!



**Holy Socks!
What
Bird-Brained
Scheme
Is Sparrow
Hatching Now?**



**Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For
Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?**

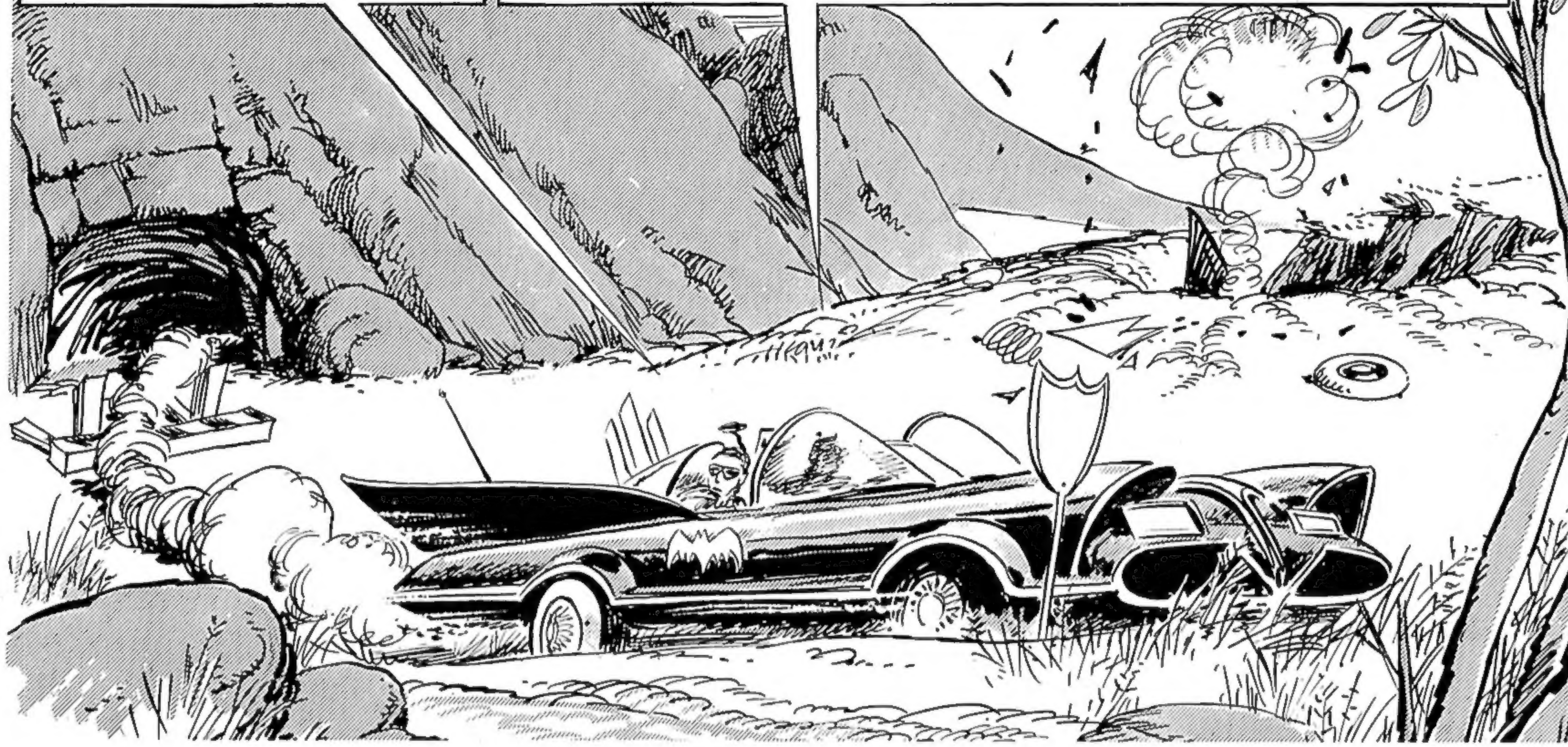


Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!

Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!

Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?

Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!



Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to reveal your true identity on TV!

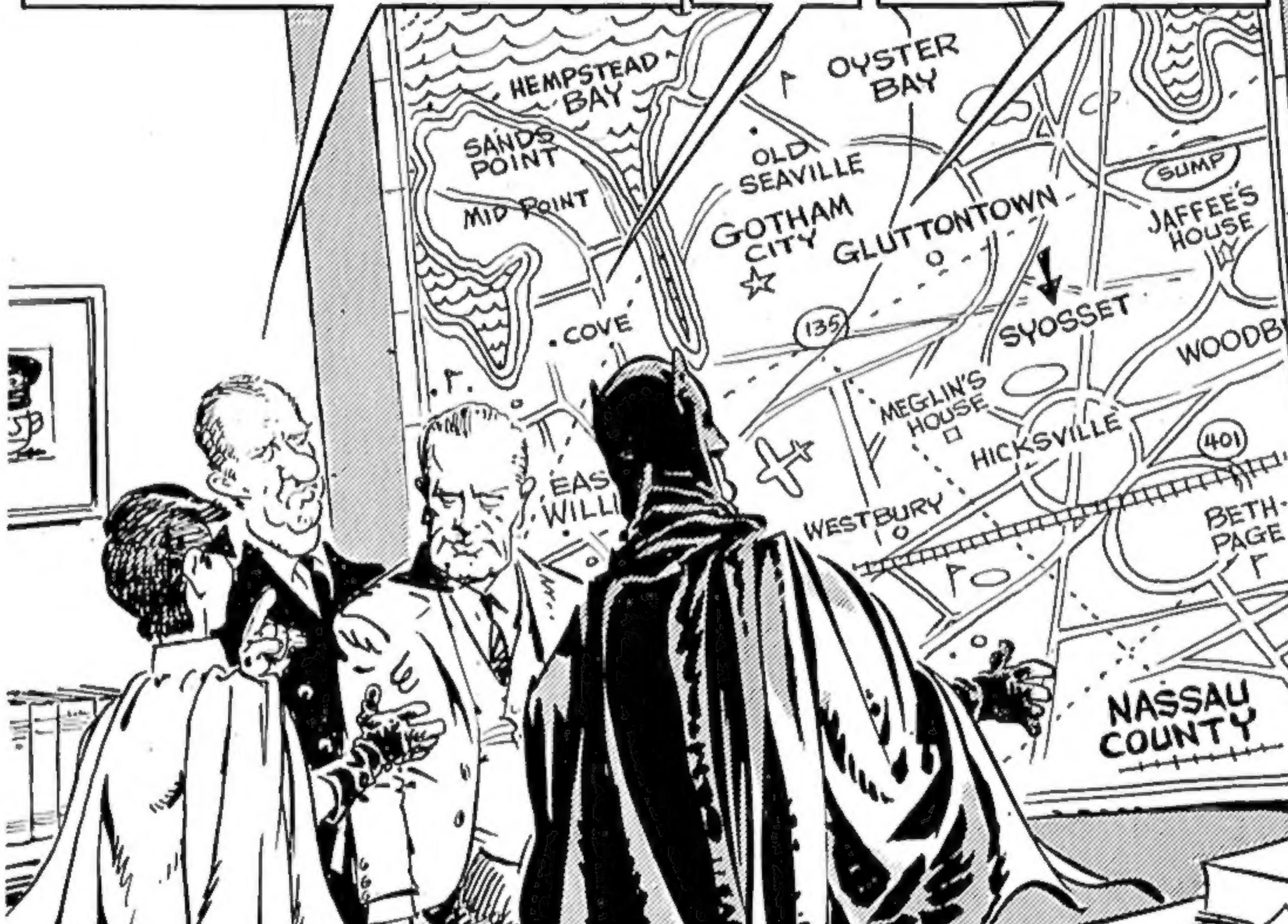
Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are thousands of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only **ONE** Bats-Man!



If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!

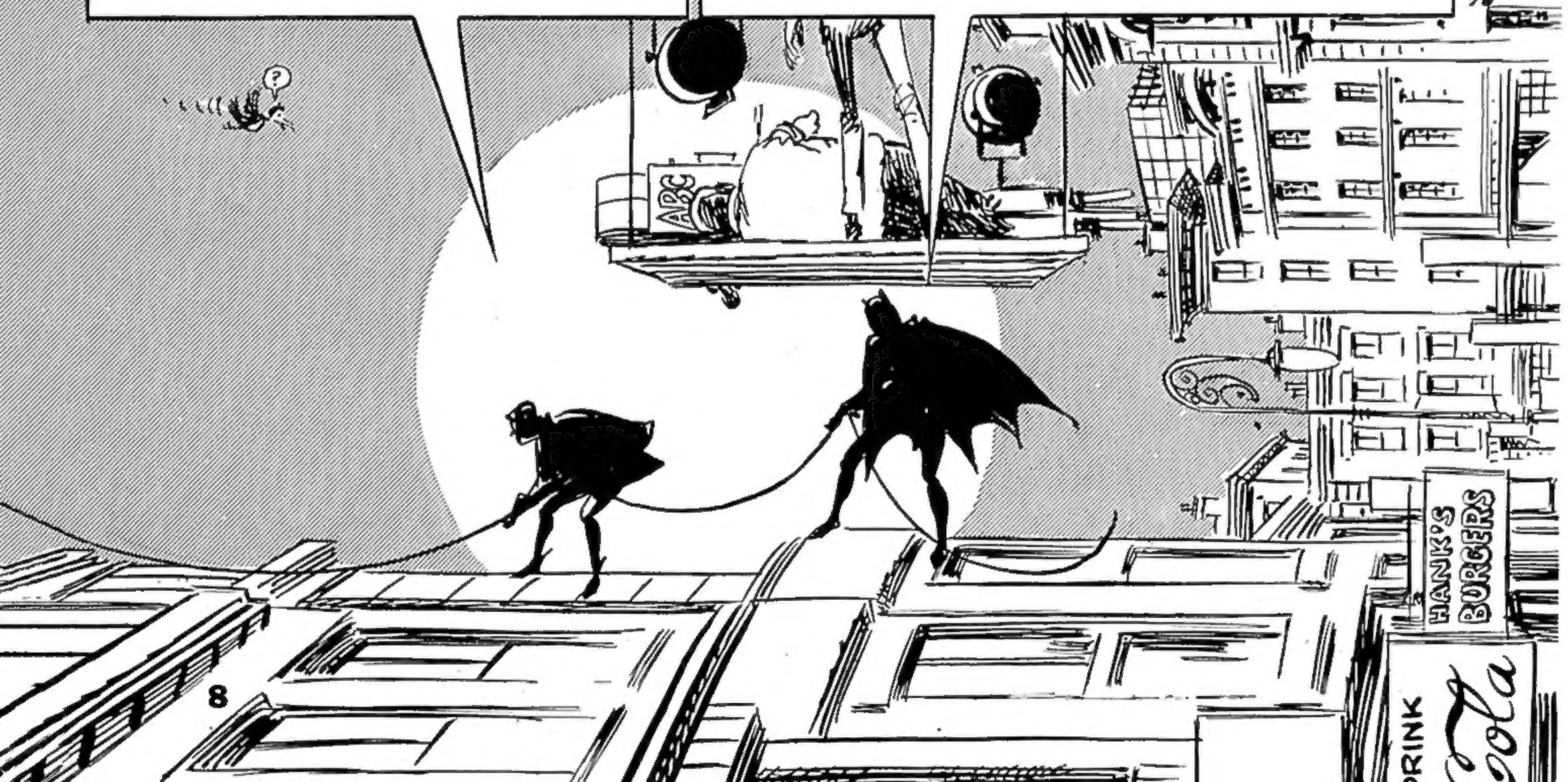
They always are!

Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!



Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where you go through the window and I go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!

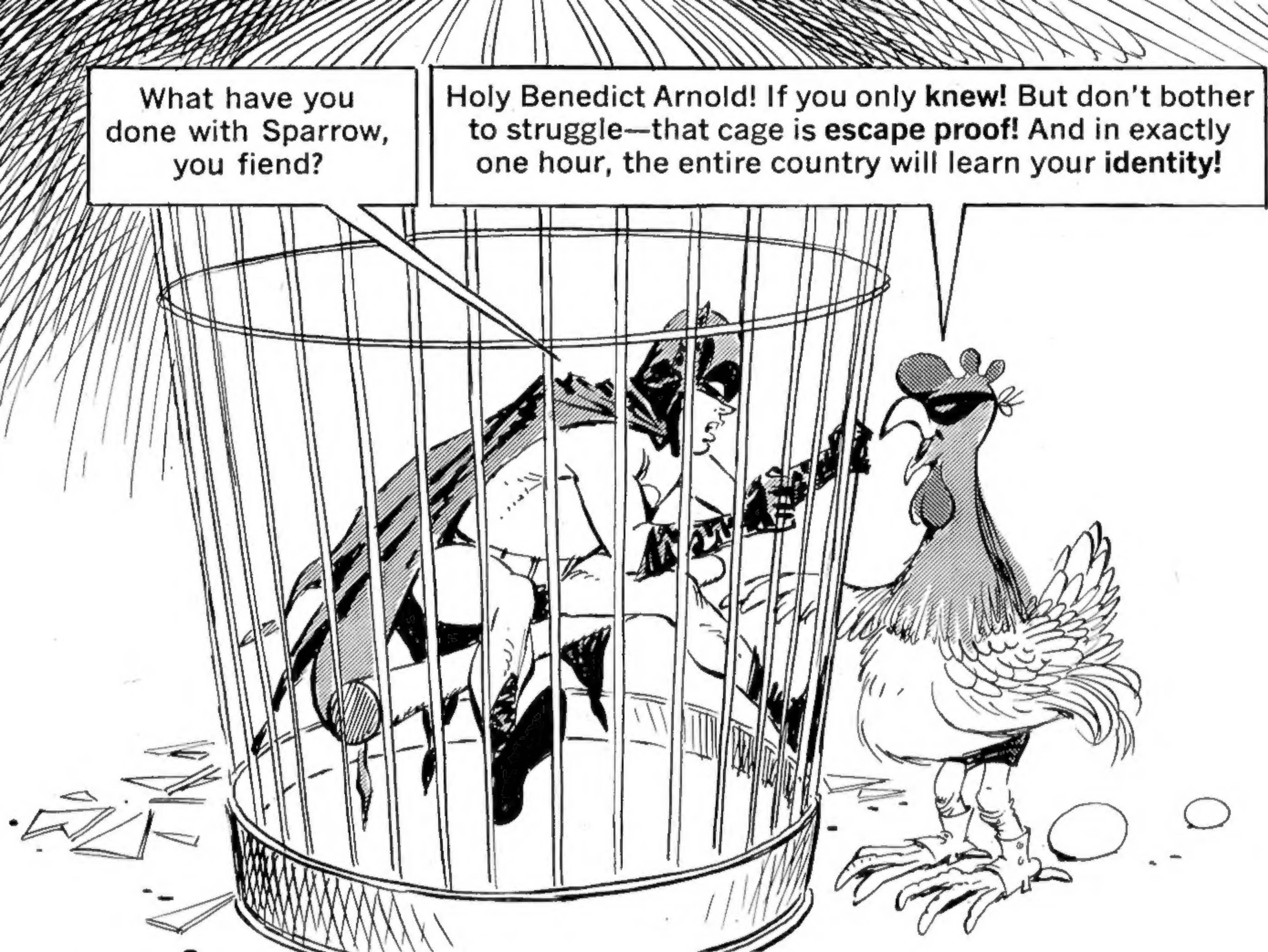
Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera sideways to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!



It's a trap!

Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been expecting you!





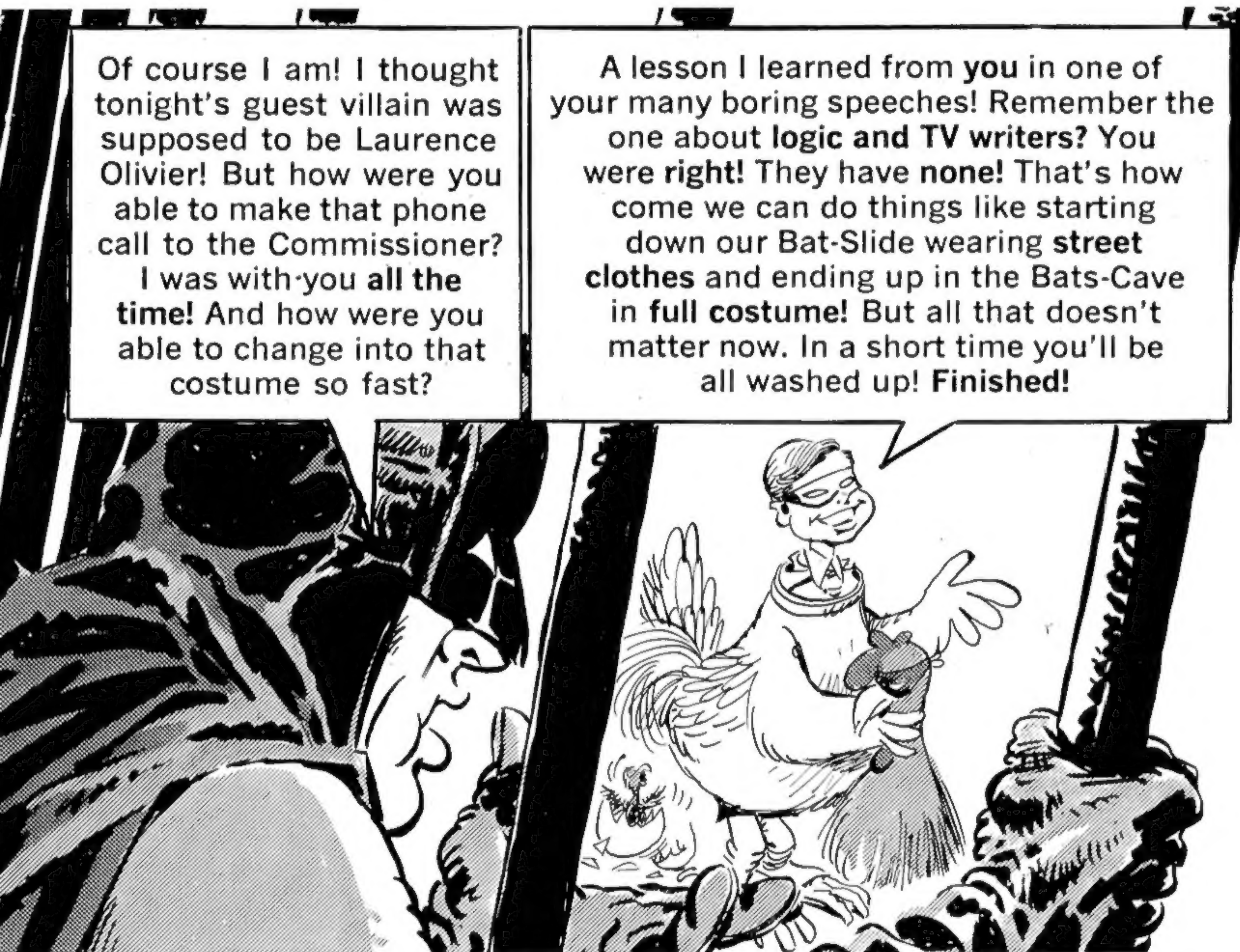
What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?

Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only knew! But don't bother to struggle—that cage is **escape proof**! And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your identity!



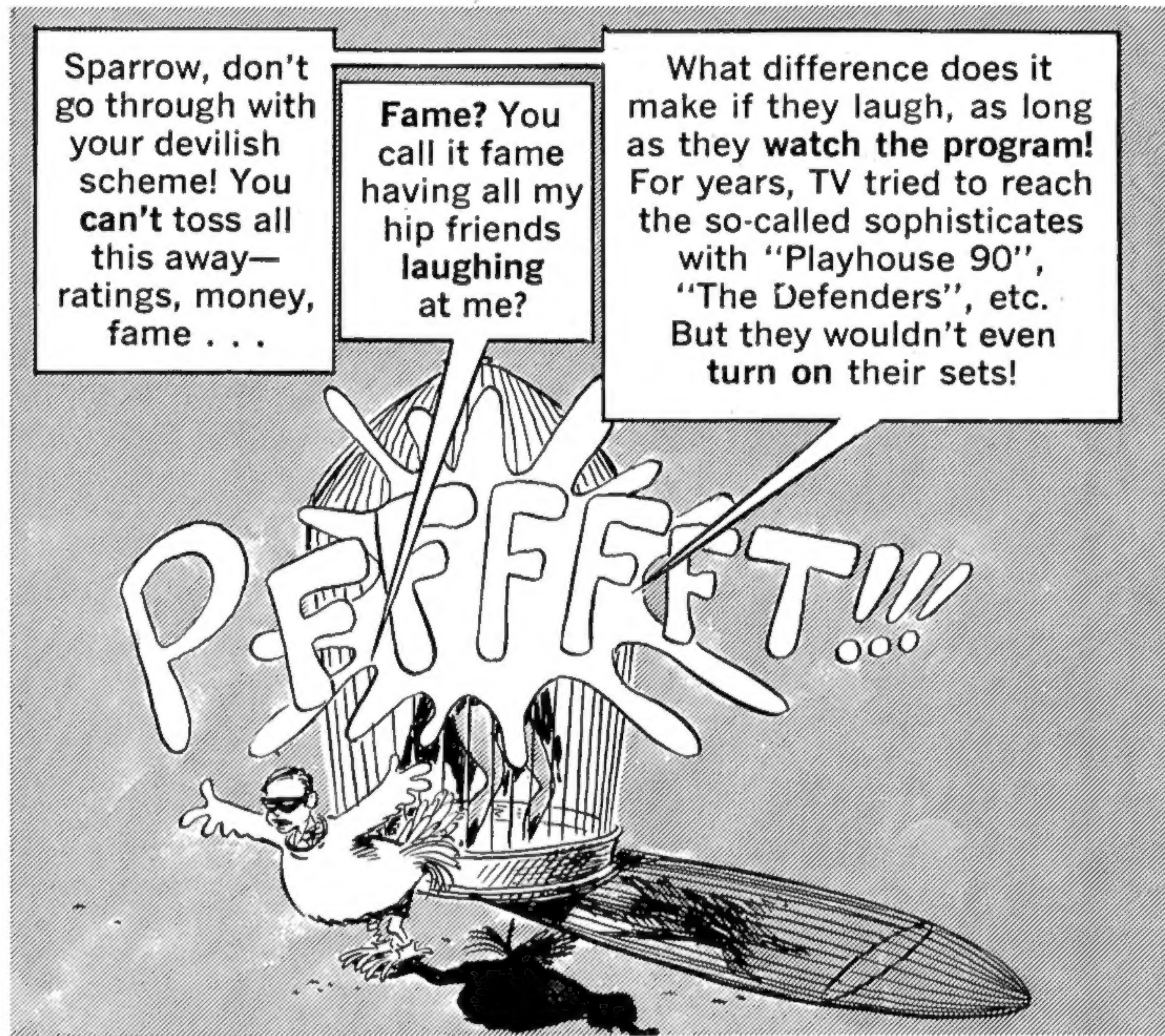
Wait a second! I'd know that voice anywhere! I know who you really are, El Capon—you're Aunt Hattie!

Close, Bats-Man, but not close enough! You seem surprised . . .



Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! But how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you **all the time**! And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?

A lesson I learned from you in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about **logic and TV writers**? You were right! They have **none**! That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing **street clothes** and ending up in the Bats-Cave in **full costume**! But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! **Finished**!



Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You **can't** toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .

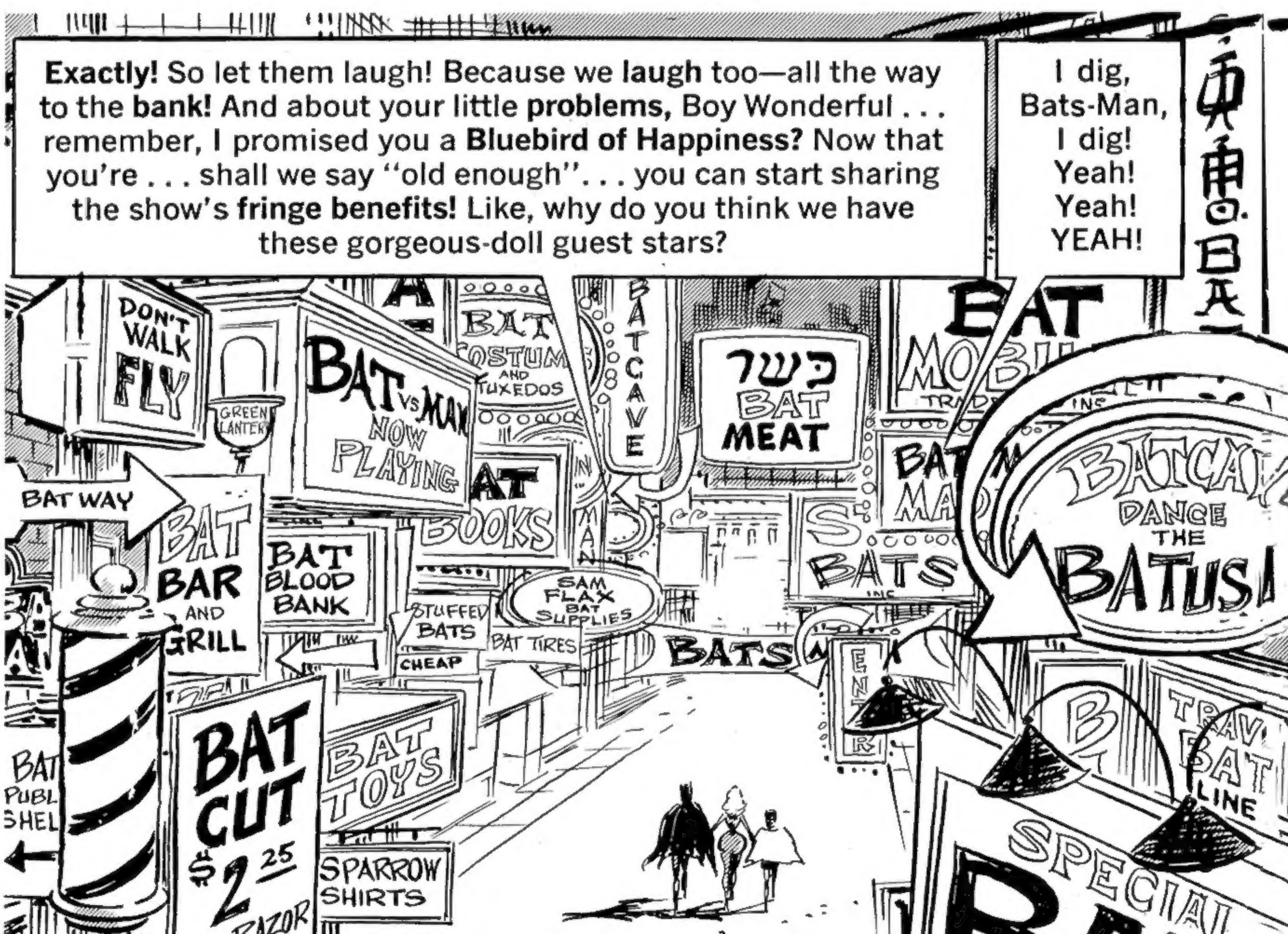
Fame? You call it fame having all my hip friends **laughing** at me?

What difference does it make if they laugh, as long as they **watch the program**? For years, TV tried to reach the so-called sophisticates with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc. But they wouldn't even turn on their sets!



Then along came "Bats-Man" and the industry made a revolutionary **discovery**. Give the "in" group garbage—make the show **bad** enough and they'll call it "**camp**" and stay glued to their sets!

Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?



Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we laugh too—all the way to the bank! And about your little problems, Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a **Bluebird of Happiness**? Now that you're . . . shall we say "**old enough**" . . . you can start sharing the show's **fringe benefits**! Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?

I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!

In a few weeks, the hotly anticipated *Batman v Superman* will debut. If we're to believe the press leaks (we have no way of getting actual insider information), Batman is angry and distrustful of Superman, whom he sees as an "alien that could burn the whole place down." Meanwhile, Superman is distrustful of Batman, whom he views as a vigilante who tramples on civil liberties and causes Gotham City's residents to live in fear. While all of this may be true, the fact of the matter is that these two caped cretins have *never* liked each other. Truth be told, they loathe each other and get on each other's nerves for myriad reasons both big and small. Here's something you'll never read in *The Daily Planet* or *The Gotham Gazette*:

THE REAL REASONS BATMAN AND SUPERMAN HATE EACH OTHER

WRITER KENNY KEIL ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA

He keeps tagging Bruce Wayne when he posts pics of us to Facebook.

Every time I invite him to the Batcave, he just complains about the smell of guano.

The way he carelessly lets bullets ricochet off his chest — that guy's gonna put an eye out one of these days!

He thinks it's so hilarious to fly in front of the Bat Signal and make obscene shadow puppets.

He won't stop trying to sell me on home delivery of *The Daily Planet*.

I develop a neural disrupter small enough to fit in my utility belt, and he calls it "one of your cute little Bat-doohickies."

He's never *once* invited me to the Fortress of Solitude.

That thing he does where he'll save an airplane mid-crash, then pose with it over his head for a few seconds before setting it down safely...We get it, dude: you're strong.

He routinely farts and blames it on Krypto.

He can't use his Super Breath without getting spit everywhere.

The way he pats my stomach and says, "Looks like donuts are YOUR kryptonite!"

Sure, he has super-hearing. But does he super-listen?

He *definitely* stuffs his tights.

The creepy way he's always sizing up orphans to be the next Robin.

He intentionally takes up two parking spaces with the Batmobile so no one will park too close to it.

That weird thing he does where he'll just squat on a gargoyle and brood for hours.

He always sounds hoarse, but gets mad when I offer him a lozenge.

He uses his acute detective skills to spoil movies that aren't even out yet!

He conveniently manages to disappear into the shadows whenever the waiter brings the check.

If his cape doesn't flap dramatically enough when he jumps off a rooftop, he'll climb back up and keep trying until he gets it right.

He keeps calling me "Clark" in public.

Calls himself "The World's Greatest Detective"...I'm pretty sure I could do the same thing if my enemies left their crime scenes littered with playing cards and live penguins.

Every time Lois is around, he starts with the "faster than a speeding bullet" innuendos.

He won't stop asking about Supergirl.

It takes him at least 30 minutes after every battle to pick all his Batarangs off the ground.

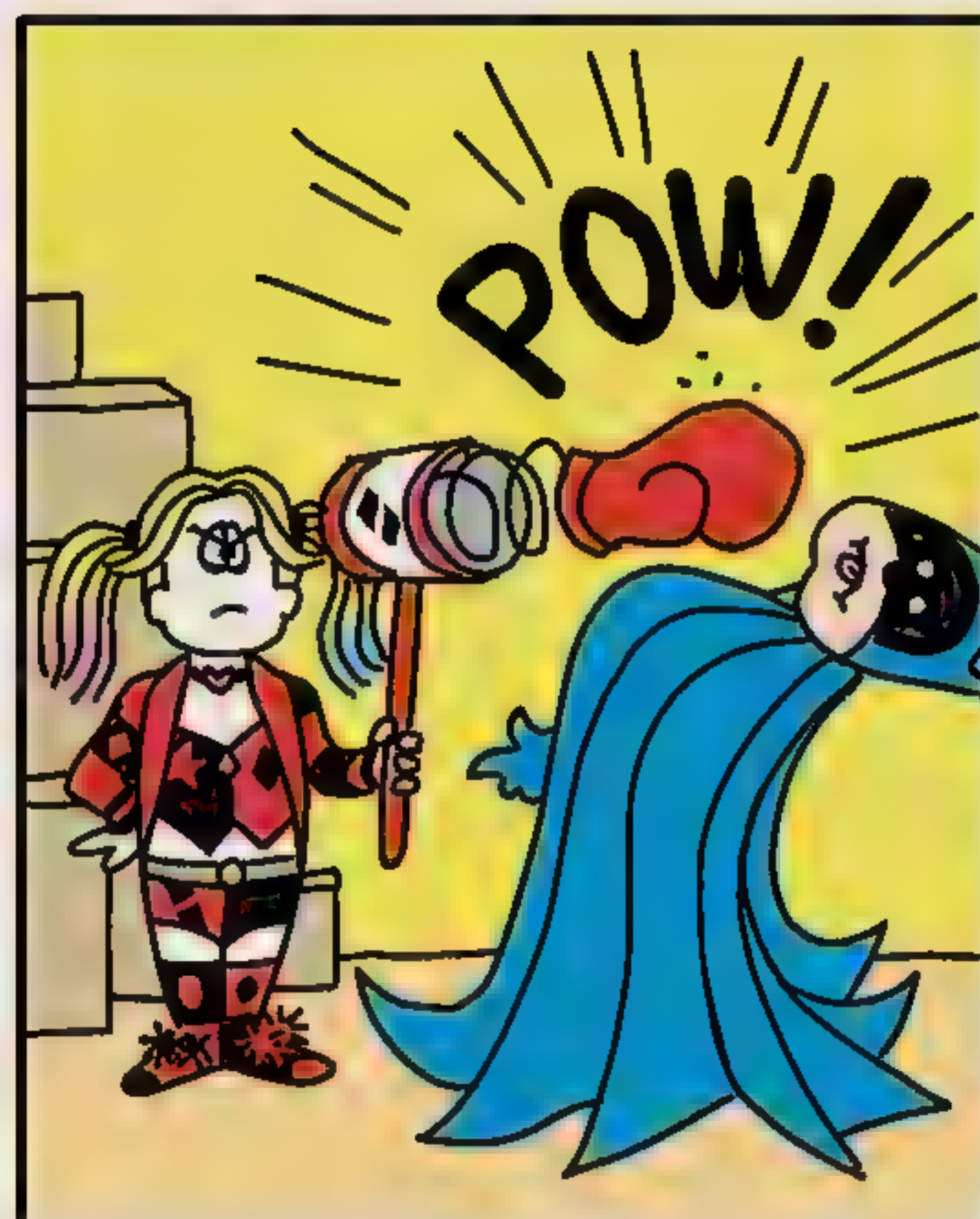
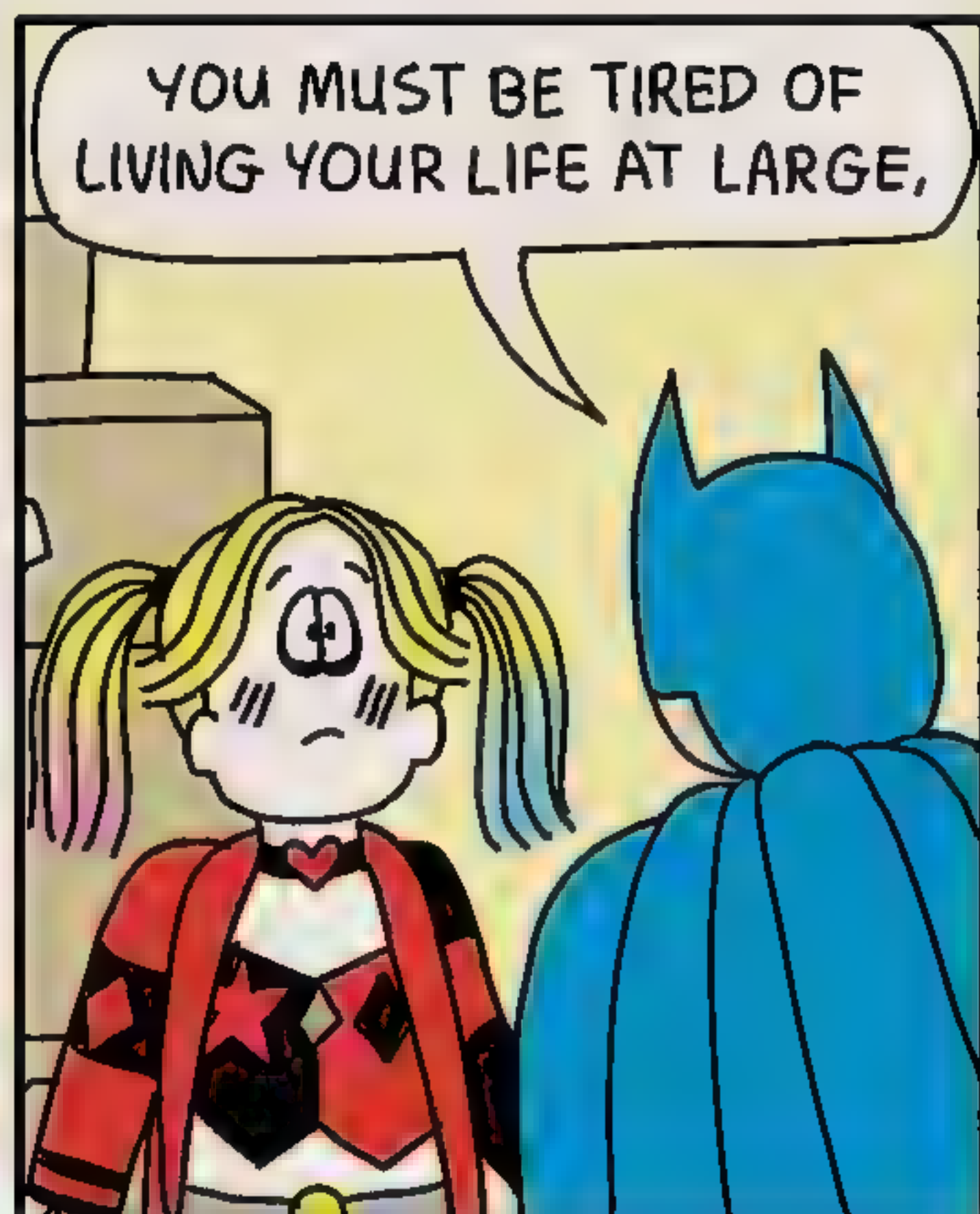
He insists that having a Bat-Plane is technically the same thing as being able to fly. Yeah, uh, no.

BATMAN FUNNIES

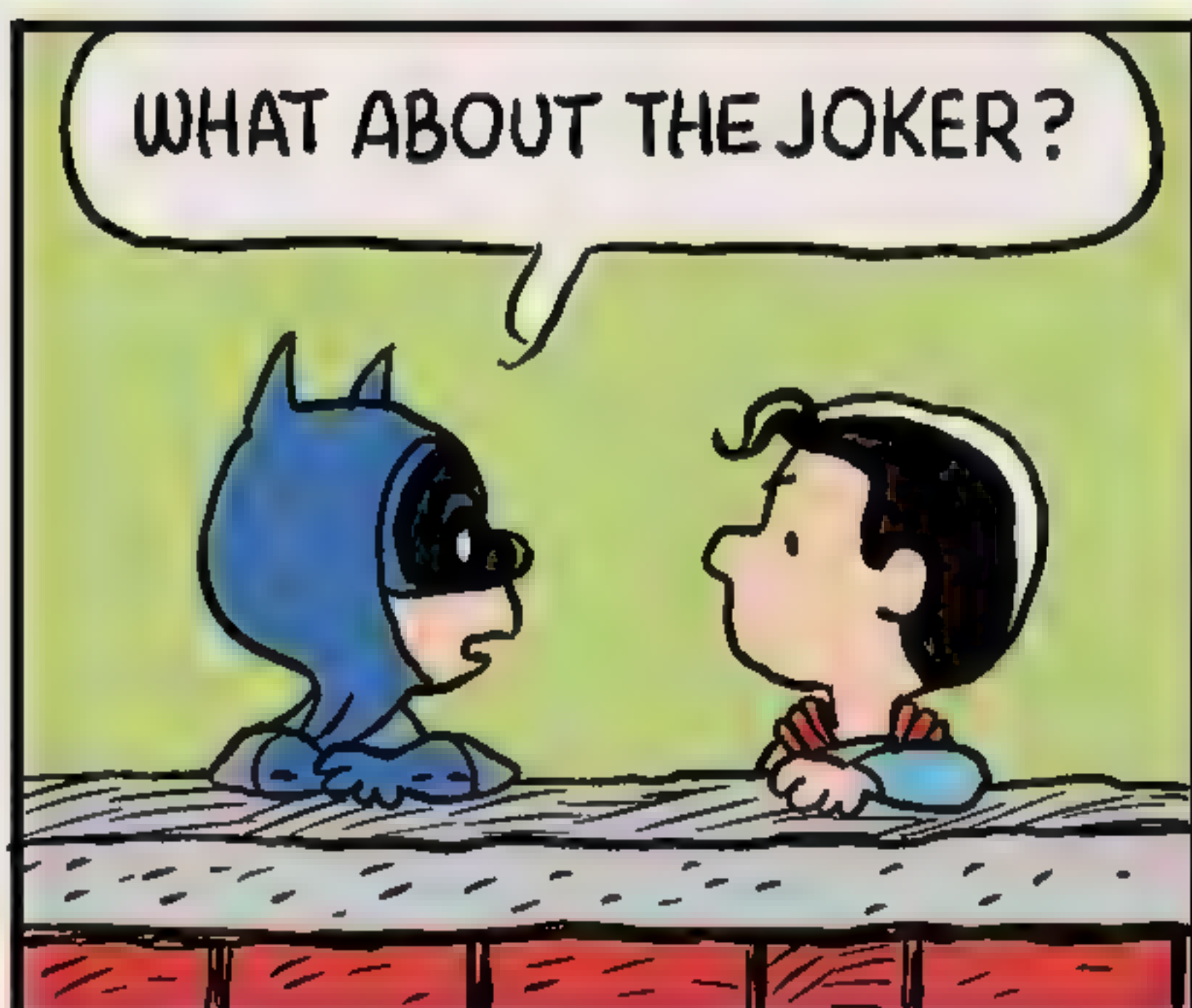
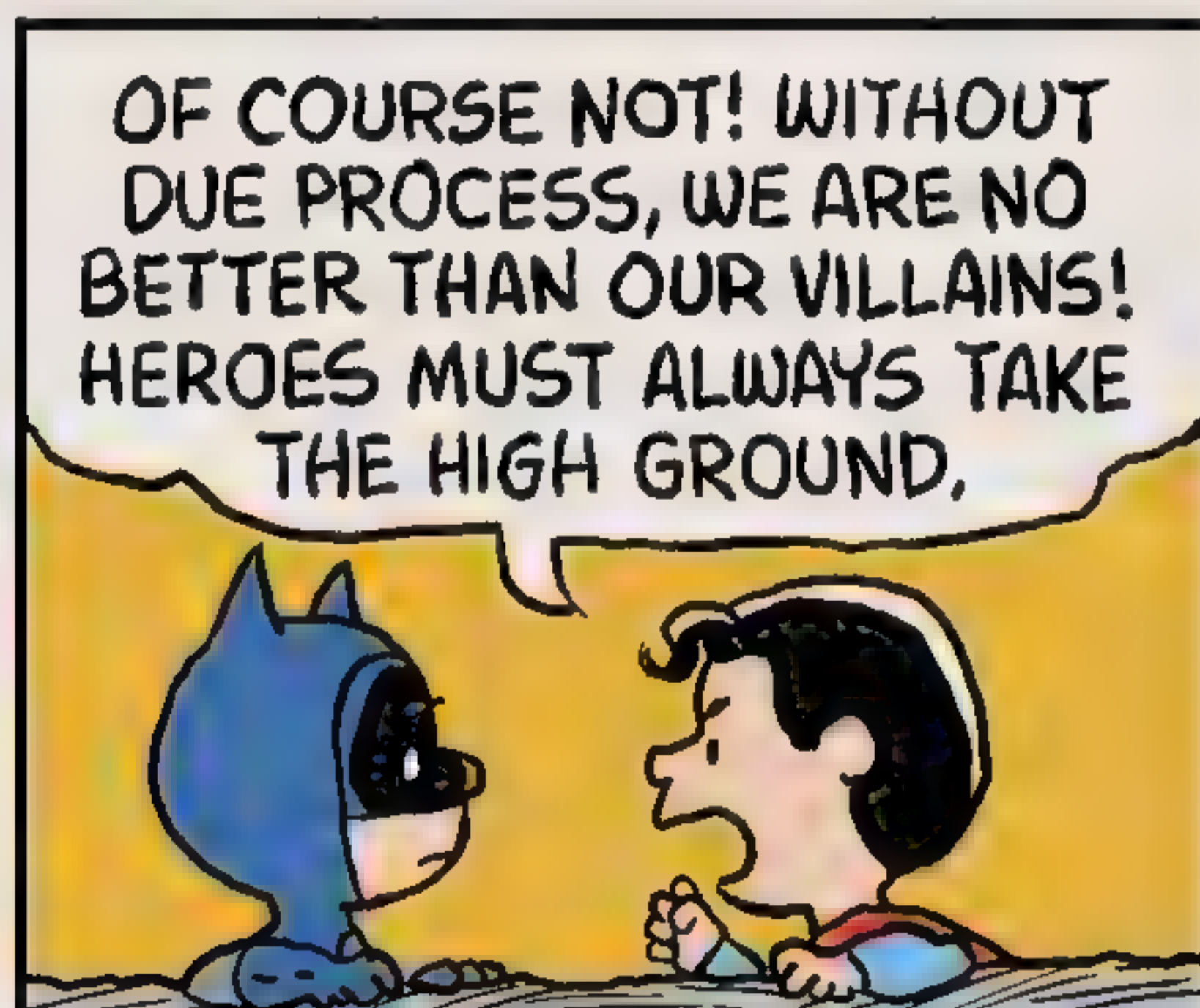
WRITER & ARTIST KERRY CALLEN



HARLEY



BATNUTS



THE NIGHT SIDE



After more delighted giggles, Bruce regretted basing his crime-fighting costume on the adorable fruit bat.

BRUCE AND SELINA



Street crime is rising at an alarming rate. Every day people are mugged, robbed, and beaten. The police would like to help but heaven knows they have their hands full with gamblers, illegal parkers, and Sunday Blue Law violators. Nor can anyone expect help from his neighbor. Nobody wants to get involved. Alarms, whistles, and sundry noise-makers are useless. And carrying a weapon is even worse. With surprise on this side, the mugger can quickly disarm the average person and turn the weapon against him. So what we need are devices that even crippled old ladies can rely upon with confidence as they walk the lonely city streets at night. Mainly, we need these MAD...

CRIME FOILERS FOR THE AVERAGE CITIZEN

MUGGINGS, HOLD-UPS, PURSE-SNATCHINGS AND OTHER STREET ATTACK FOILERS

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

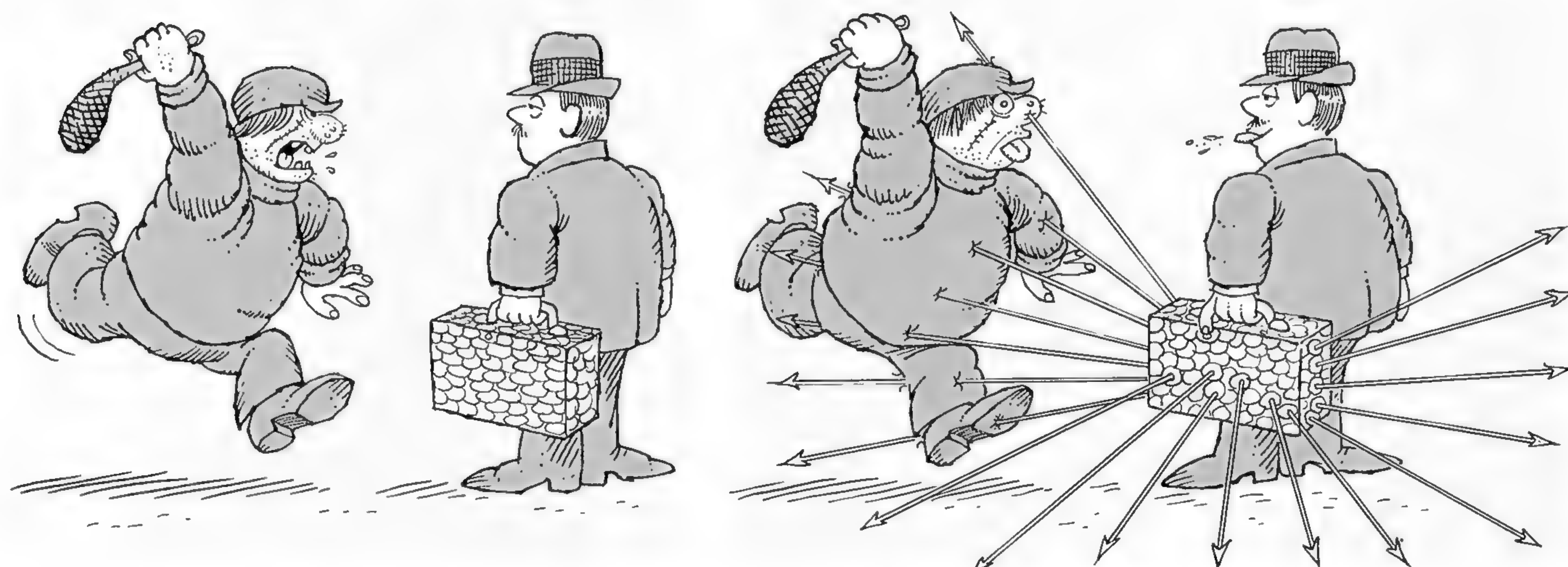
THE PHONY FRONT



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #161, SEP 1973

Almost all muggers count on the elements of surprise. They attack from behind to avoid tangling with anyone who can fight back. This costume prevents all that. It consists of a two-way suit and shirt. Phoney shoe fronts complete the ensemble. No matter which way mugger approaches, he always thinks he's facing you, and you're watching him.

THE SPINY ATTACHE CASE



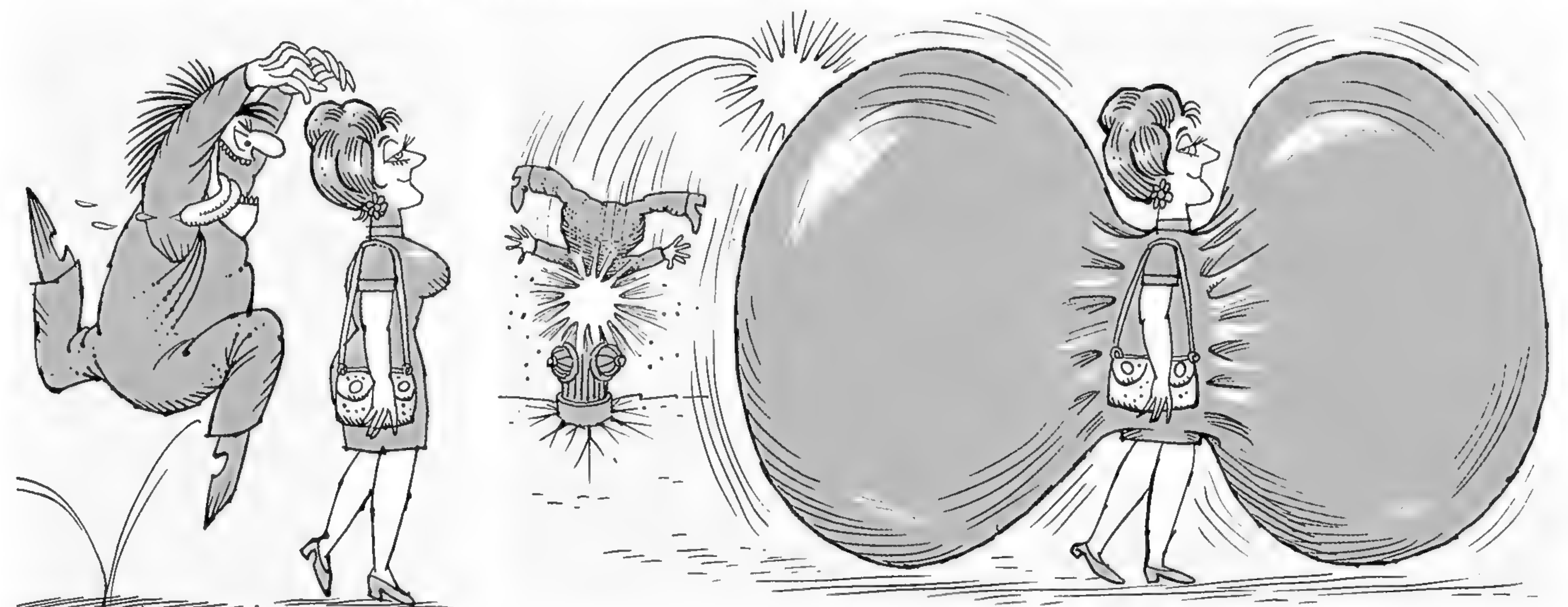
Push-button trigger in the handle instantly releases dozens of porcupine-like telescoping barbed steel spines. Warning "attacker" that spine tips are coated with curate poison guarantees safety...if he hasn't run into them already.

THE BALL-BEARING POCKET BOOK



As "attacker" appears, pocketbook-wearer presses trigger and thousands of tiny lightweight plastic ball-bearings are released. "Attacker" is suddenly rendered helpless as he struggles to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, "victim" walks safely away over treacherous ball-bearings with the aid of specially-designed spiked shoes she is wearing.

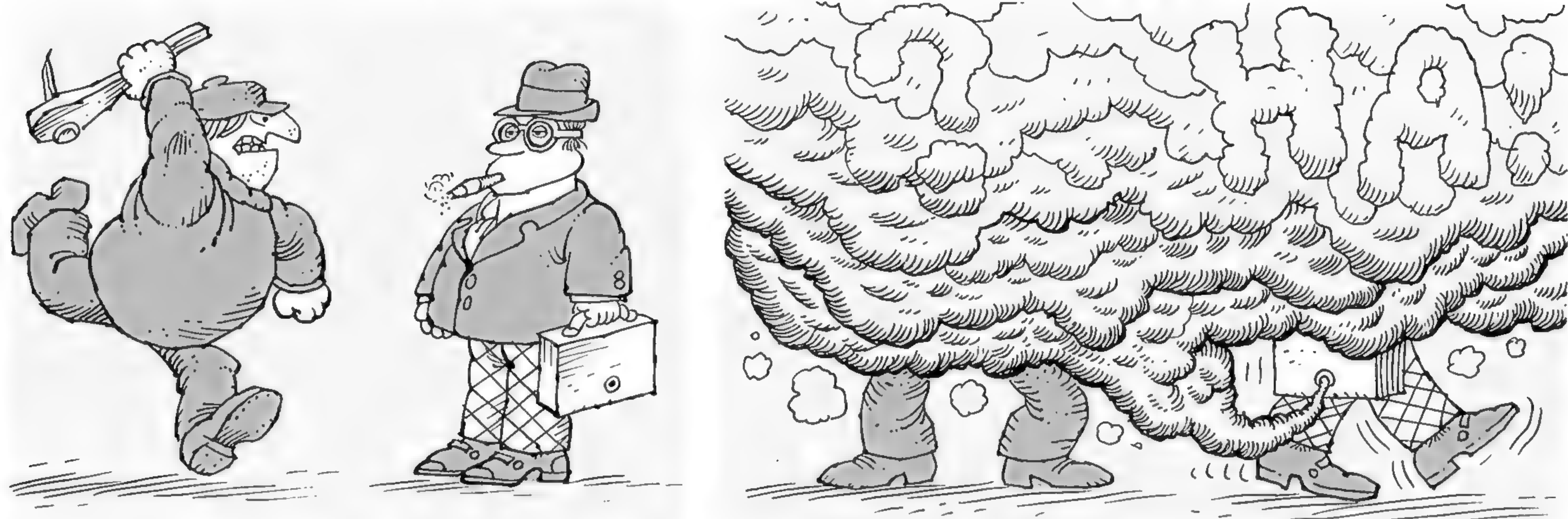
THE AIR BAG STRETCH SUIT (OR DRESS)



The idea for this protective device came from auto safety experiments. When "victim" is attacked, air bags instantly inflate and fling mugger violently away. However, caution must be exercised to avoid sudden embraces of loved ones.



THE SMOKESCREEN SUITCASE



Potential “victim” presses handle and releases huge smoke cloud. Special eyeglasses permit clear vision through the chemical smoke, and the “victim” can take off without fear of bumping into the “attacker,” or any other unpleasant object.

THE VISE-GRIP PURSE



As purse snatcher grabs purse away, handle button (A) is released and trigger (B) unlocks two separate bag halves. Powerful bear trap spring (C) whips bad halves at lightning speed and bone-crushing force onto mugger's hand.

THE MAGNETIC VEST



This garment looks like any ordinary vest but is actually lined with powerful magnets. Anyone approaching magnetic field with metal weapon (gun, knife, ice pick, etc.) is immediately rendered weaponless. However, caution must be exercised by wearer in everyday situations, such as when approaching metal object like a car, fence, lamppost, etc.

THE EXPLODING HAT NET



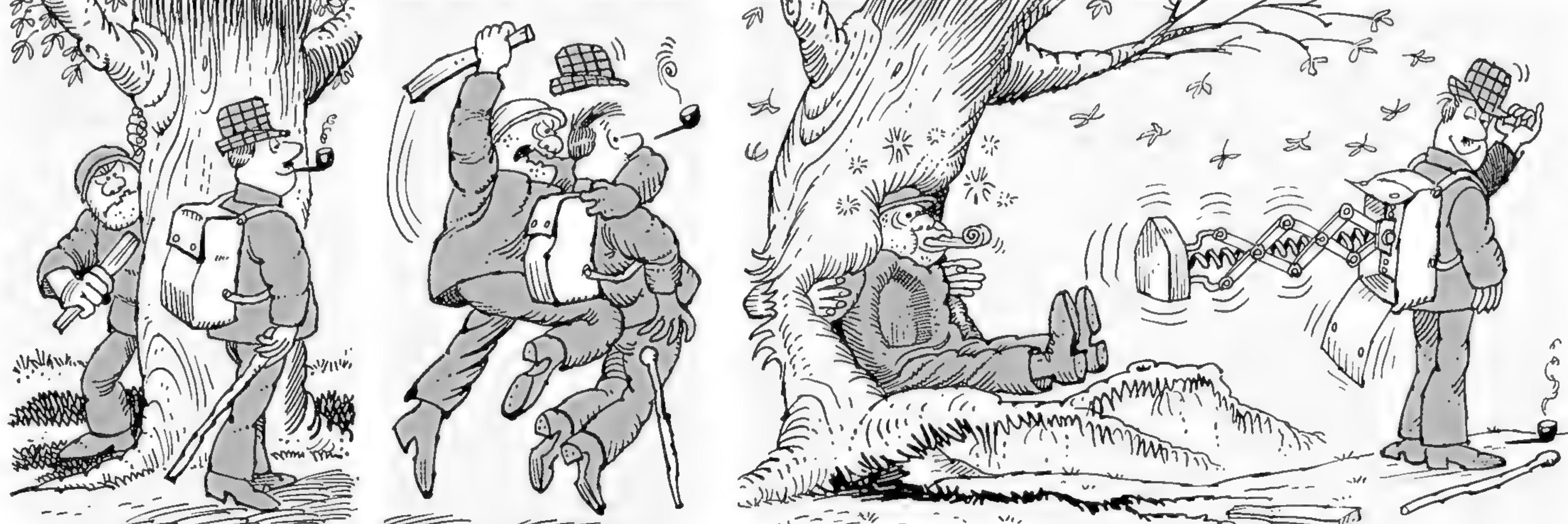
Net, woven of extremely fine but strong synthetic fibers, is carefully packed into a hat. When “victim” is grabbed at throat, special collar triggers an explosive device which sends net billowing out over both “victim” and “attacker.” Since they are both trapped until help comes, “Attacker” will not hurt “victim” and risk more serious punishment.

THE GUSHING HANDBAG



Trigger in handbag handle breaks chemical capsules which combine to produce huge puddle of slipperiest goo known to man. Special shoes on “victim” are unaffected by goo, and she walks blithely away while “attacker” goes flying.

THE BONE-CRUSHING KNAPSACK

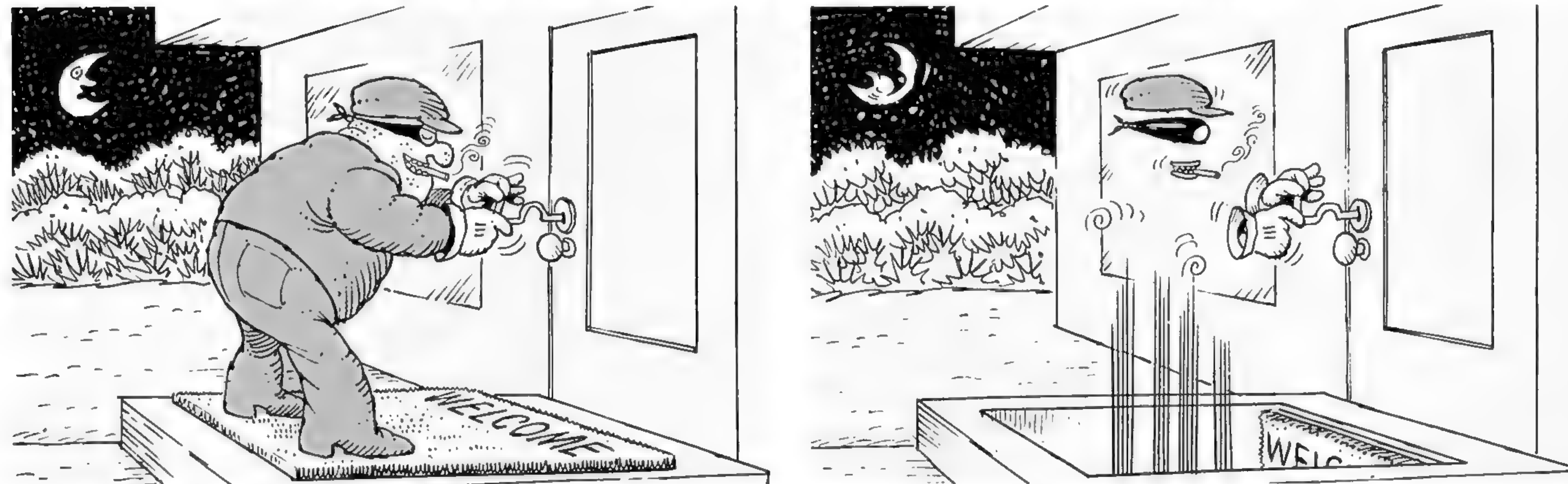


Innocent looking knapsack contains spring-mounted flatiron which is released by any violence directed at wearer from the rear. Delivers a blow equal to being hit by a 5-pound weight dropped from the top of the Empire State Building.

BURGLARIES, BREAK-INS, THEFTS, ROBBERIES AND OTHER HOUSE CRIME FOILERS

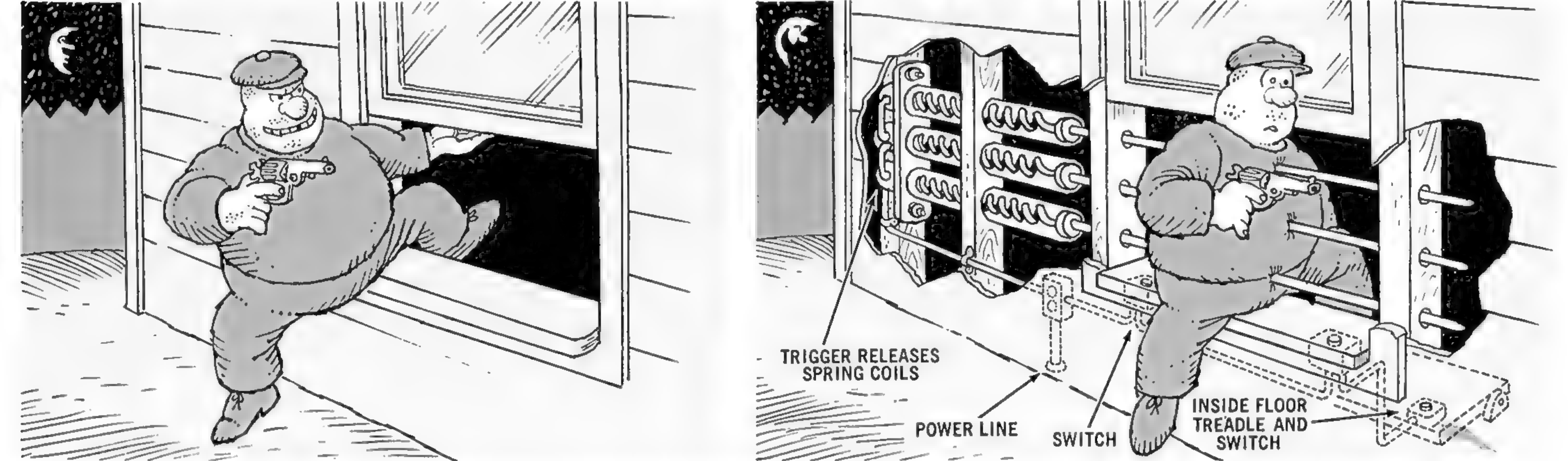


THE TRAP DOOR WELCOME MAT



Special lock on door is calibrated to accept special key. Any other device such as a jimmy, screwdriver, hair pin, or foreign key sets off mechanism that opens trap door. If homeowners intend to be away for an extended period, it is advisable to leave some food and water in the trap. Otherwise a disgusting sight will greet them on return.

THE AUTOMATIC WINDOW BARS



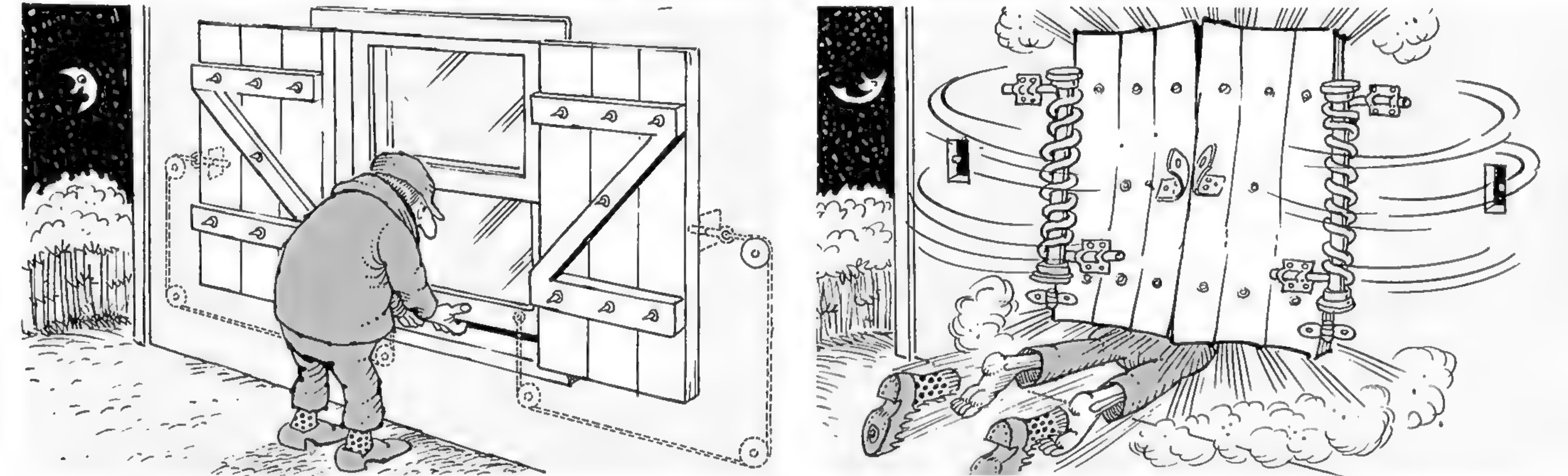
Spears are hidden in window frame. When burglar puts his weight on window sill, switch is activated and spears are released which effectively bar entry to thief. Too bad—*heh-heh*—if he's caught in the middle! Note: floor treadle safety feature (A) which cuts current to spring switch so that a person opening the window from the inside is protected.

THE SPRING LOADED WINDOW



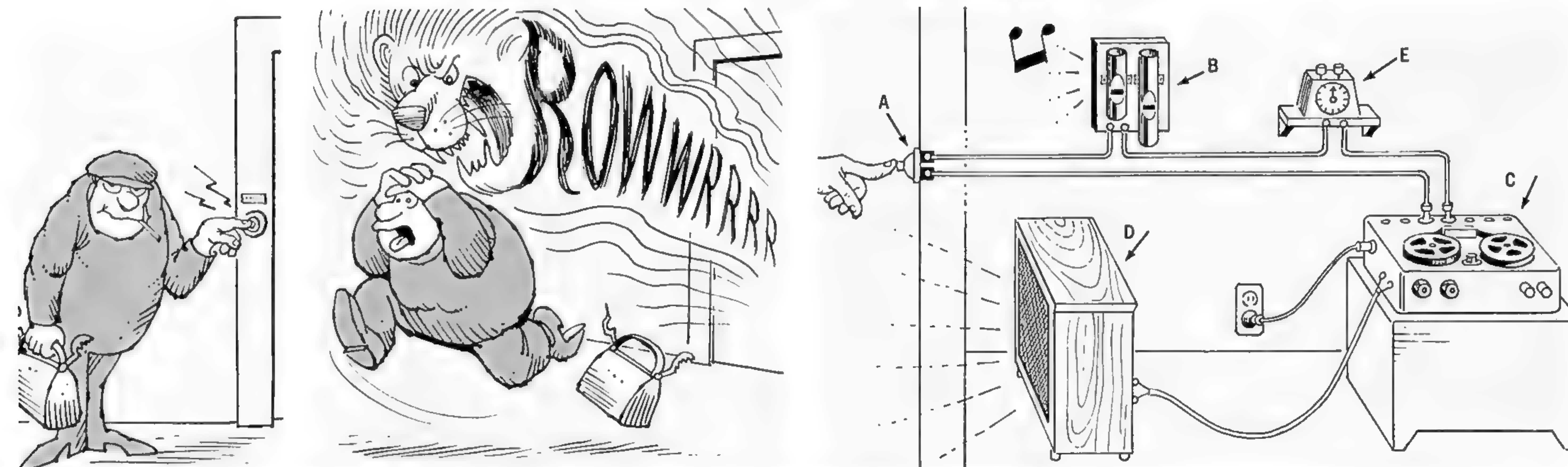
When burglar lift lower (inner) sash, it hits mechanism (A) which releases spring (B). Upper (outer) sash comes down with thrust equal to two tons of weight, trapping thief in the act. Too bad if he's a moonlighting pianist.

THE SLAMMING SHUTTERS



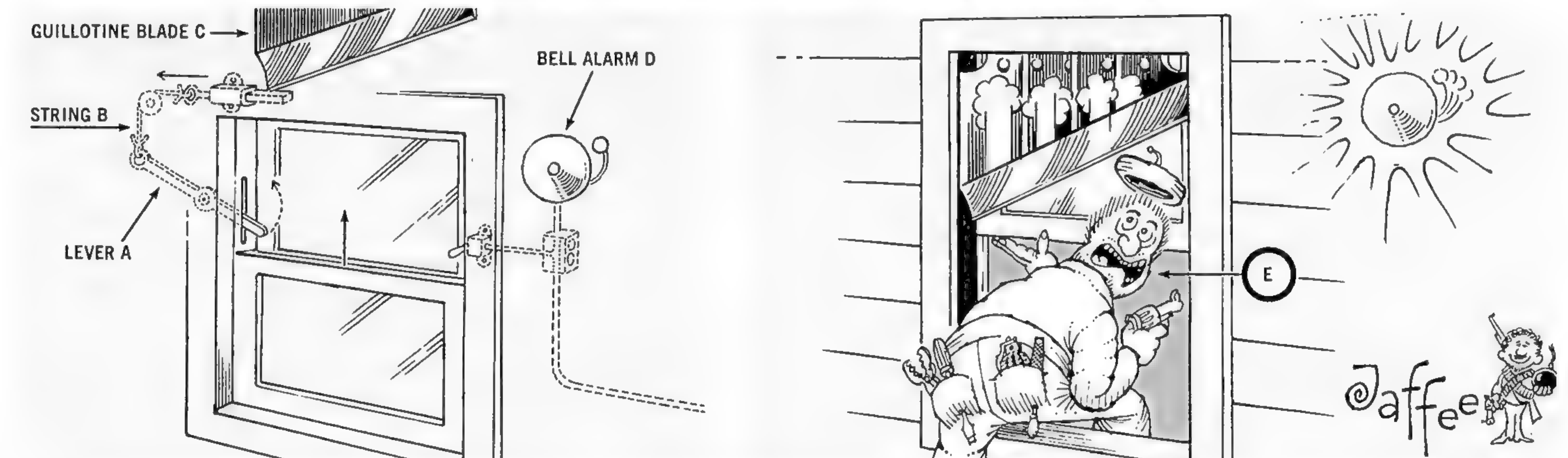
Innocent looking shutters are hooked up so that lifting window releases spring hinges and they crash on unsuspecting intruder. Naturally, window panes are made of shatterproof glass to avoid cuts and bloodshed and—*ecch*.

THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL

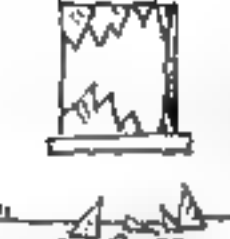


Since burglar always rings doorbell first to make sure no one is home, this simple set-up effectively discourages him. When doorbell button (A) is pressed, it rings chimes (B) and starts tape (C) which emits thunderous animal roars through loudspeaker (D). Timer switch (E) stops the tape after 5 minutes. If another burglar comes, it starts all over again. Set-up can accommodate 6 or 7 burglars, which should just about cover one night's supply in most cities.

THE GUILLOTINE WINDOW



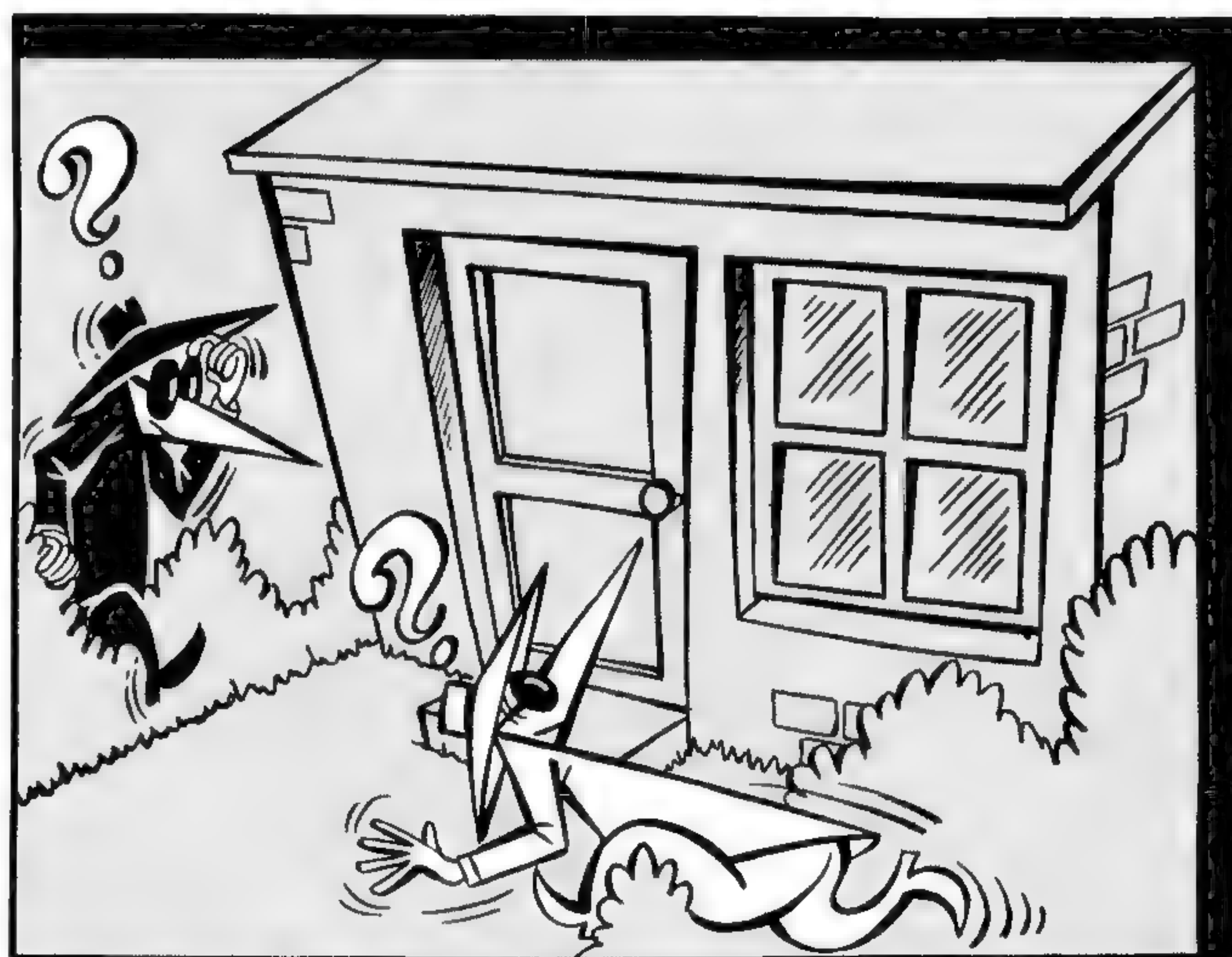
When intruder raises window beyond a certain point, it pushes lever (A). Lever (A), in turn, pulls string (B). String (B) releases razor sharp guillotine blade (C) which is concealed in the wall above the window. When guillotining blade (C) drops, it presents a steel shield, blocking entry for the thief, and also setting off a bell alarm (D). And if the intruder is slow getting out of the way, it also sets off another alarm...a scream (E).



SPY VS SPY VS SPY



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #89, SEP 1964



HERO WORSHIP DEPT.

You've heard of the masked bat-like crime-fighter and his eight-decade war against the underworld. An imperishable character in the pages of countless DC comics, thanks to his bedside stash of retinol Batcream and the ability to reboot his franchise at the first sign of aging. And so, the champion you know never looks a day over 25. This story, however, is about a different man altogether. If the Caped Crusader were subject to the same laws of gravity even JLo must one day face, we'd have a DCU storyline asking...

WHAT
IF...

BATMAN

WERE ACTUALLY
80
YEARS OLD

WRITER ARIE KAPLAN

ARTIST PETE WOODS

BATCAVE,
2019...

WE NOW RETURN TO
KEN BURNS' GREAT
MUSTACHES OF
WORLD WAR II.

WHIRR-CLICK!
YOU-HAVE-A-
CALL-SIR!

Brrriing!

LAST
LANDLINE IN
GOTHAM CITY, BRUCE
SPEAKING.

I HOPE
NO ONE ACTUALLY
NEEDS ME. I'M FEELING
JUSTICE FATIGUED,
ALFRED.

OH, IT'S YOU.

AND SO...

I WAS THE WORLD'S
GREATEST DETECTIVE.
THESE DAYS MY BIG MYSTERY
IS, "WAIT, WHY AM I IN
THE KITCHEN?"

HOW'S THE OLD
GANG, ANYWAY? WHO'S
IN ARKHAM? OR HAVE THEY
ALL TRANSFERRED TO
GOTHAM GENERAL?
HA!



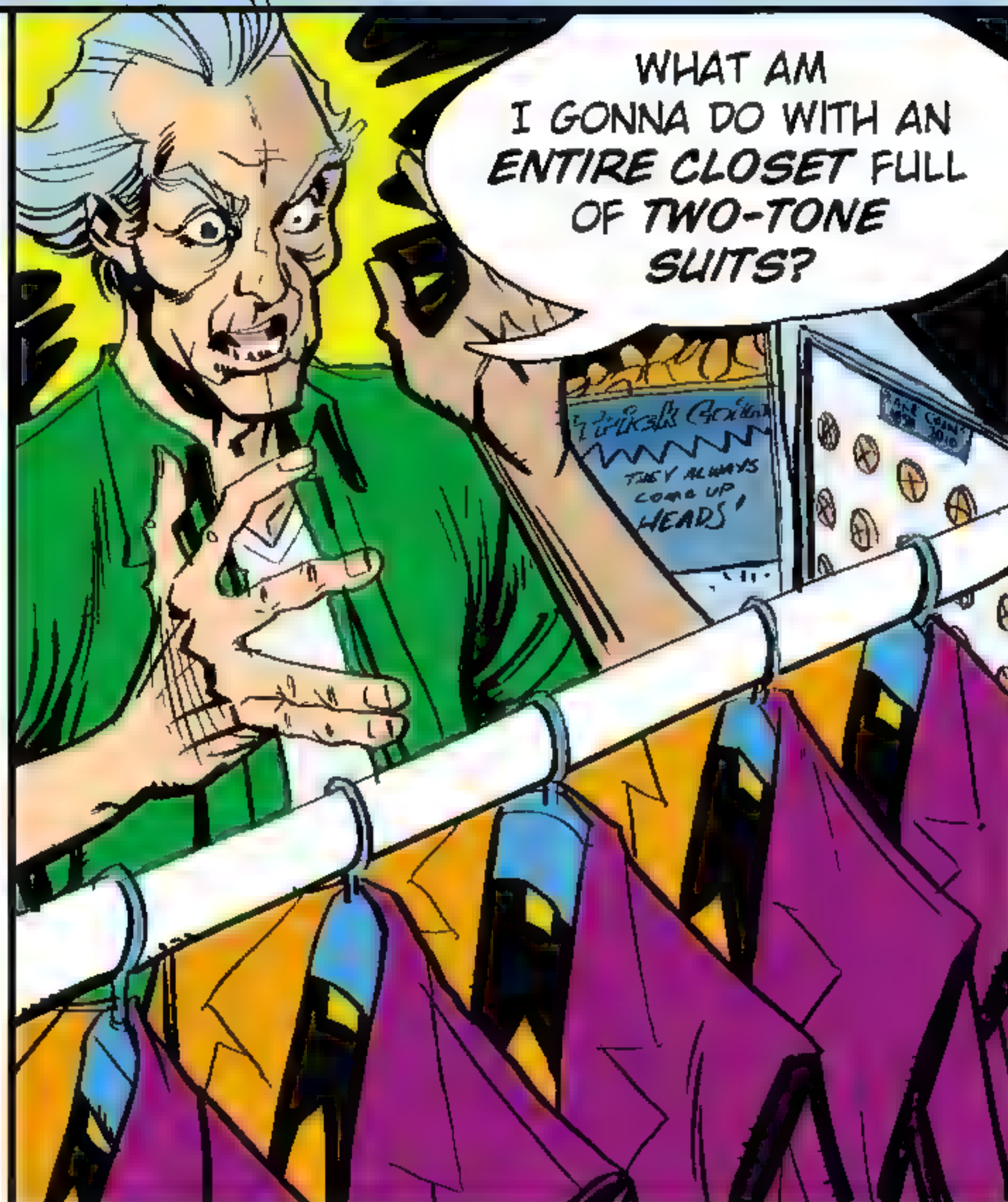
LET'S SEE...SELINA HAS RESIGNED HERSELF TO LIFE AS **CAT LADY**, RUNNING GOTHAM'S TOP CATNIP DISPENSARY.



IT'S MEDICAL GRADE, SO IT'S PURRRFECTLY LEGAL!



TWO-FACE'S RIGHT SIDE WRINKLED ENOUGH TO CATCH UP TO HIS LEFT. NOW HE'S JUST **ONE-FACE**!



WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH AN ENTIRE CLOSET FULL OF **TWO-TONE SUITS**?



ROBIN, UM... HAS A NEW NICKNAME THESE DAYS...



GIVE IT UP FOR THE **BOY TOY WONDER**!

WOOO! SHOW US YOUR DYNAMIC UNO!



THE ONLY OLD BIRD I'VE LOST TOUCH WITH IS-

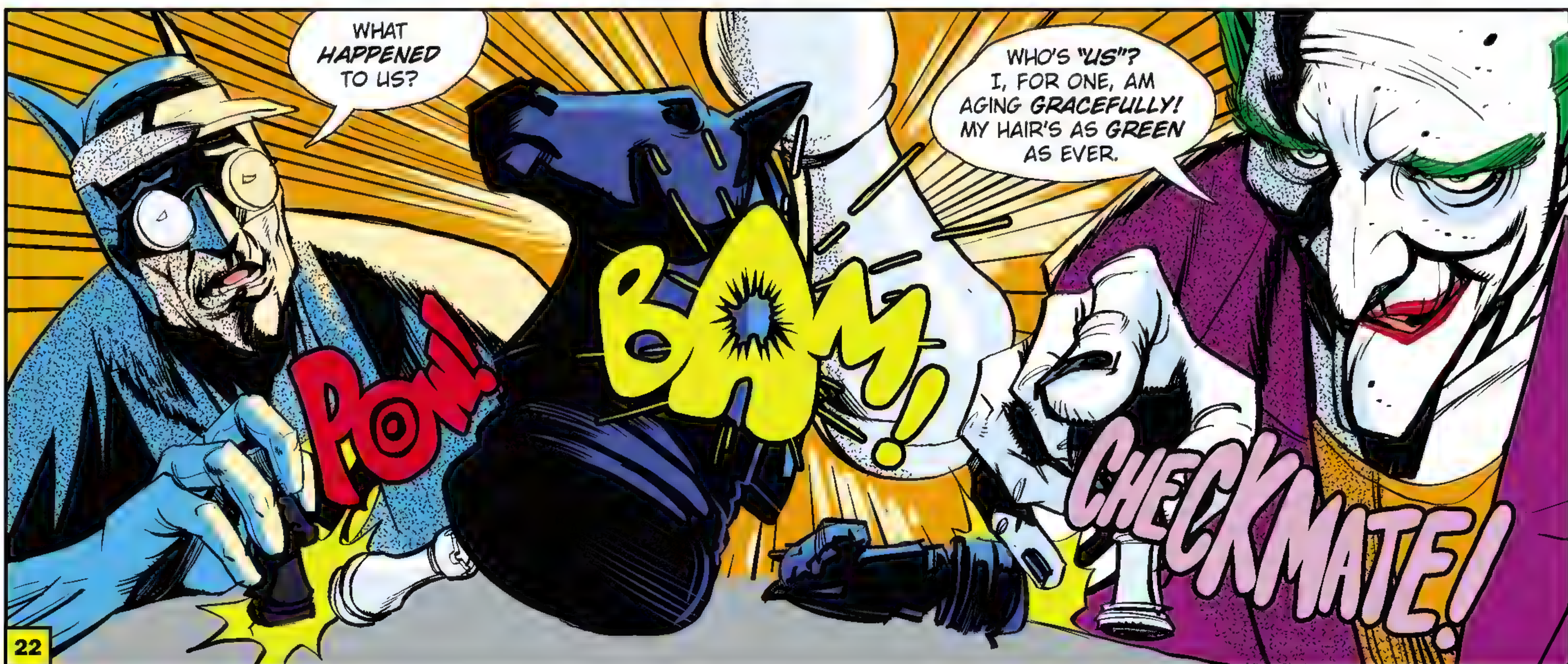
THE **PENGUIN**? HE'S...



...RIGHT OVER THERE!

COME TO ME, MY FEATHERED ARMY! TOGETHER WE SHALL LAY SIEGE TO GOTHAM! **WAUGH! WAUGH!**

YIKES!



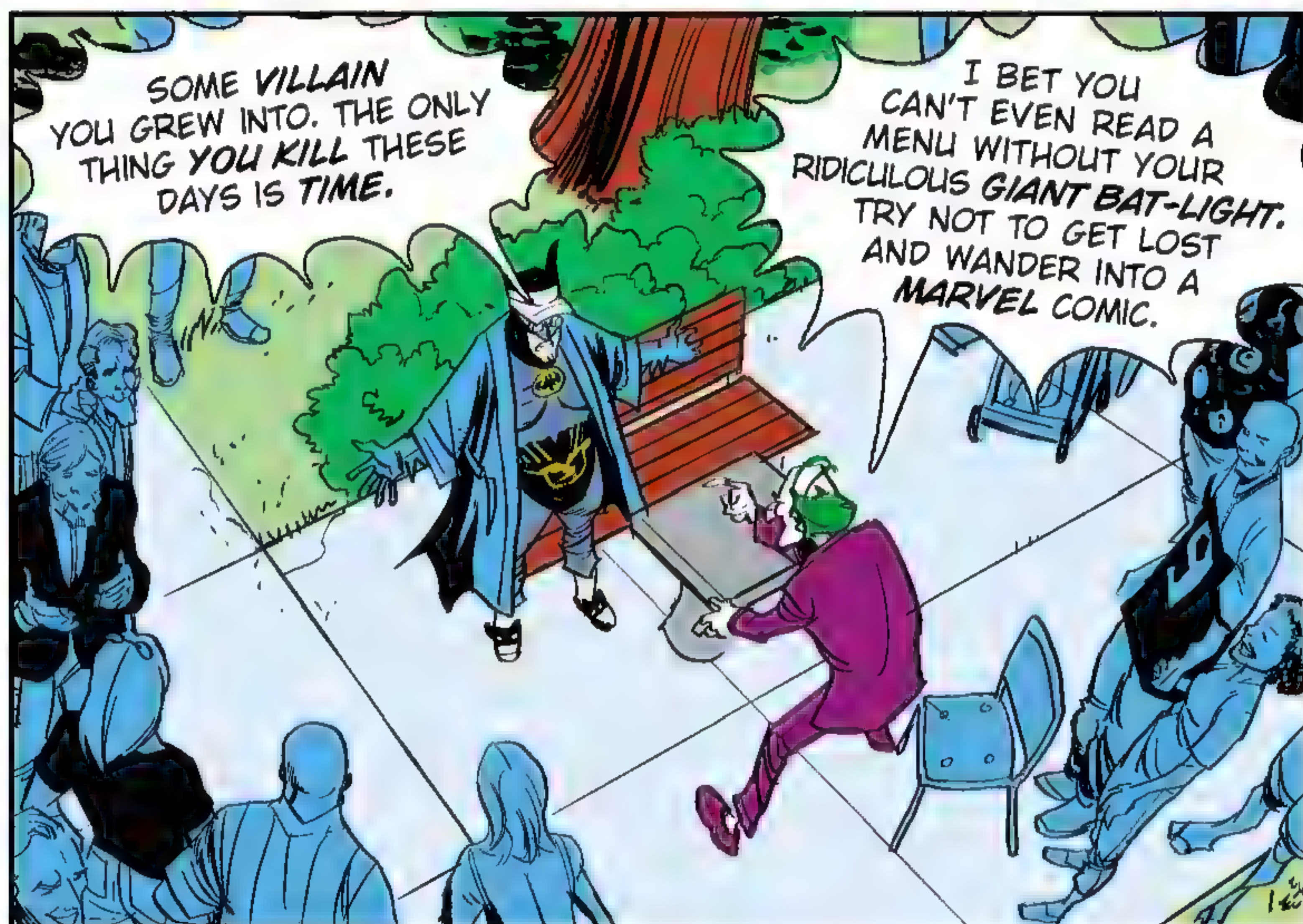
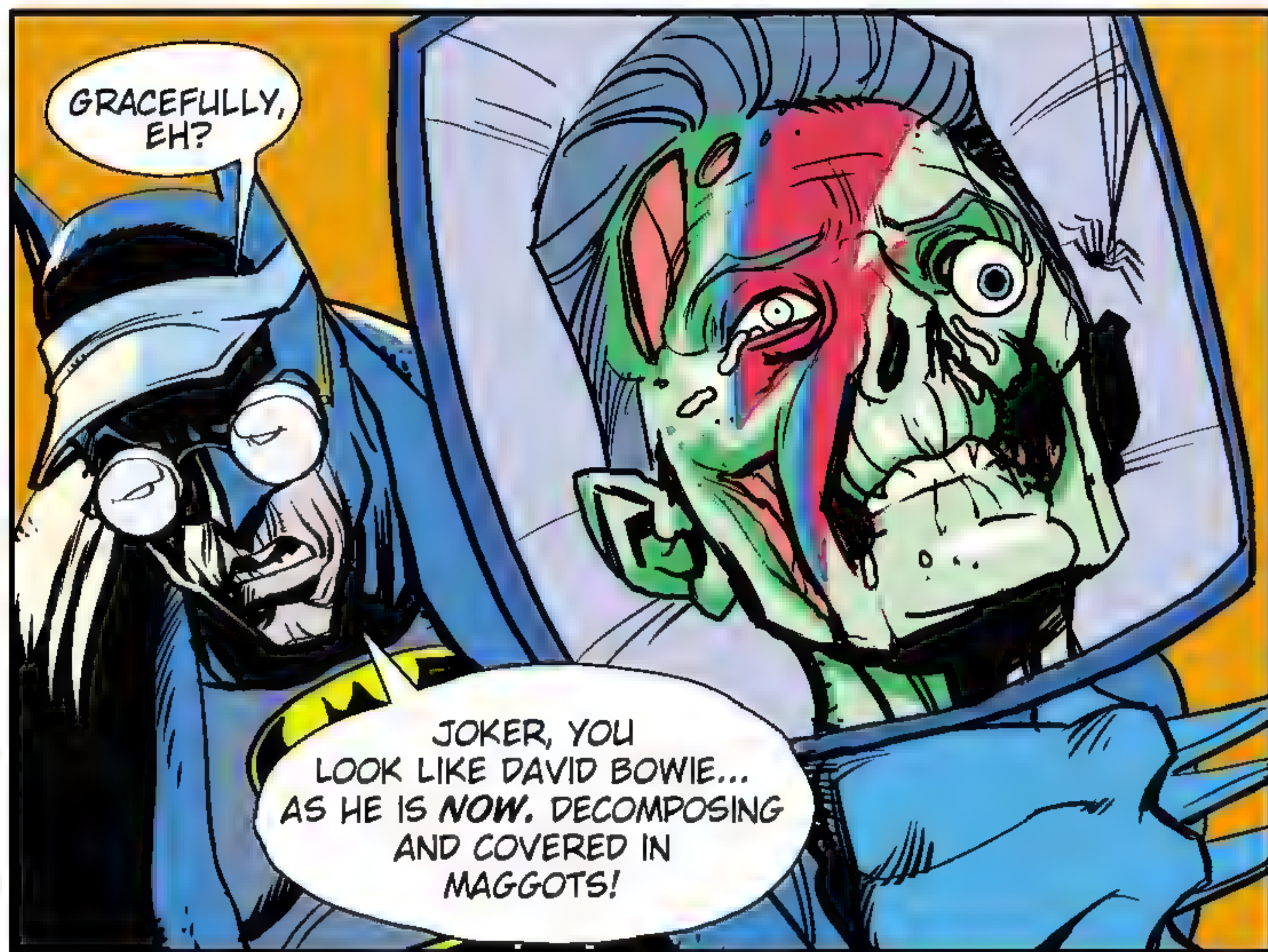
WHAT HAPPENED TO US?

WHO'S "US"? I, FOR ONE, AM AGING GRACEFULLY! MY HAIR'S AS **GREEN** AS EVER.

POW!

BAM!

CHECKMATE!

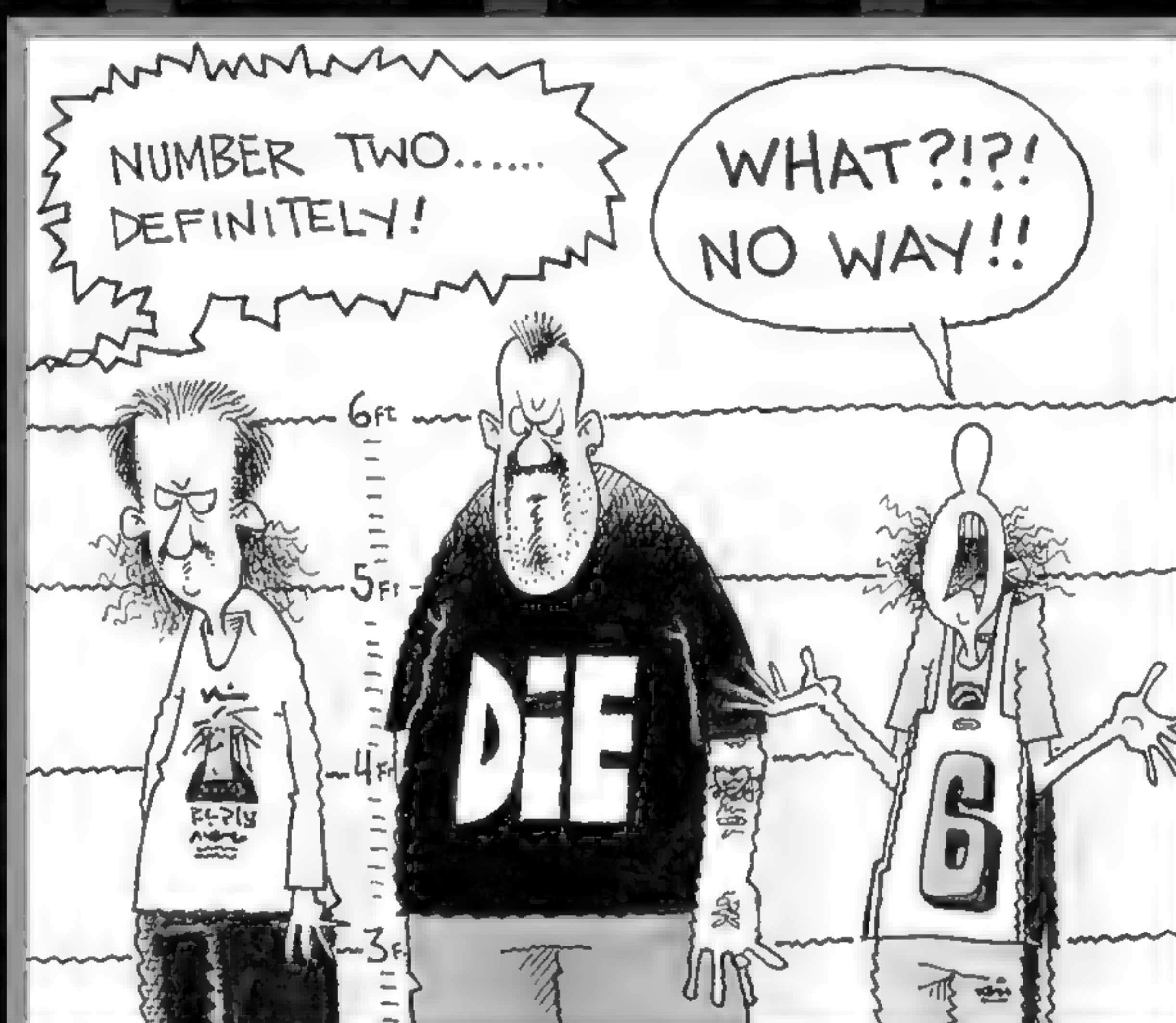


With successful shows like *The Sopranos* replacing our ideas about typical American family values, it should come as no surprise when your Uncle Bob decides to become a loan shark or Cousin Tyler starts smuggling cigarettes across state lines. Crime is hot – hot, hot, hot! But, before you start auditioning getaway drivers or studying police tactics on *COPS*, make sure you've got the smarts to follow this career path. How? By simply examining...

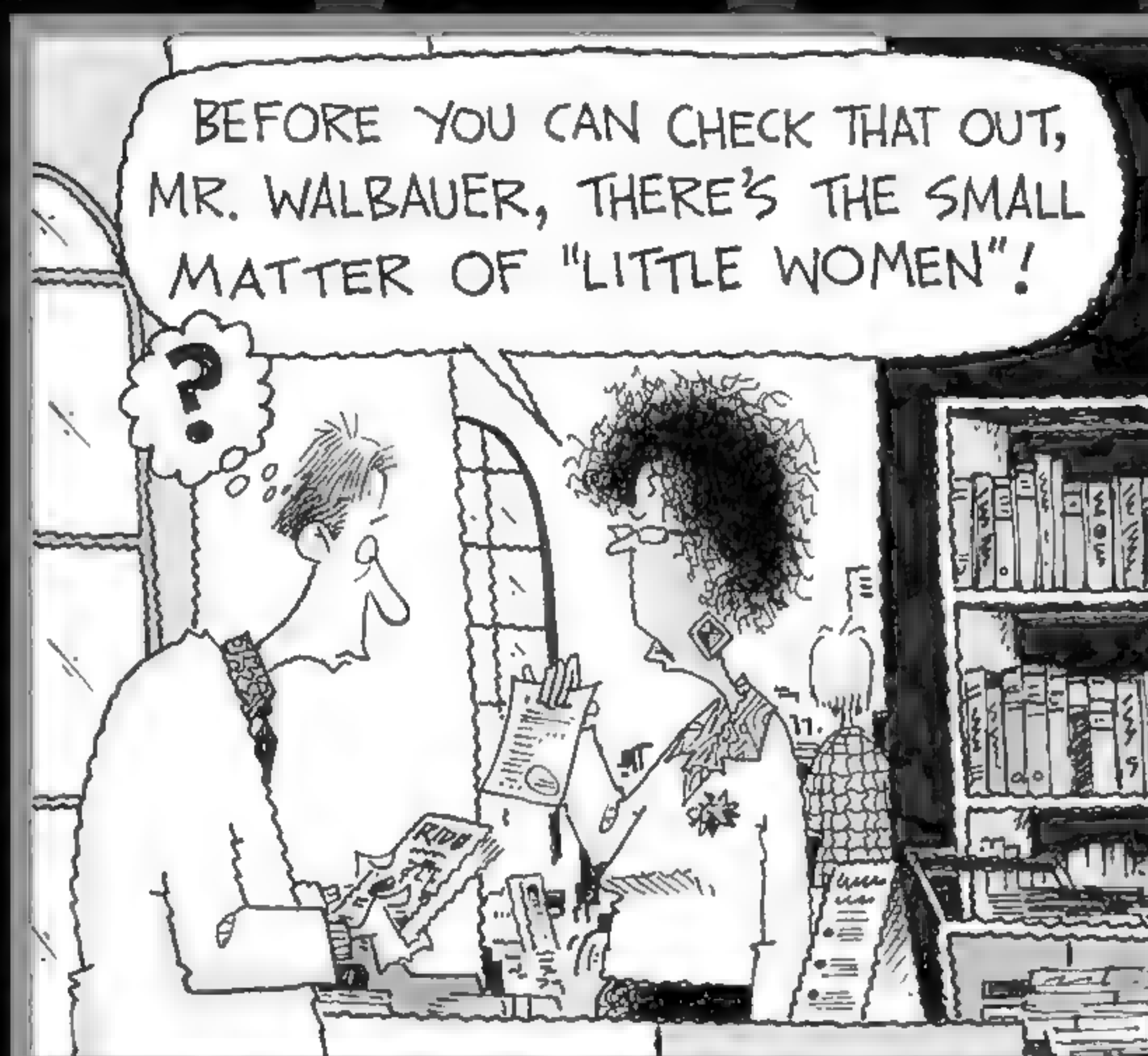
JOHN CALDWELL'S INDISPUTABLE TIP-OFFS YOU WEREN'T CUT OUT FOR A LIFE OF CRIME



Your bank heist is always the same: \$5,000 in small coins.



You get bummed when you don't get picked in lineups.



After three years of identity theft, you've cost your victims the sum total of \$39.78 in library fines.



Locking your keys in the getaway car is becoming a fairly common occurrence.



You accept ransom payments in the form of deposit cans and bottles.



The key to your embezzlement system is keeping two sets of pencils.



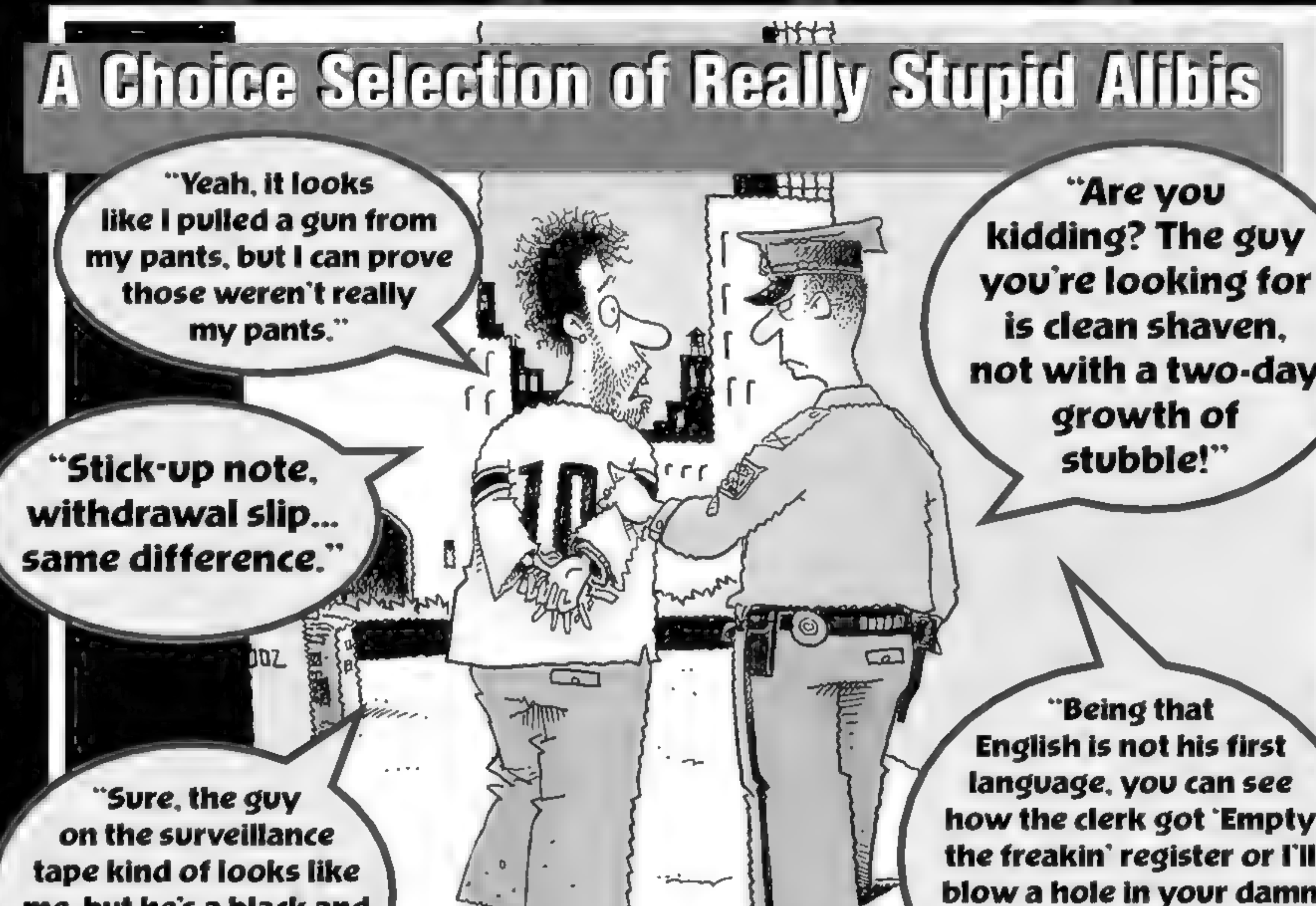
Because of your aversion to handguns, the only people you ever mug are street mimes.



You spend your days tying up high-end digital imaging equipment to counterfeit proofs-of-purchase for breakfast cereal prizes.



Your chosen method of disposing of evidence involves posting it on eBay.



A Choice Selection of Really Stupid Alibis

In recent years, breakthrough research in DNA testing has aided in solving crimes, resolving paternity cases, and in one bizarre incident in New Jersey (where else?), determining who owned an escaped tiger. But let's face it, how many of us will ever be involved in one of these types of cases? Isn't it time that Dennis Fung, Barry Scheck and all those other DNA proponents began using DNA research for the greater good of all Americans? Isn't it time they got out their test tubes, fired up their Bunsen burners and started...

USING DNA TESTING FOR QUESTIONS WE REALLY WANT ANSWERED



Which waiter owns the long black hair that's now sitting in your egg salad?



Which neighbor's @\$% dog has been leaving a gushy surprise package for you every morning?



Which pizza-faced geek spent a half hour in front of the mirror popping his zits?



Which sharp-shooting male member of your family missed the bowl – again?



Which classmate fired the 8-oz. spitball that's now stuck to your forehead?



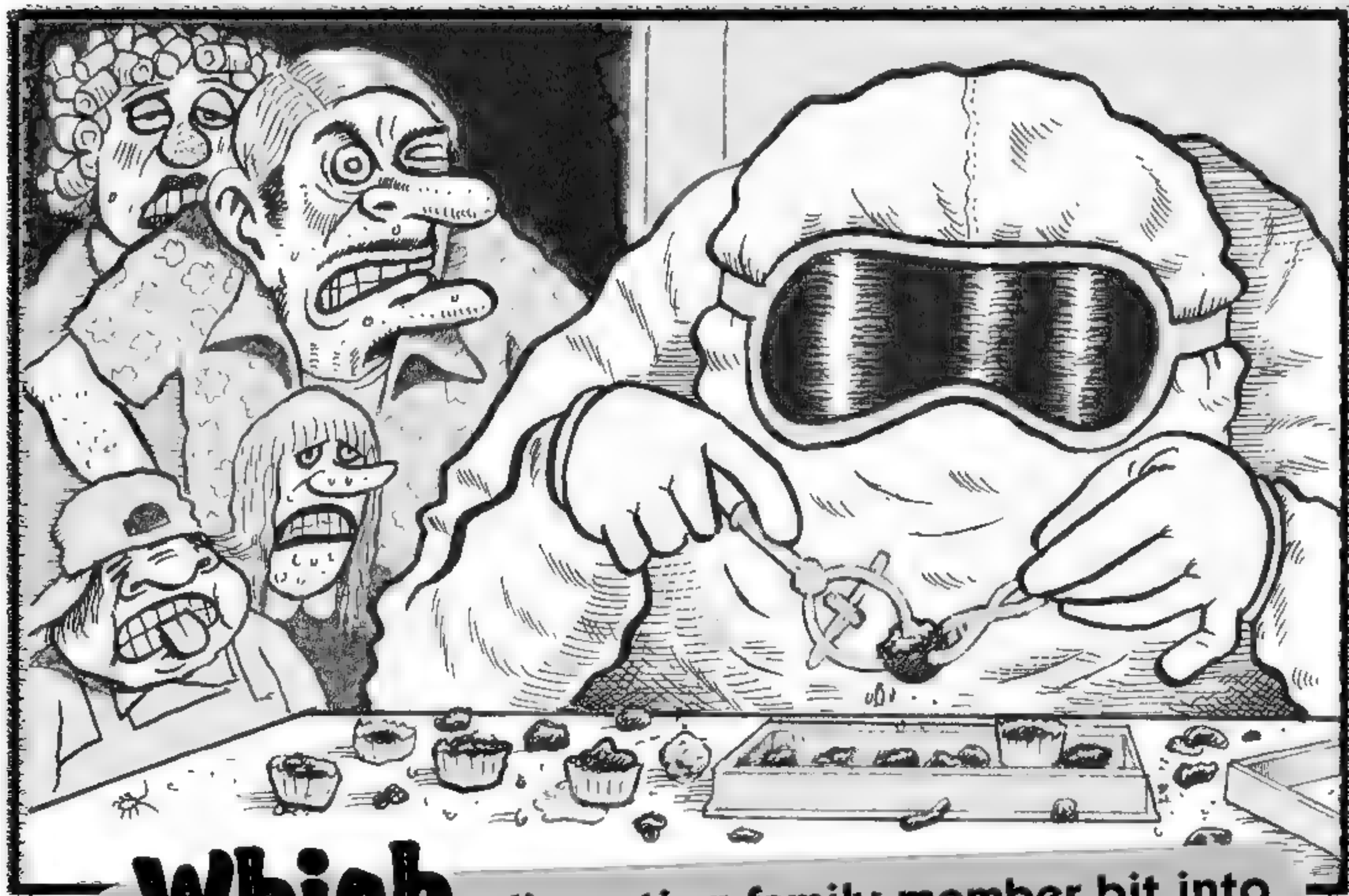
Who was the inconsiderate bastard at the health club that didn't wipe their sweat off the exercise machine after using it?



Which teen genius has been hocking loogies off the overpass onto unsuspecting motorists?



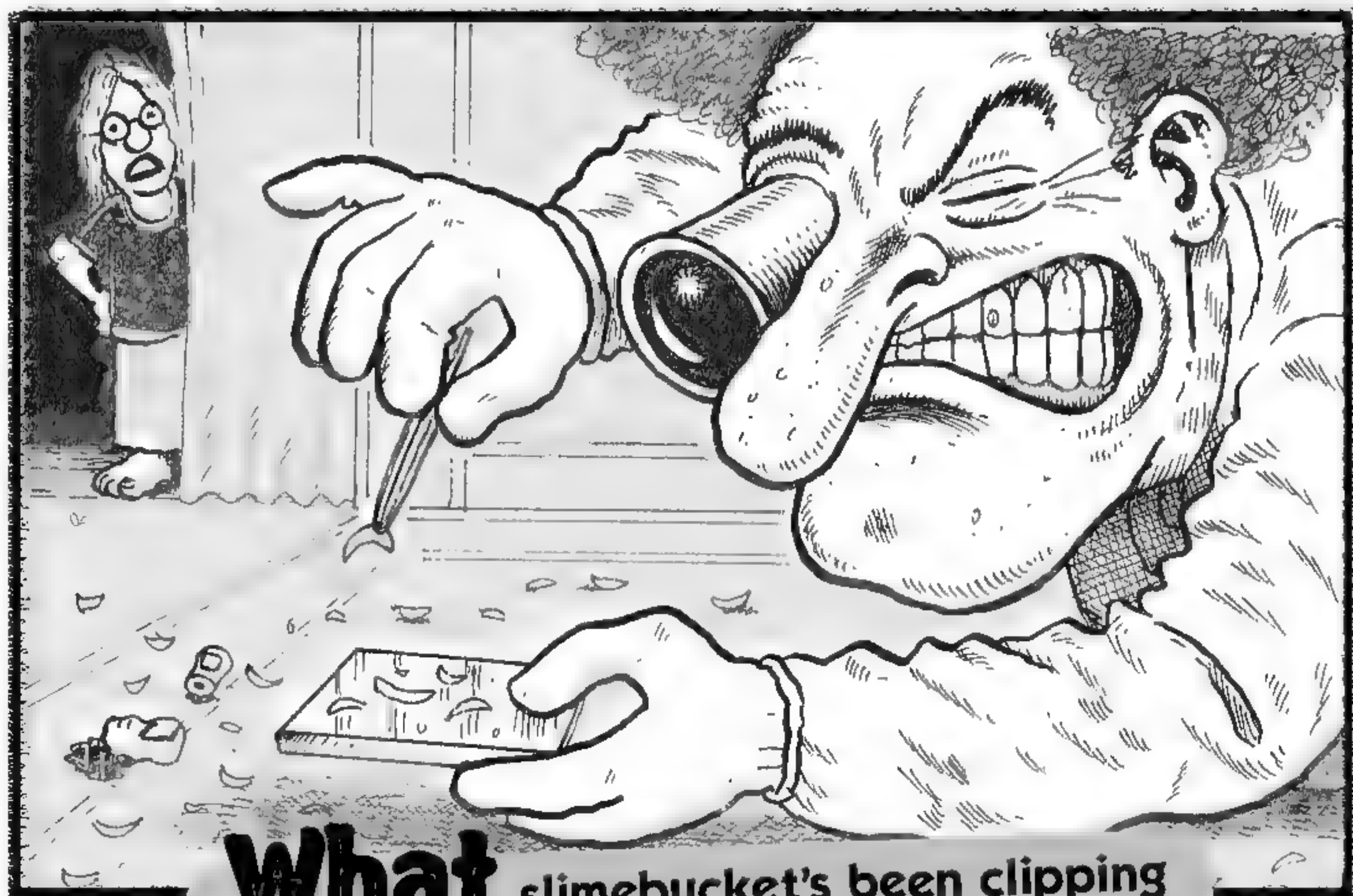
Which freakazoid customer made full use of the salad bar's sneeze guard?



Which disgusting family member bit into half the Godiva chocolates looking for a nougat?



Which delightful co-worker has an aversion to flushing after they're done?



What slimebucket's been clipping their toenails in the living room?



Who picked-and-flicked-it onto the cafeteria table?



NA NA NA NA, NA NA NA NA... WHITMAN! DEPT.

The superhero movie of the moment features a villain without rhyme or reason. This article doesn't have any reason, either...but at least it has rhyme! "The Batman" is the kind of film that provokes strong, opinionated reactions from the most intensely devoted Batman fans. Often before they've seen it!

O BATMAN! MY BATMAN!

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

O Batman! My Batman! I am your critic true.
The day I heard there'd be a film, I shouted out, "Woo-hoo!
A serious, mysterious and dignified aesthetic!"
I never guessed that Adam West would make my dream pathetic!
But O BIFF! BONK! THWACK!
With Bat-stuff in his belt.
(T'was much too small to hide the fact
That he wasn't svelte.)

O Batman! Fat Batman! Two decades then elapsed,
Till Michael Keaton played a Bat whose muscles had collapsed.
Our number three-Lord, finally!—had pecs and abs with ripples
Val Kilmer's fit, but holy \$#!&... his Batsuit came with nipples?
O those nips! nips! nips!
Revolting Eurocheese.
Yet things got worse when Clooney's nips
Battled Mr. Freeze.

O Batman! My Batman! Each film was super lame!
Eventually, there came a Bat with undeserved acclaim.
This Christian Bale? An epic fail! We heard his growling thrice, and
That rasp—but why? Bale's vocal fry makes cancer sound like Streisand!
O so grim! grim! grim!
And Affleck's worse than him!
But in the grouchy Batman wars,
Lego Batman wins.

O Batmen! My Batmen! I hate them, one and all!
And that includes Rob Pattinson, the next bum who will fall!
The buzz is there, but I don't care; I'm skeptical and skittish.
No need to think. I'm sure he'll stink—this time, for being British!
But O gripe! gripe! gripe!
Trust me, I know what's best.
This dismal dark is getting old—
Bring back Adam West!



What's the hot-action, feel-good hit of the summer that people are flocking to see? *Ghostbusters II*, of course! Which is why MAD now proudly presents its satire of...

BATTYMAN



WRITER STAN HART ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

In the past five years, Gotham has become a city with the worst crime rate in the nation! Thank God that a good citizen like Battyman has come forth to clean it all up!

Yeah. But where was that "Good Citizen" during the five years that the city was getting this bad?!!

I am Battyman! Creature of the Night! Thanks to me, crimes after dark have decreased 50%!

Creature of the Night! Hah! Us criminals have just become more active in the mornings and afternoons! Daylight crimes have increased 150% since you showed up!

Geez, bullets don't have any effect! Doesn't anything hurt you?!!

If you say that my outfit looks a little girly, that really hurts!

Ha, ha! Shake hands with 40,000 volts!!!

That's some practical joke!

You should see his "Whoopie Cushion"!

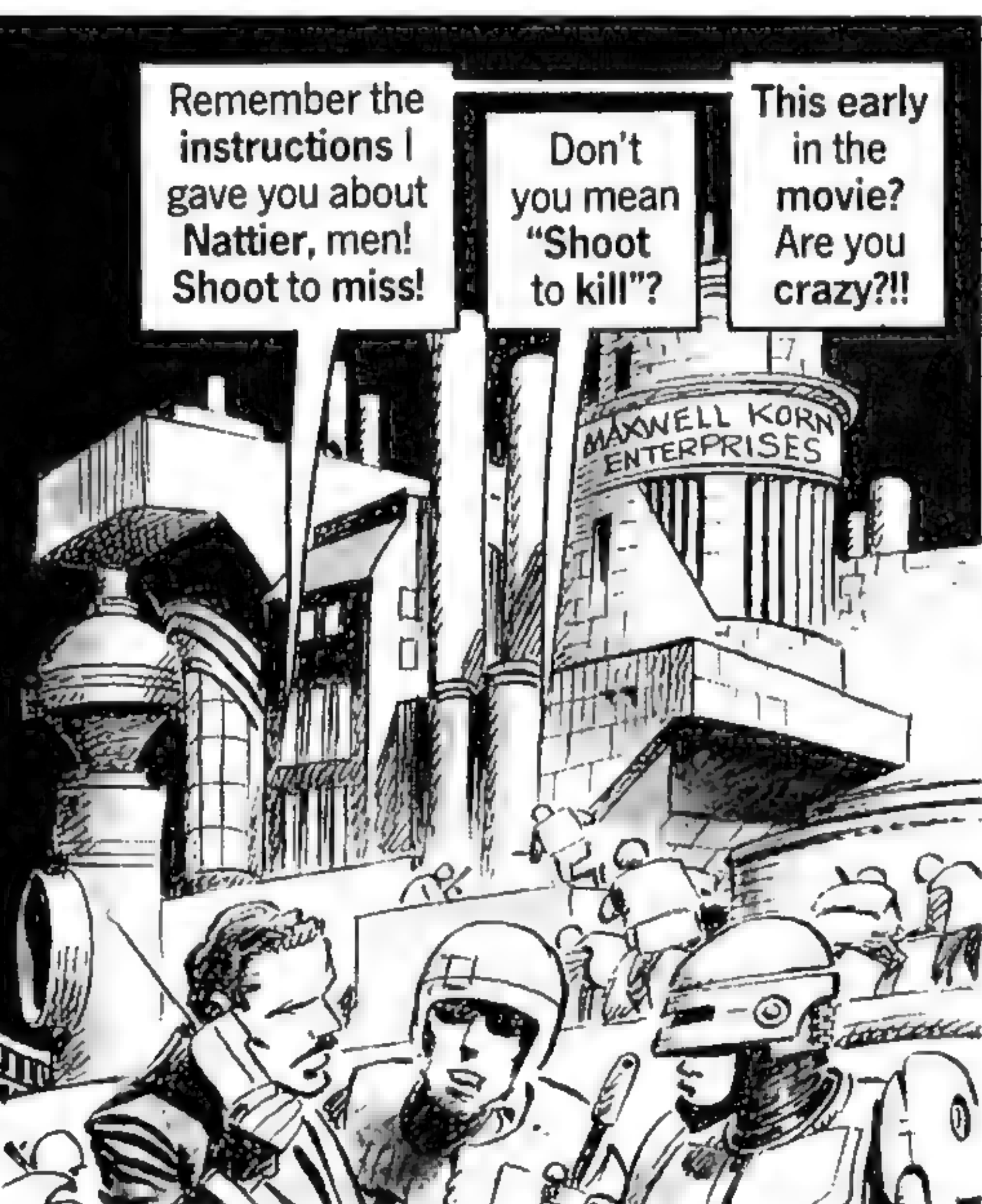
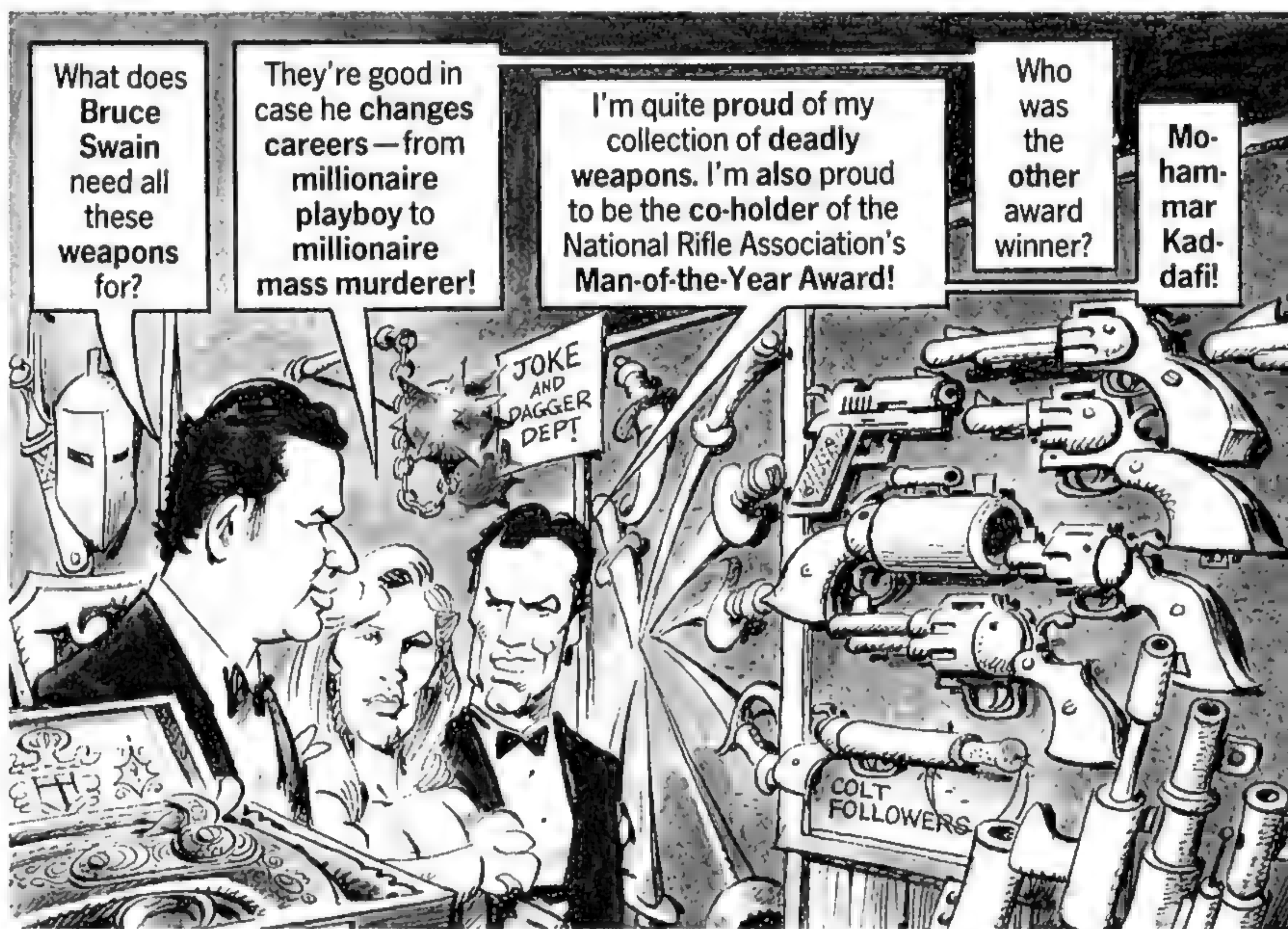
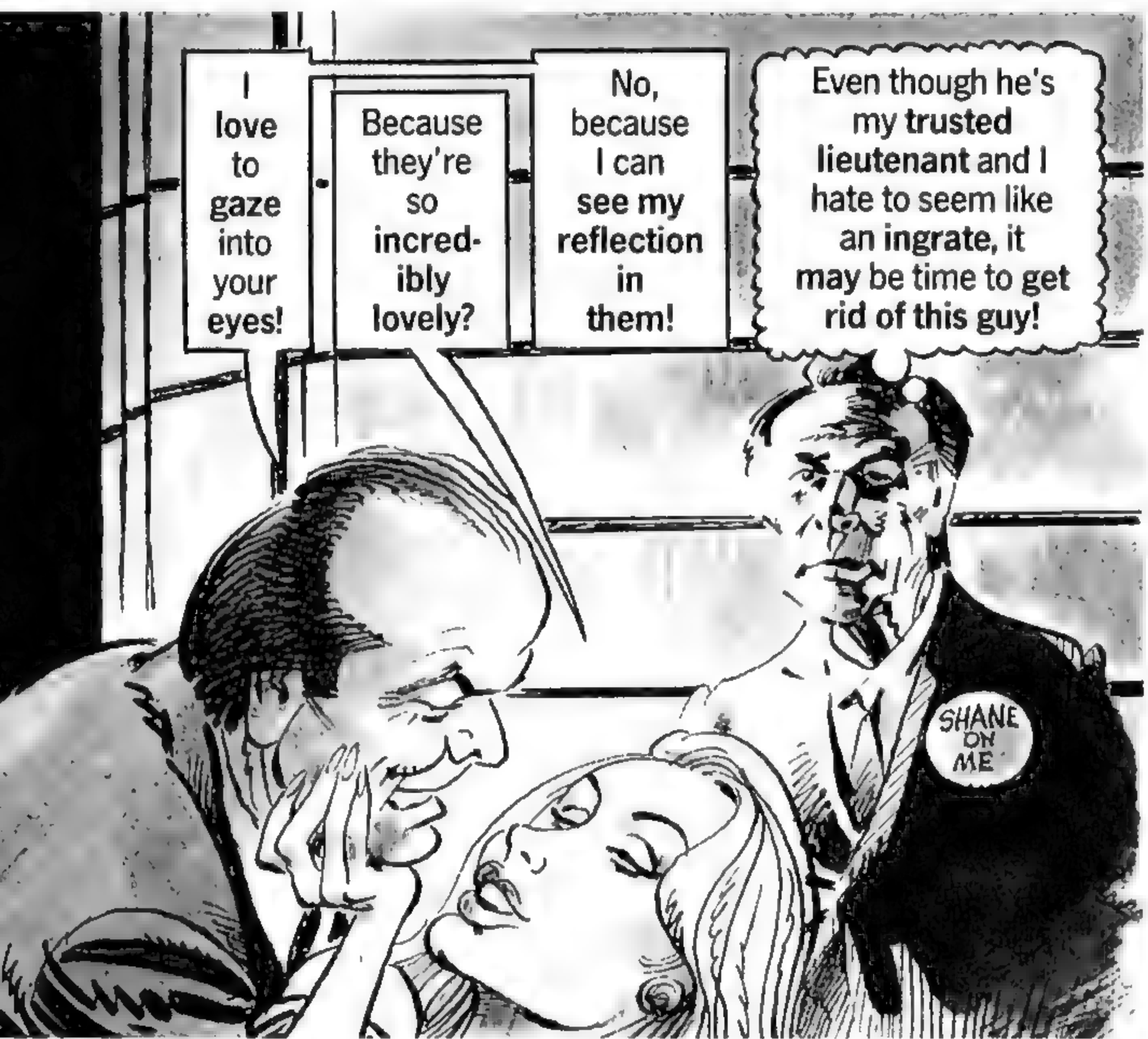
This is terrible!

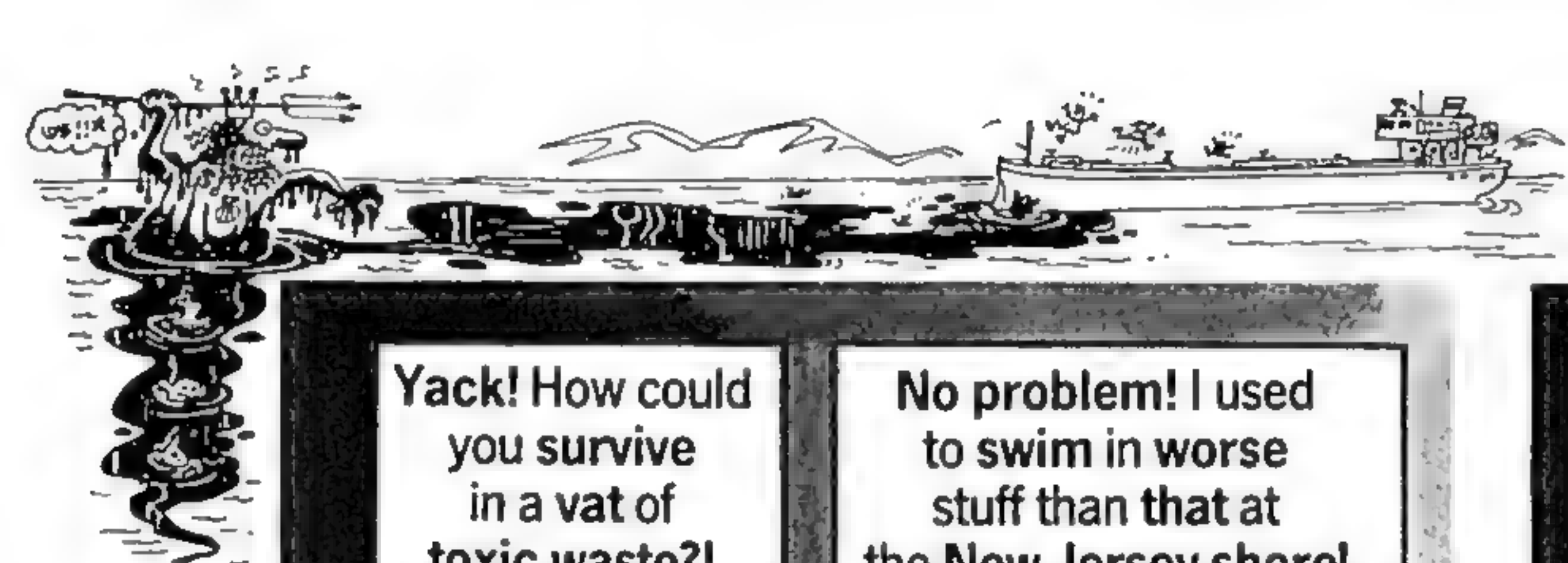
Where? On New York, L.A., Chicago or Miami's Eleven O'Clock Evening News!

I wonder why Battyman needs such exotic looking vehicles as the Batty-mobile and the Battywing?

Actually, he doesn't! Toy manufacturers do! While Battyman uses the Batty-mobile and the Battywing to fight criminals, desperate toy makers will use them to fight Nintendo!

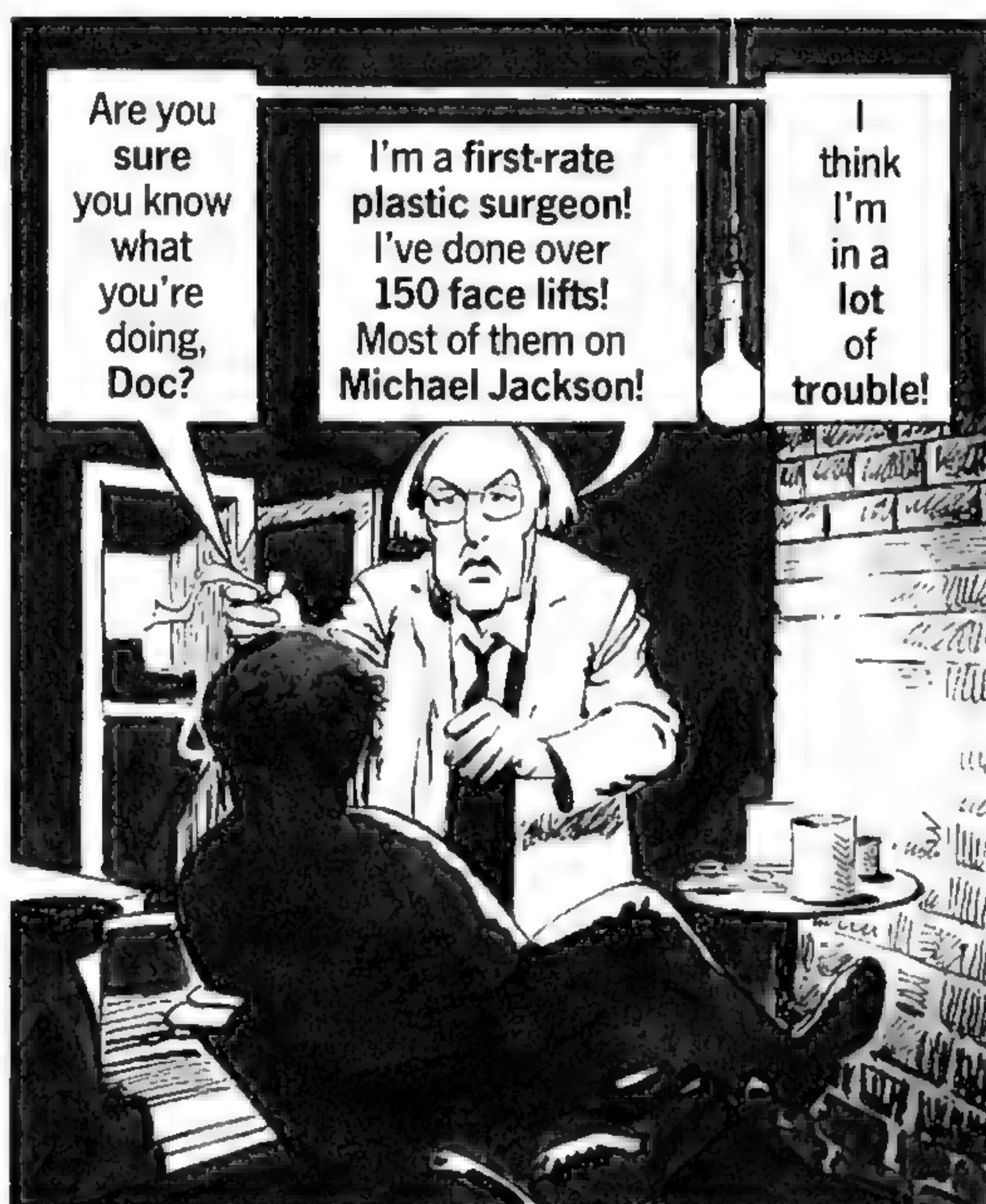






Yack! How could you survive in a vat of toxic waste?!

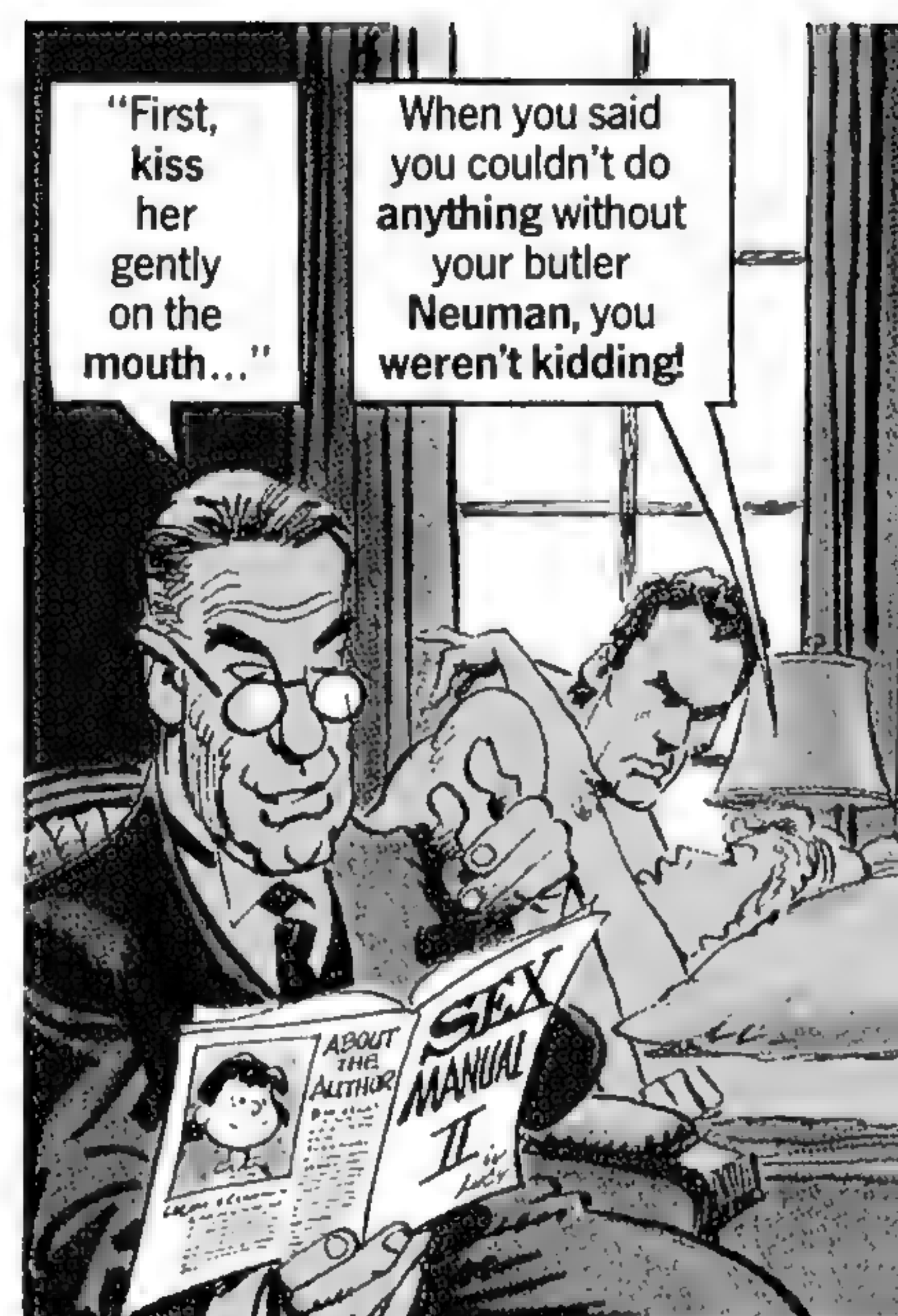
No problem! I used to swim in worse stuff than that at the New Jersey shore!



Are you sure you know what you're doing, Doc?

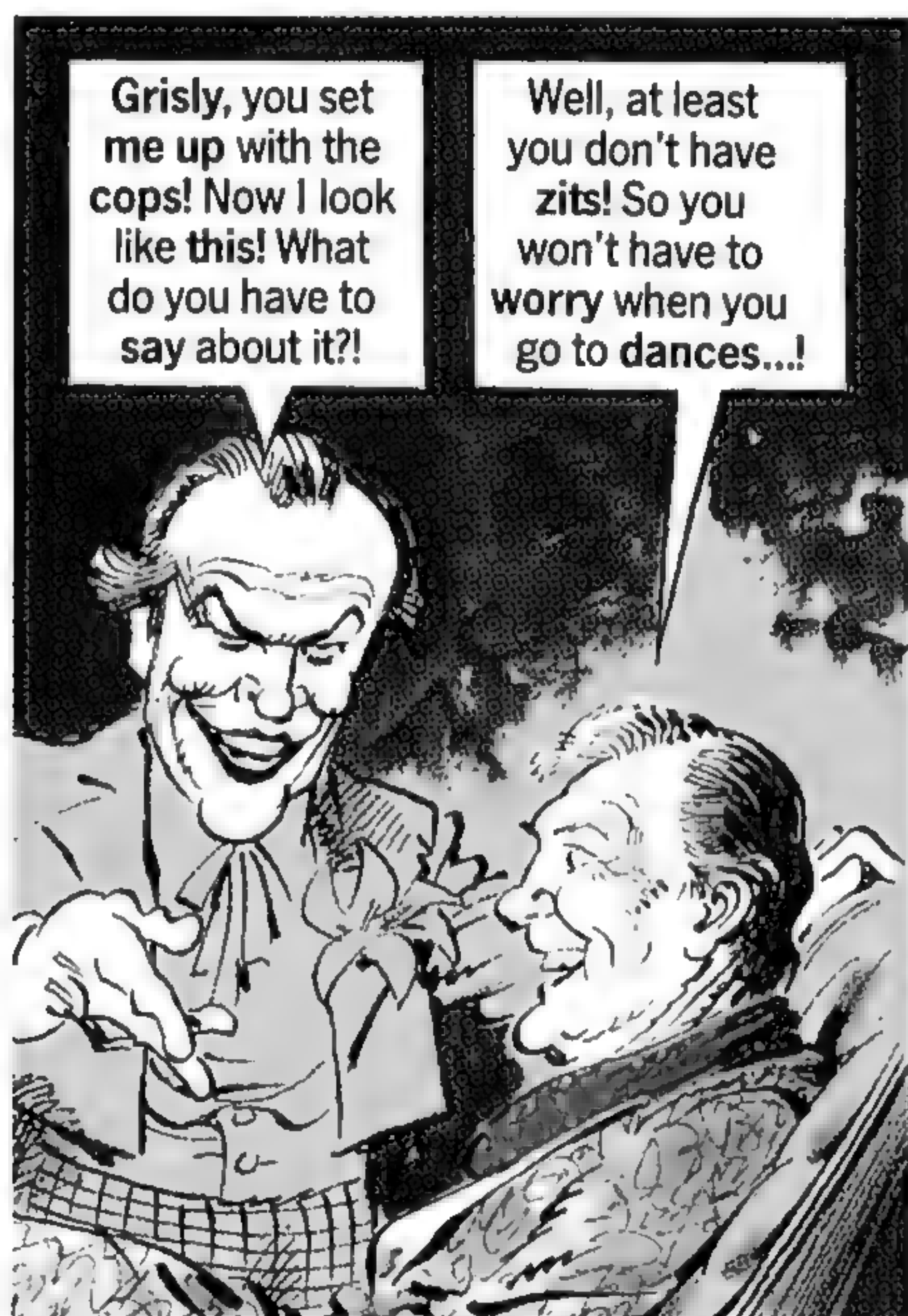
I'm a first-rate plastic surgeon! I've done over 150 face lifts! Most of them on Michael Jackson!

I think I'm in a lot of trouble!



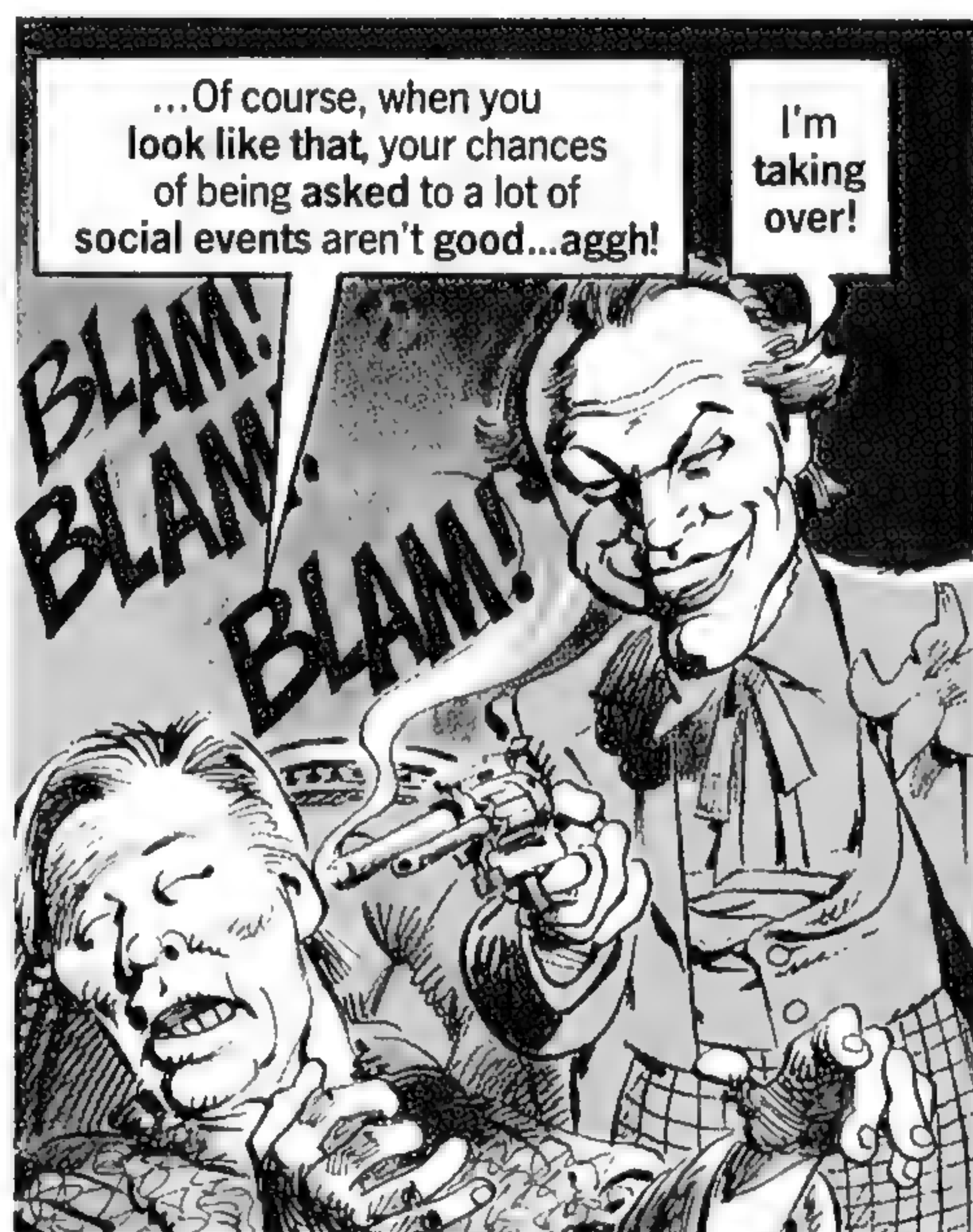
"First, kiss her gently on the mouth..."

When you said you couldn't do anything without your butler Neuman, you weren't kidding!



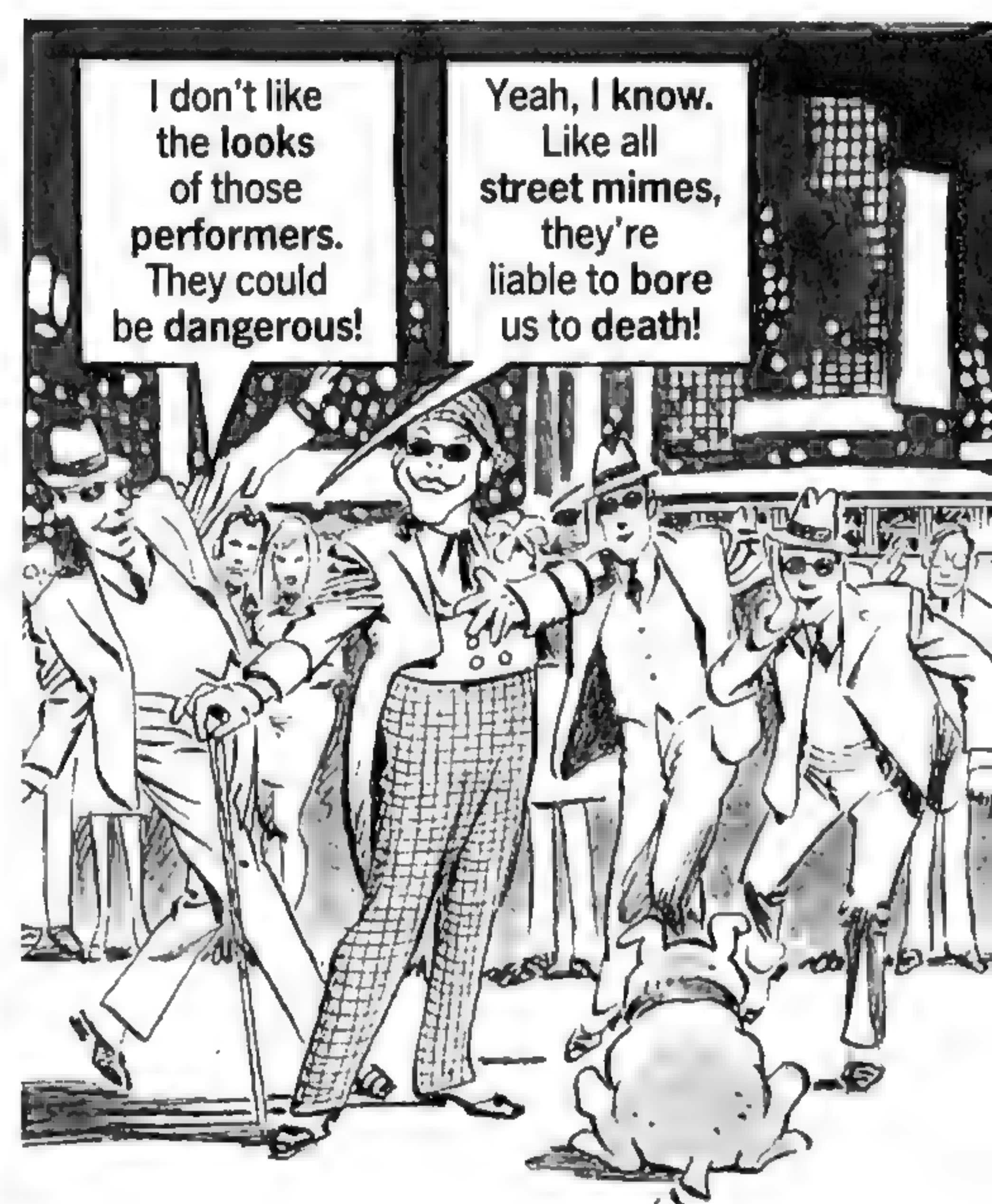
Grisly, you set me up with the cops! Now I look like this! What do you have to say about it?!

Well, at least you don't have zits! So you won't have to worry when you go to dances...!



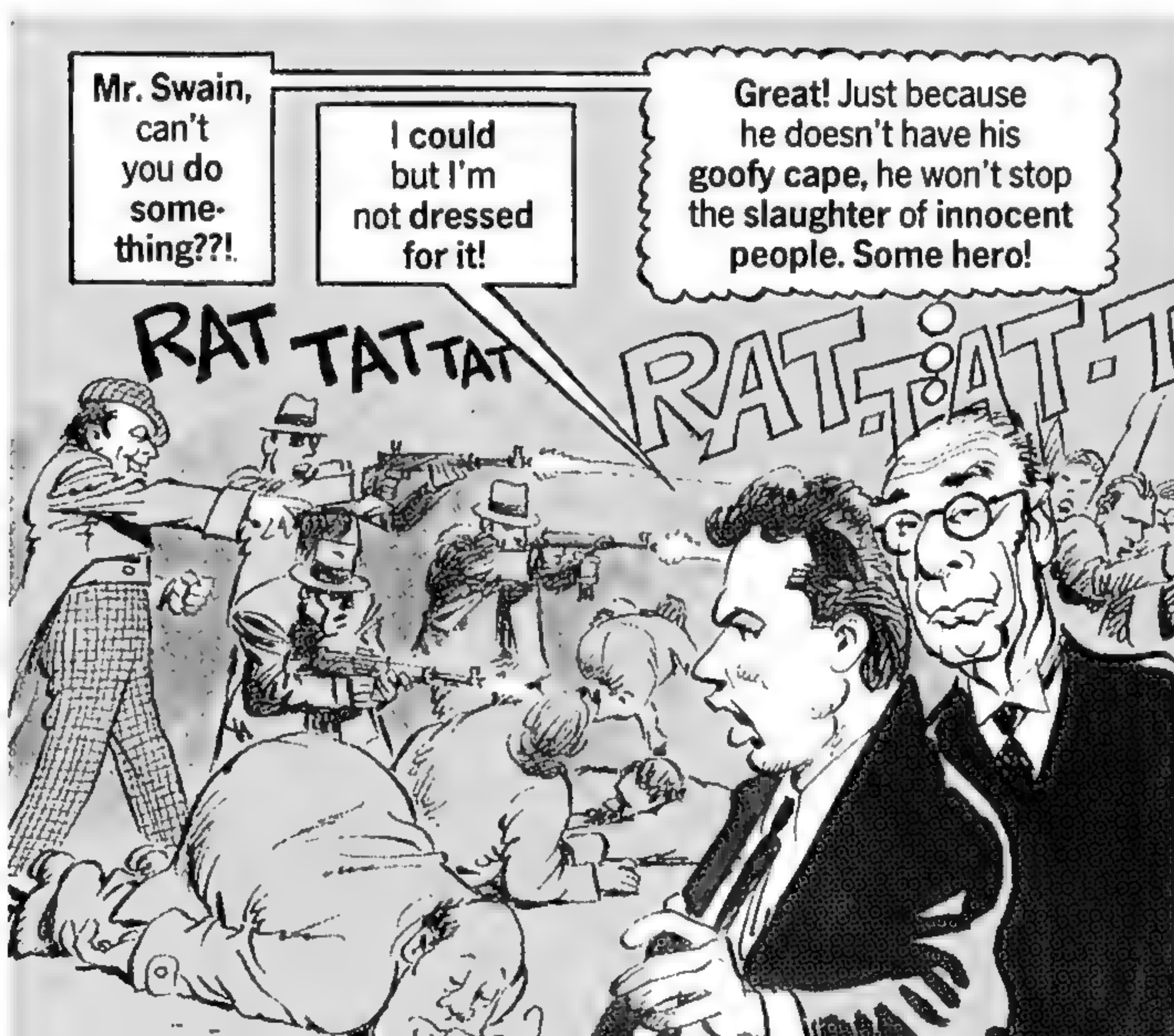
...Of course, when you look like that, your chances of being asked to a lot of social events aren't good...aggh!

I'm taking over!



I don't like the looks of those performers. They could be dangerous!

Yeah, I know. Like all street mimes, they're liable to bore us to death!



Mr. Swain, can't you do something??!

I could but I'm not dressed for it!

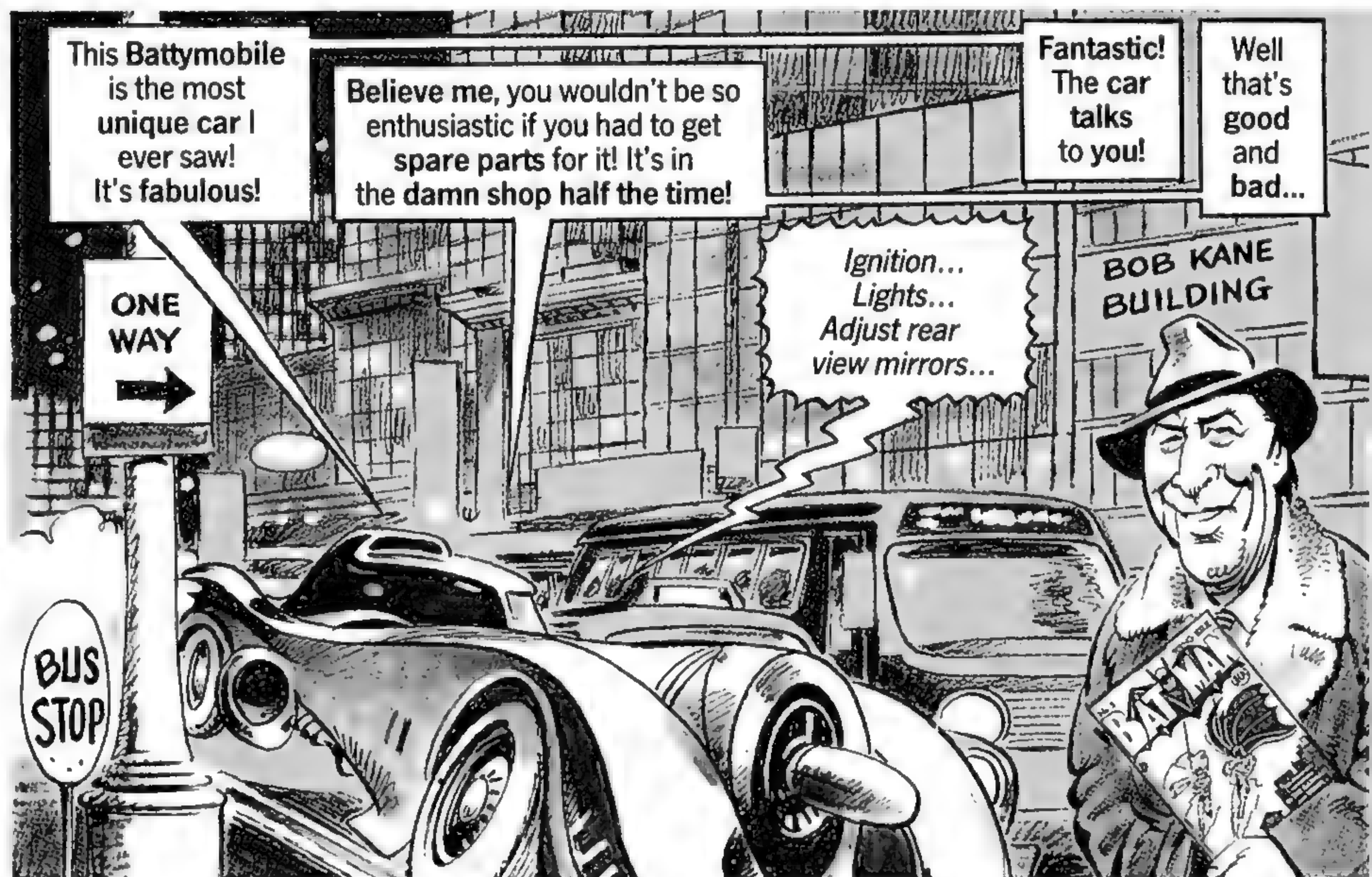
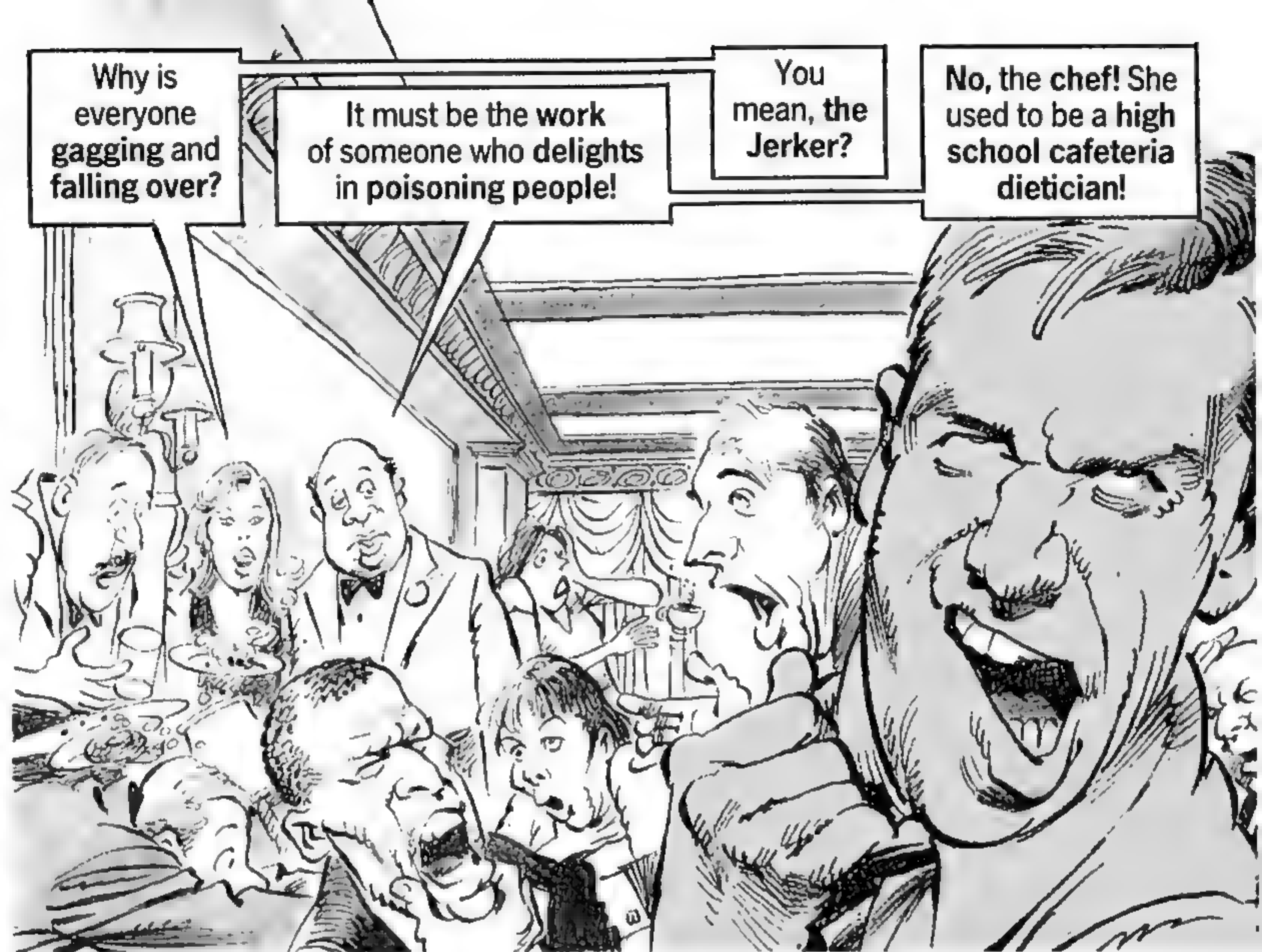
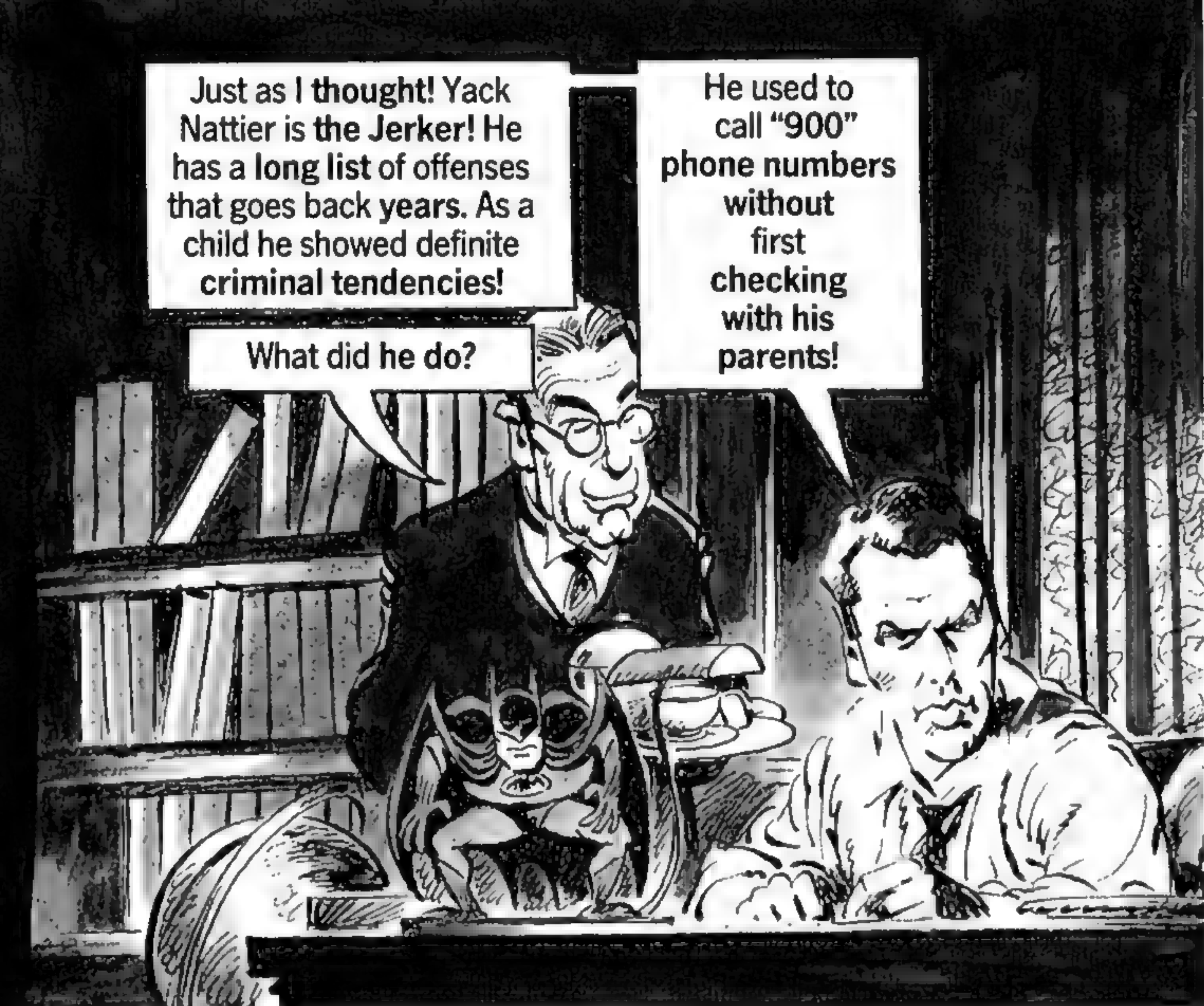
Great! Just because he doesn't have his goofy cape, he won't stop the slaughter of innocent people. Some hero!



My god! They're dead! Isn't this horrible??!

Not really. It's the first time since I was six that a pretty girl smiled at me!

They used cosmetics containing my special ingredient, "Smylex." They'll be saying "Cheese!" throughout eternity!





Must you drive so fast?... Who's the bimbo?... When's the last time you thought about your parents?... Did you have a good, healthy lunch today?... Tsk, tsk, such a boy could really drive you crazy...

Why is the Batty-mobile saying such annoying things?

It was originally programmed by my mother!

Doesn't driving like this frighten you?

No, I'm used to it!

How come?

I used to teach Driver's Ed to teenagers!

The Batty-mobile was supposed to turn into a helicopter and fly over tight spots like this!

Who told you that?

The salesman who sold it to me, some fellow named Joe Isuzu!

BLAM

THE NEXT DAY...

Neuman! The Jerker just kidnapped Icky from her apartment! How long will it take you to bring my Batty costume to the alley near 10 Street and Lois Lane?

At least two hours!

That's too long! Tell you what, put my costume in a Domino's Pizza box and have them deliver it! They'll get it here in 15 minutes!

Hey!

Get your own alley to change in!!

MISSING - HAVE YOU SEEN THIS BOY?

Citizens of Gotham, I'm running things now and I promise you a kinder, gentler society! There'll be a thousand points of light!

Do you think the people are stupid enough to believe him?

200

What happened?

The Jerker slipped a sleeping potion into the water used by the police!

Just how serious is it?

The cops are sleeping even when they're OFF duty!

Wow! Now that really is serious!

Listen, Battyman! I'm going to get you and when I do, I'm going to chop you into little bat pieces and sprinkle you over the city. Yeah, yeah, yeah!!!

Something must have influenced him in his childhood to make him sound so wild and strange!

Something did. As a kid he used to watch professional wrestling interviews on TV!

Look! I never saw anything like that in my life!

You mean you missed all the "Star Wars" movies?

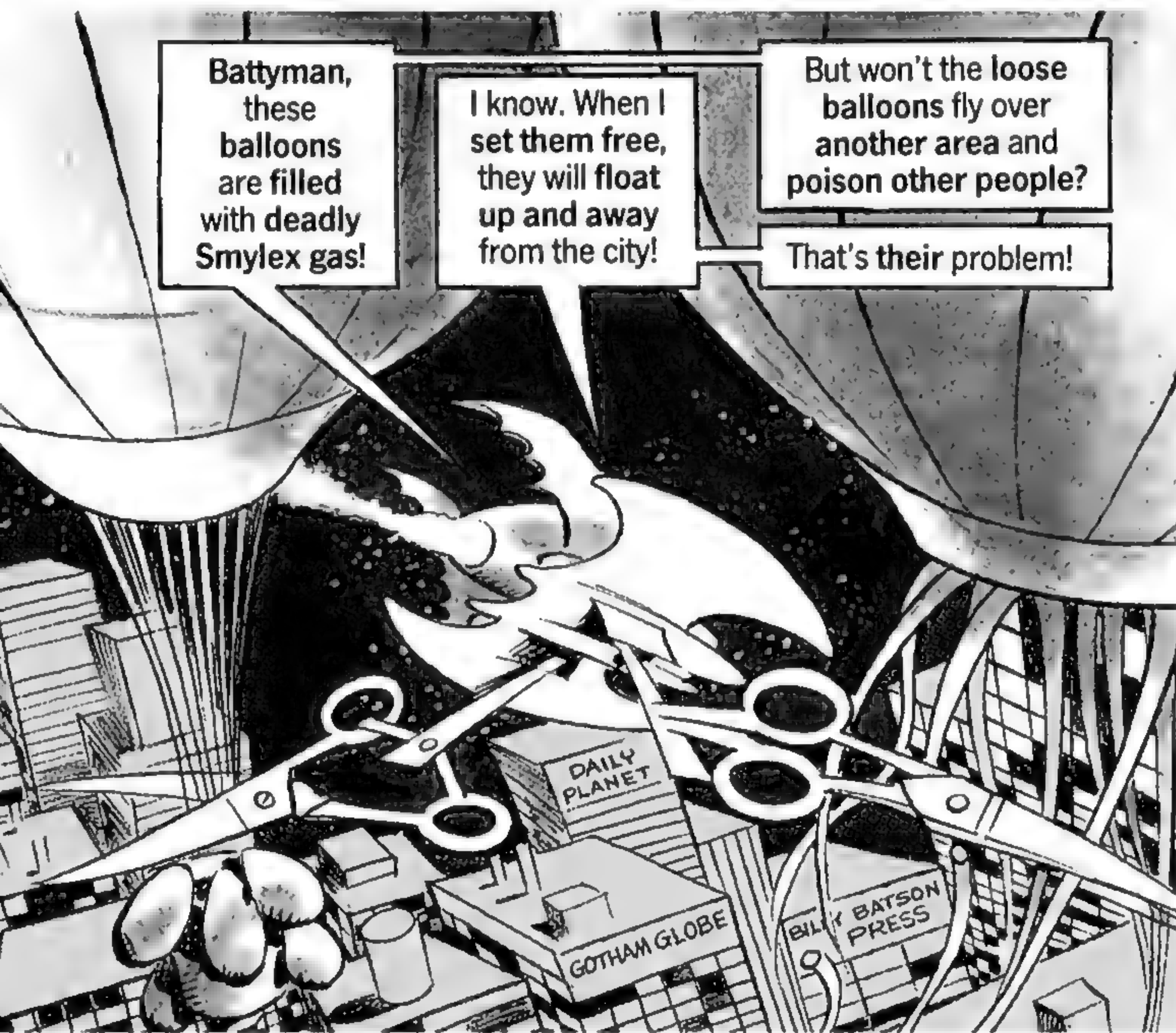


Battyman, these balloons are filled with deadly Smylex gas!

I know. When I set them free, they will float up and away from the city!

But won't the loose balloons fly over another area and poison other people?

That's their problem!



Take that!

Take that!

Take that!

Take that!

Wow! This is a historic event! It's the first "gotcha-last" game to the finish!



I know we're mortal enemies, Battyman, but please do me one favor.

Don't save me.

Why not?

Because if I live, they'll just put me in the sequel and I've got an acting career to think about!

What?

Hey, Jerker, I've got a career to consider, too! Wait for me!!!





If you live in a big city . . . or a small town, for that matter . . . the odds are that sooner or later you're gonna be mugged! So, as a public service, MAD offers these lines of dialogue calculated to

BLUFF THAT MUGGER!

WRITER E. NELSON BRIDWELL

ARTIST BRUCE DAY

Gee, you're the **first** person that's **spoken** to me since I escaped from the Insane Asylum's **Violent Ward**!

Help yourself! I just want to **warn** you! Since I saw "**Papillon**," I keep my money in a **strange** place!

Beat it! There's a **Mafia Contract** out on me, and anybody that's **seen** with me is as good as **dead**!

You're **welcome** to it! I'm sick and tired of trying to **pass** these **marked bills** from the **ransom**!

Congratulations! You're gonna be the **tenth mugger** I've killed this month with my **Kung Fu**!

Sure, I've got something for you! Where do you **want** it . . . in the **belly** or the **head**?

Great! This'll give me a **good workout** for my upcoming **title fight** with **Foreman**!

No, no! You're doing it **all wrong**! Let an **EXPERIENCED** mugger show you **how**!

I like your **style**, kid! How'd you like to move up to where the **REAL** dough is?

That's it! **Fantastic!** You're **exactly** the actor I **need** for my **next picture**!

Take it all! I'm **dying** from a **highly-contagious** disease anyway!

Okay, boys! Our **stakeout** **worked**! Come and get 'im!!

Oh, God! Please don't let me **kill** again!!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #372 JAN 1975



Here's a word you've probably missed: *onomatopoeia*. Since we're a humor magazine, you may think we made it up, like we did those other silly words, *nerfecsterpoc* and *vog*. **YOU FOOL!!** An onomatopoeia is a word that sounds like the thing it denotes. For example, "buzz" is an onomatopoeia. Get it? Probably not, which is why we're scrapping our plans to call this article "A MAD Look at Brand Name Onomatopoeias," and simply calling it

REALLY

APPROPRIATE

BRAND NAME

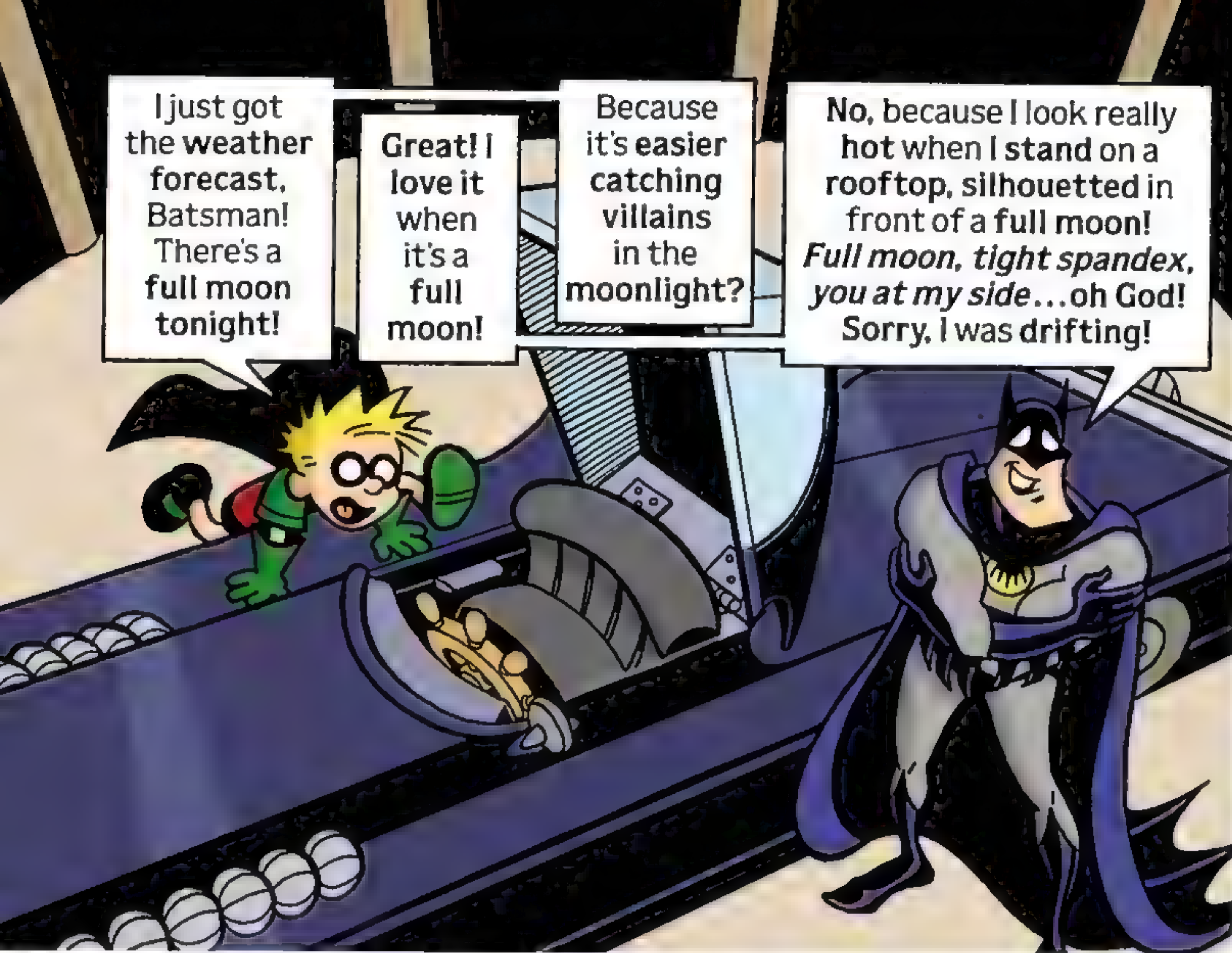


SOUND EFFECTS



WRITER **RUSS COOPER**
ARTIST **JOHN POUND**



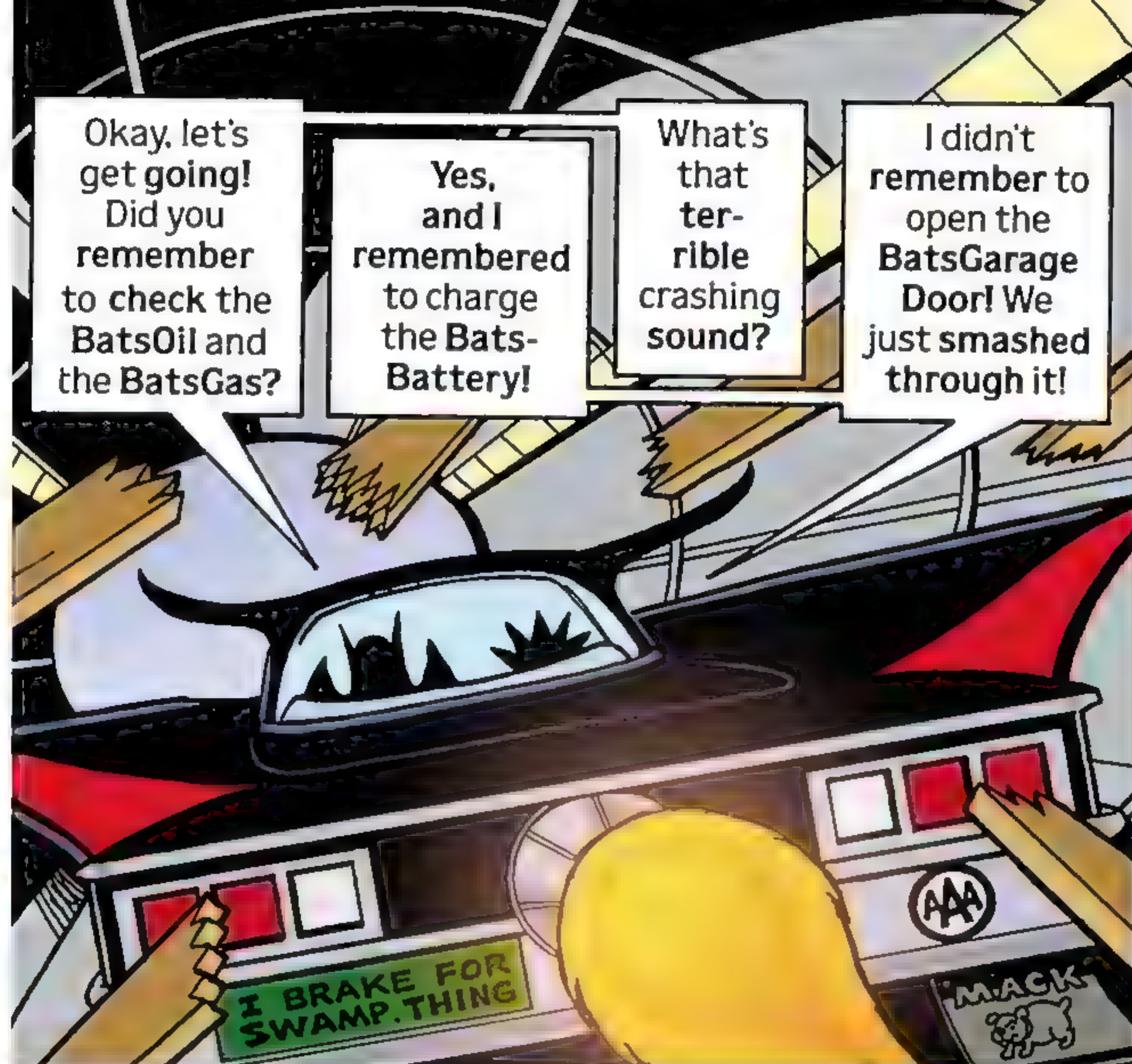


I just got the weather forecast, Batman! There's a full moon tonight!

Great! I love it when it's a full moon!

Because it's easier catching villains in the moonlight?

No, because I look really hot when I stand on a rooftop, silhouetted in front of a full moon! *Full moon, tight spandex, you at my side... oh God! Sorry, I was drifting!*

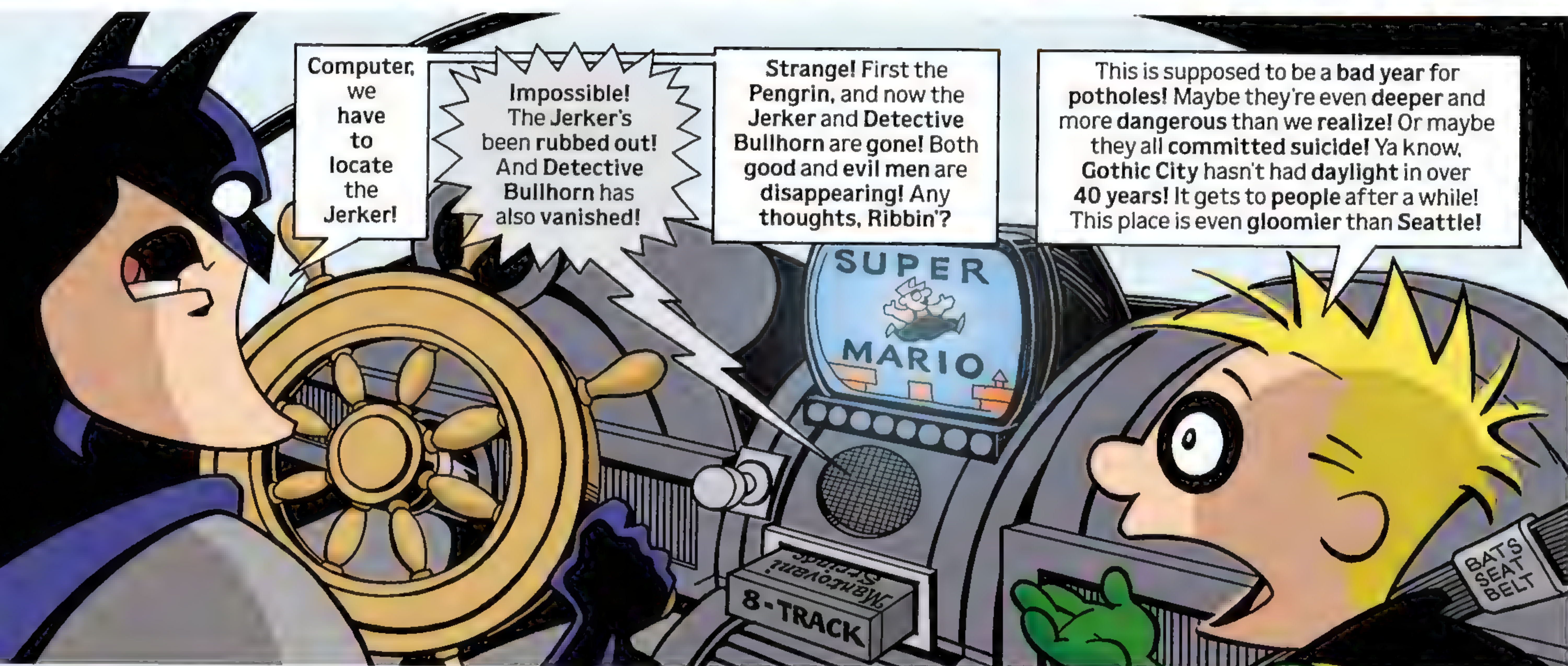


Okay, let's get going! Did you remember to check the BatsOil and the BatsGas?

Yes, and I remembered to charge the Bats-Battery!

What's that terrible crashing sound?

I didn't remember to open the BatsGarage Door! We just smashed through it!

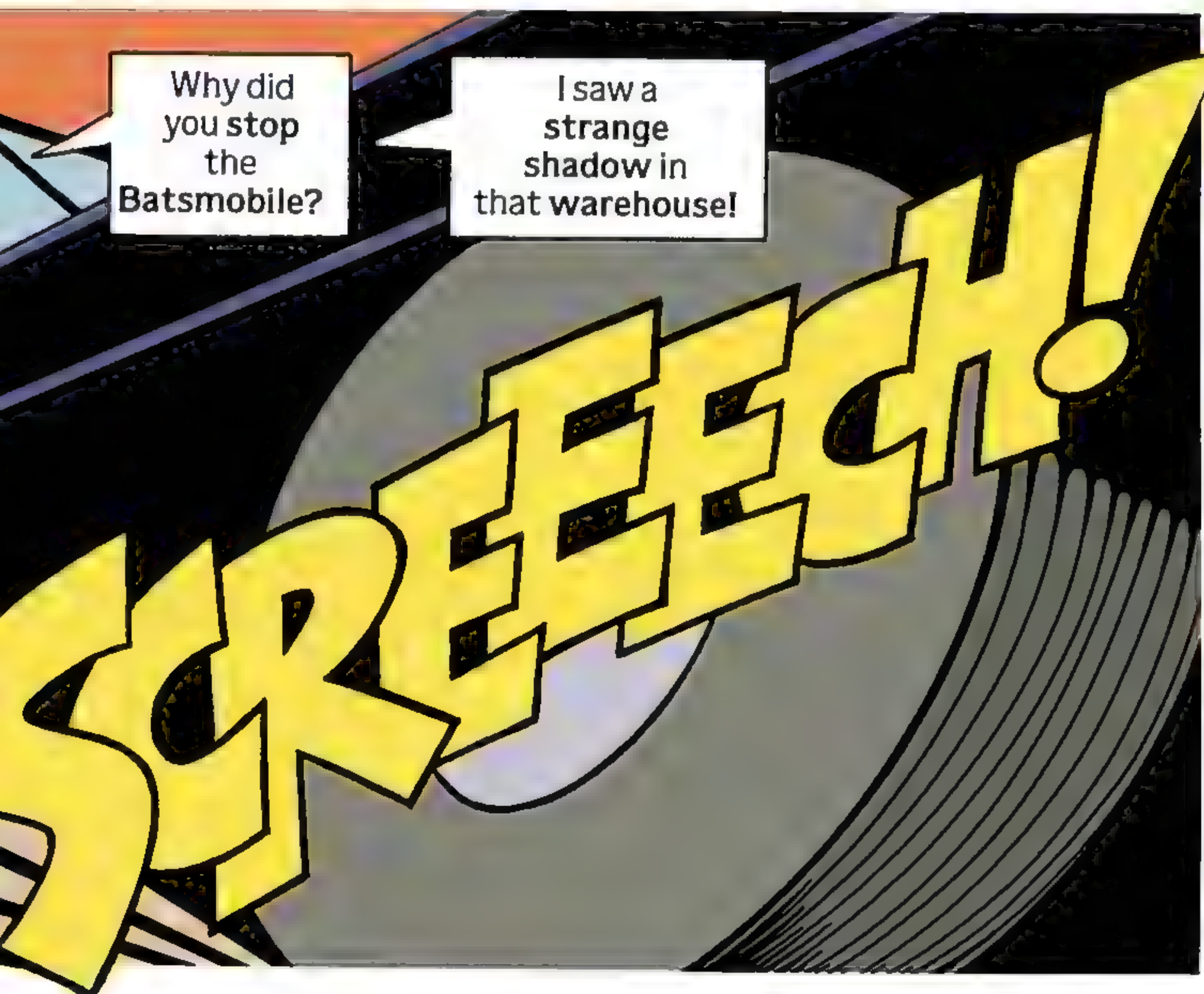


Computer, we have to locate the Jerker!

Impossible! The Jerker's been rubbed out! And Detective Bullhorn has also vanished!

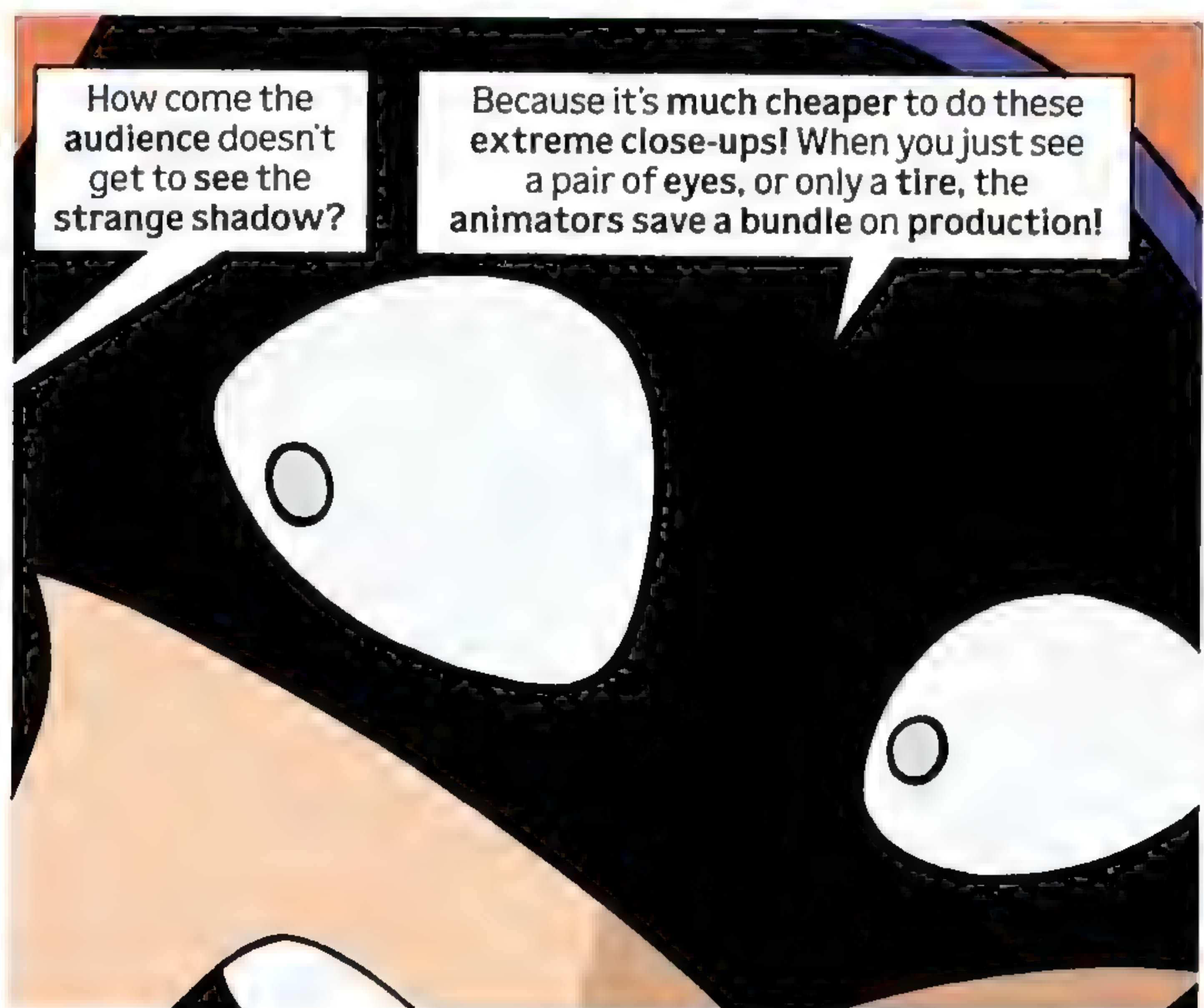
Strange! First the Pengrin, and now the Jerker and Detective Bullhorn are gone! Both good and evil men are disappearing! Any thoughts, Ribbin'?

This is supposed to be a bad year for potholes! Maybe they're even deeper and more dangerous than we realize! Or maybe they all committed suicide! Ya know, Gothic City hasn't had daylight in over 40 years! It gets to people after a while! This place is even gloomier than Seattle!



Why did you stop the Batsmobile?

I saw a strange shadow in that warehouse!



How come the audience doesn't get to see the strange shadow?

Because it's much cheaper to do these extreme close-ups! When you just see a pair of eyes, or only a tire, the animators save a bundle on production!



This is another way the producers save money—totally dark panels just like the movie! But this is nuts! I can't see where I'm walking, Batsman!

Don't worry, Ribbin'. I've got your hand!

Er...that's not my hand, big guy!

Oh... Sorry... "little guy!"

Look, Batsman. It's Cattywoman and the Scabcrow!

Careful, Ribbin'. Cattywoman is releasing some horrible gas!

That might be me, Batsman! We did stop at Taco Bell!

It doesn't matter! We must have some gas in every episode! Animated programs can't show blood and guns so the villains always use some mysterious gas to put us to sleep!

Who needs gas?! It's the preposterous plots and hackneyed dialogue that always make me drowsy!

SSSSSS

BAM!

CRASH

THUMP!

Are you hurt, Batsman?

No! Luckily those boxes just contain harmless sound effects!

THUMP!

CRASH

Batsman took off after Cattywoman, but he seems to be going in circles!

He is, Commissioner! His BatsRope missed the billboard on the top of that building and got caught on the blade of your police helicopter! Look at him go! Wheee!

You can stop looking for weapons in your BatsBelt to use against Cattywoman! She suddenly vanished without a trace! And so did the Scabcrow!

I'm not looking for weapons. I'm looking for aspirins! That helicopter spin gave me one ferocious BatsMigraine!

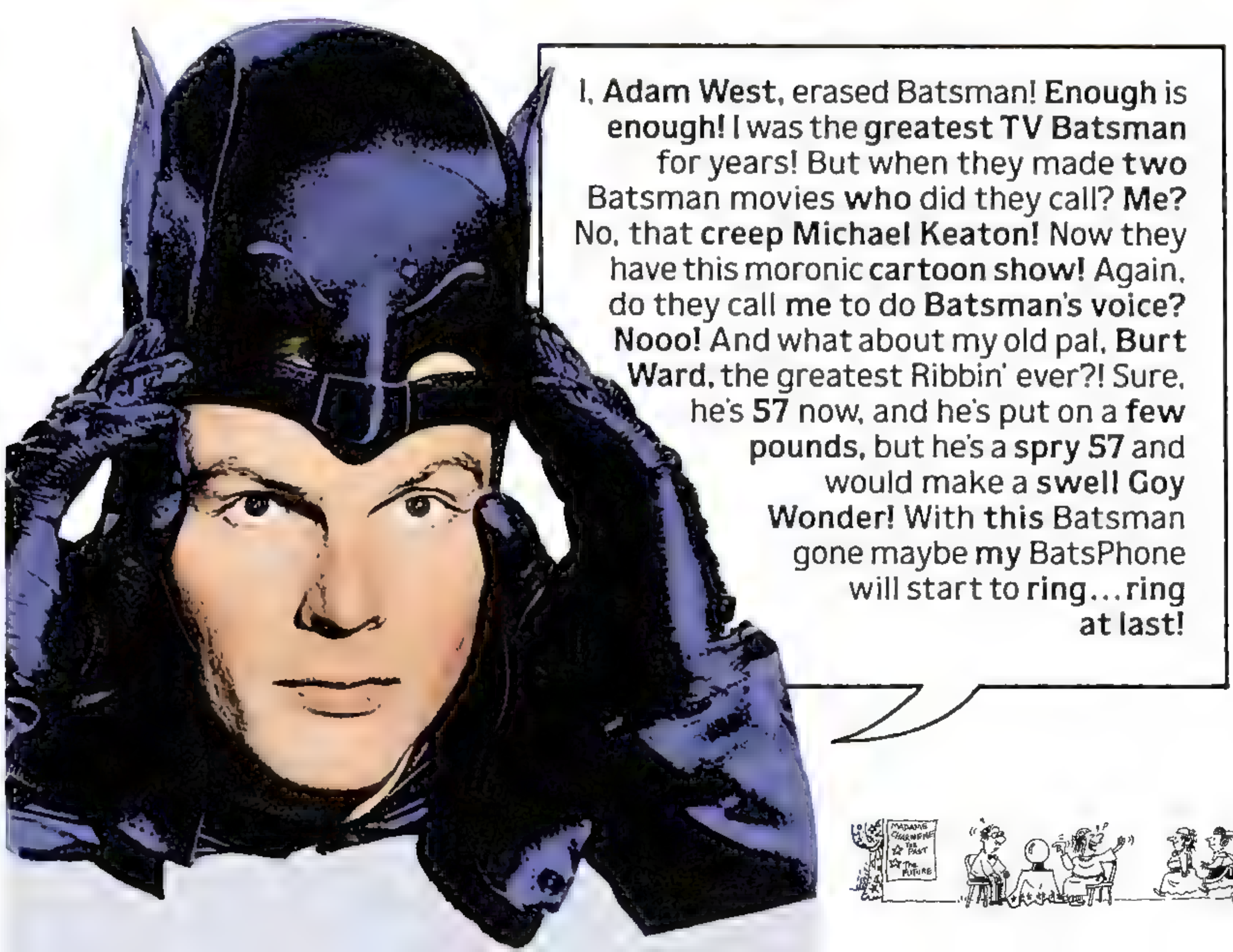
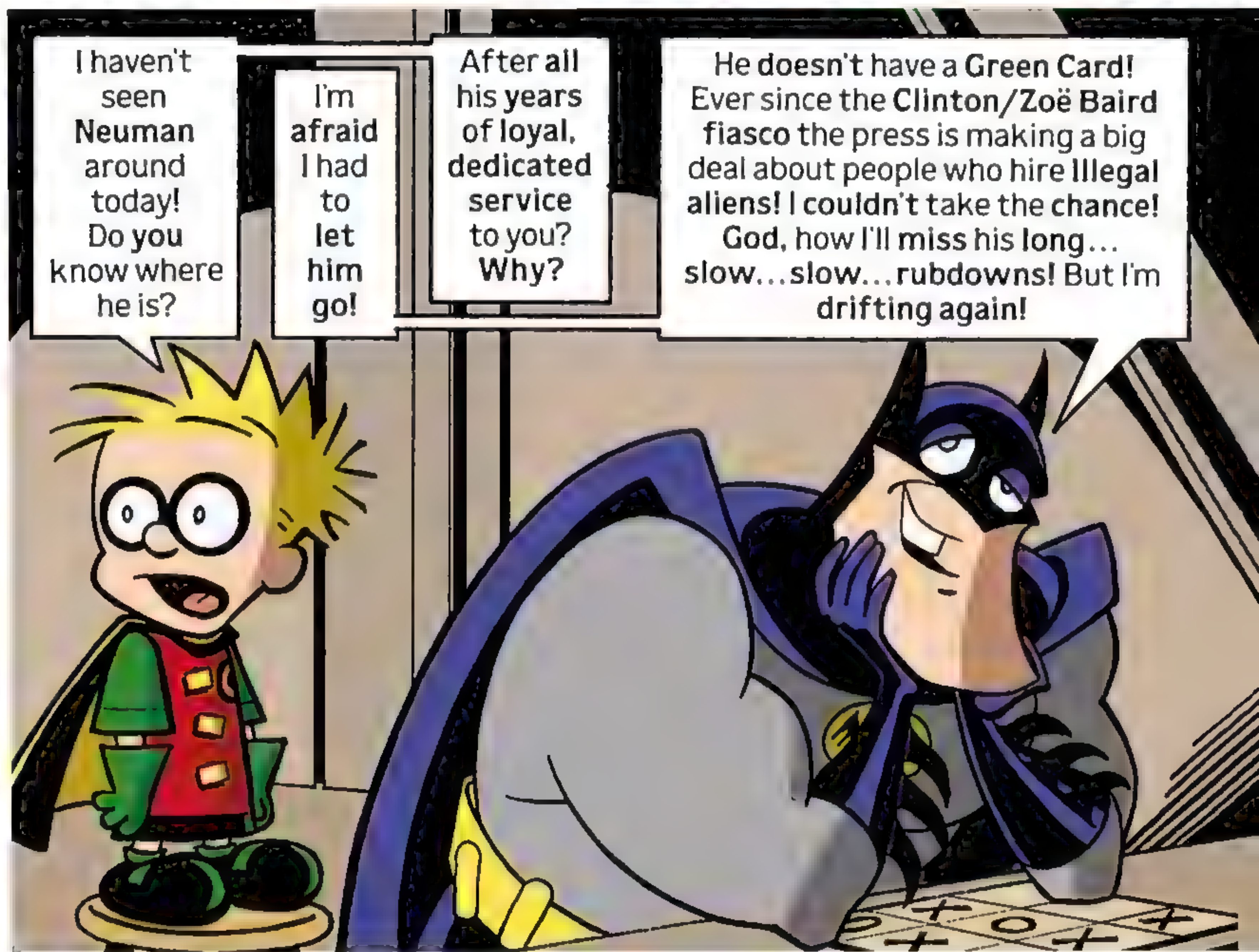
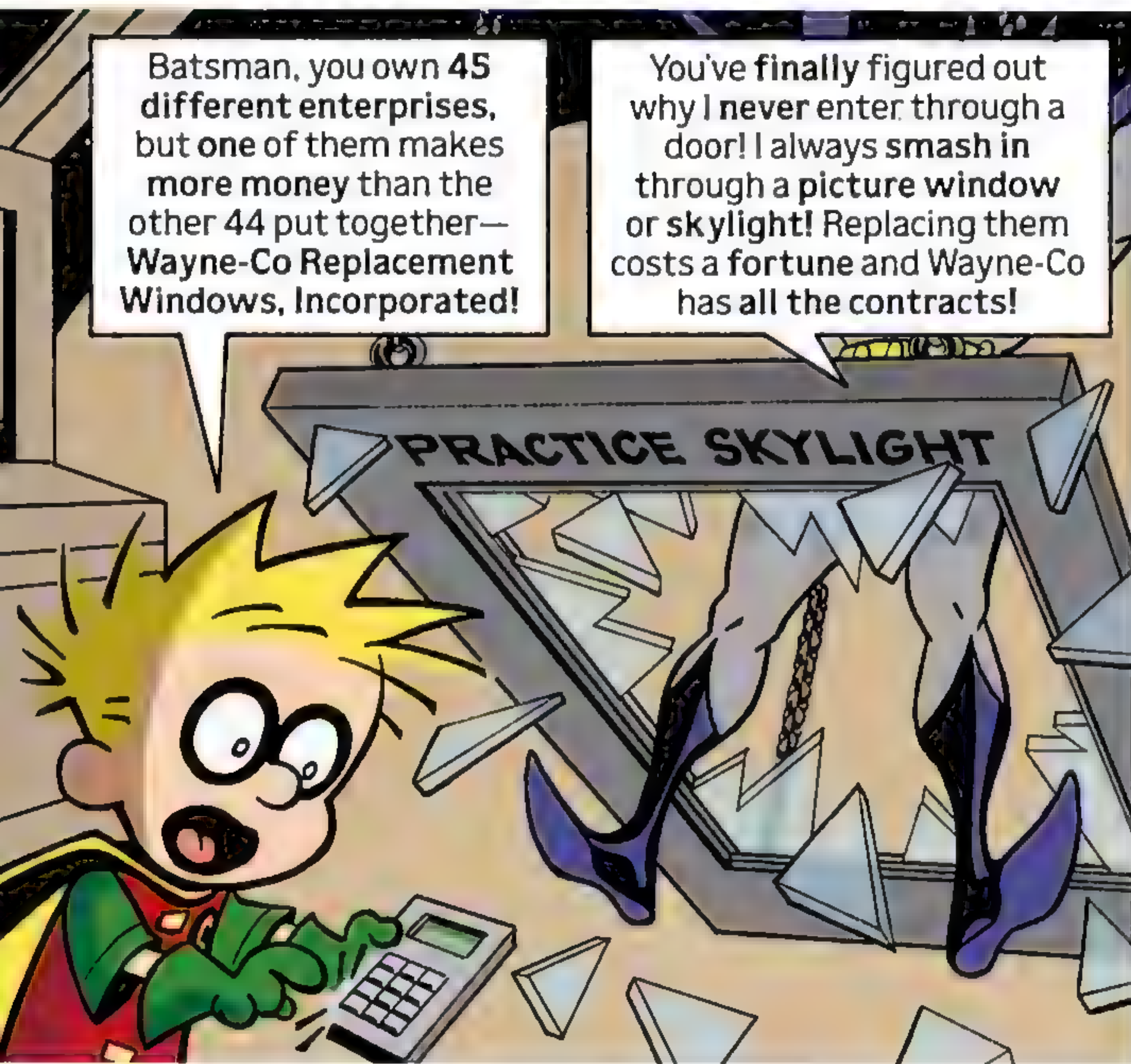
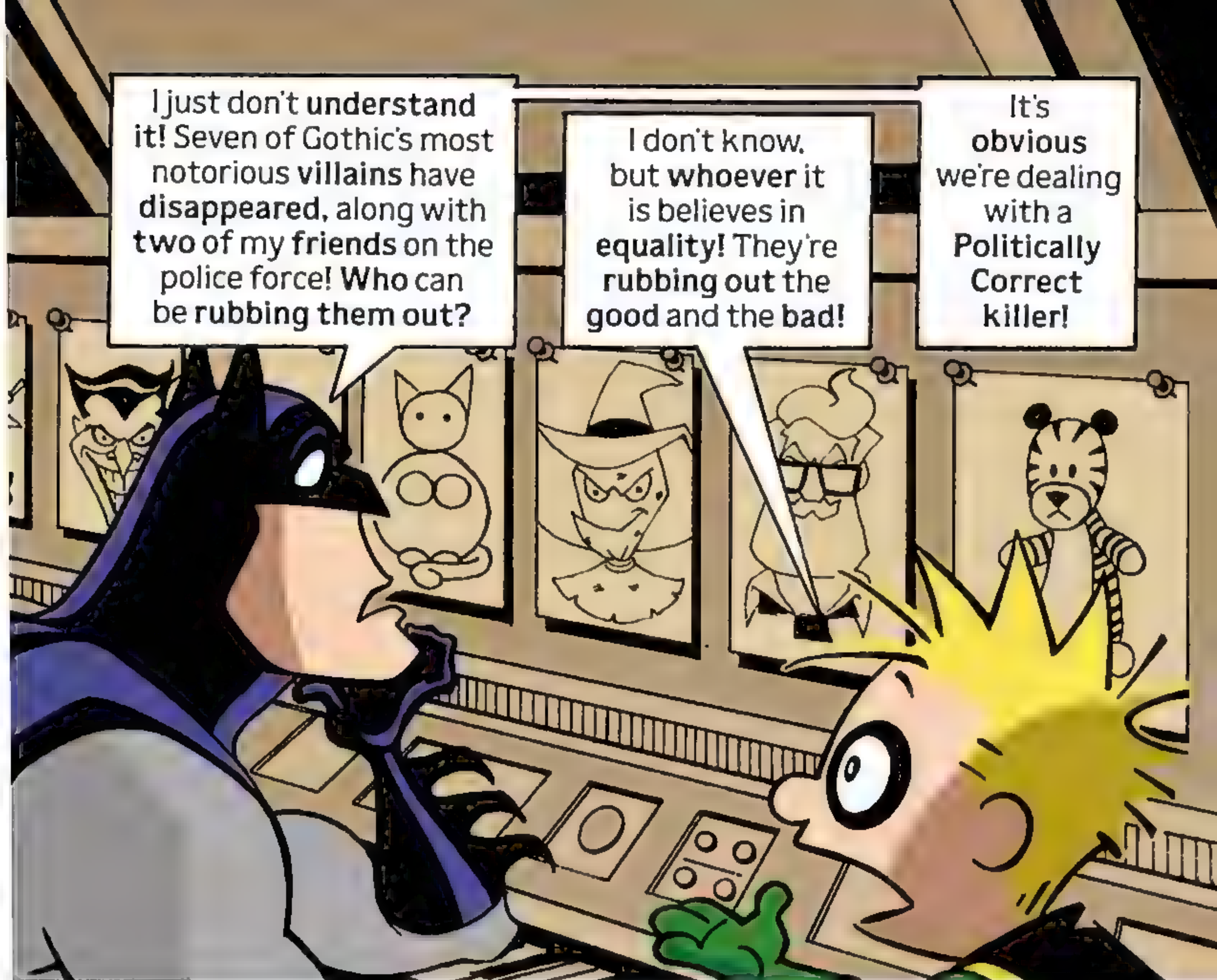
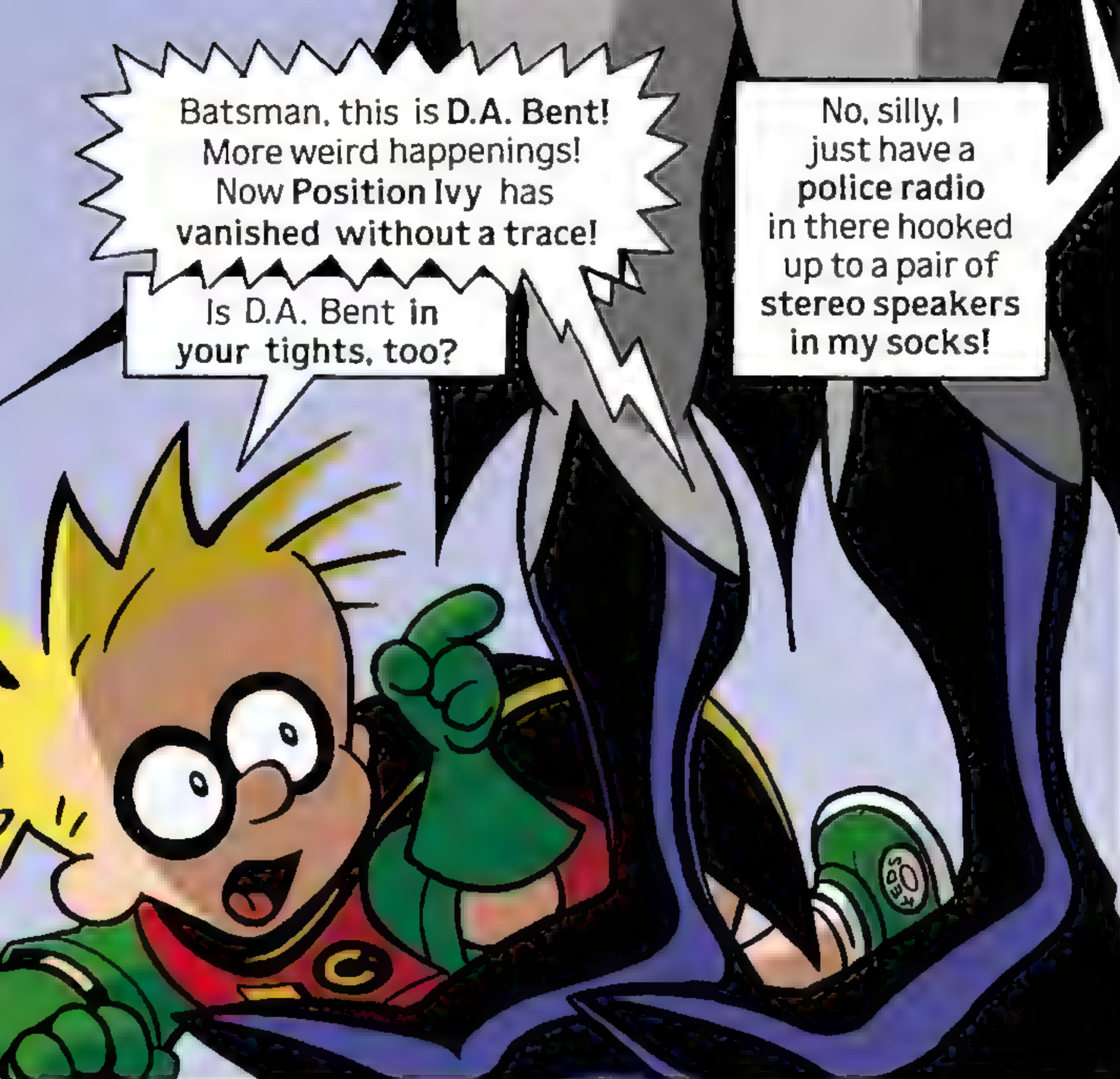
SUPER SOAKER

Cheerios

Popular Science

Good grief, Batsman! Certainly you've taken everything you possibly can out of your BatsBelt! There can't be anything else left in there!

There's one more thing left, Ribbin'—another BatsBelt! Now I can start all over again!





HORRIFYING CRIME CLICHES...



WRITER **FRANK JACOBS** ARTIST **PAUL COKER**

Packing A ROD



Committing A FELONY



Running A RACKET



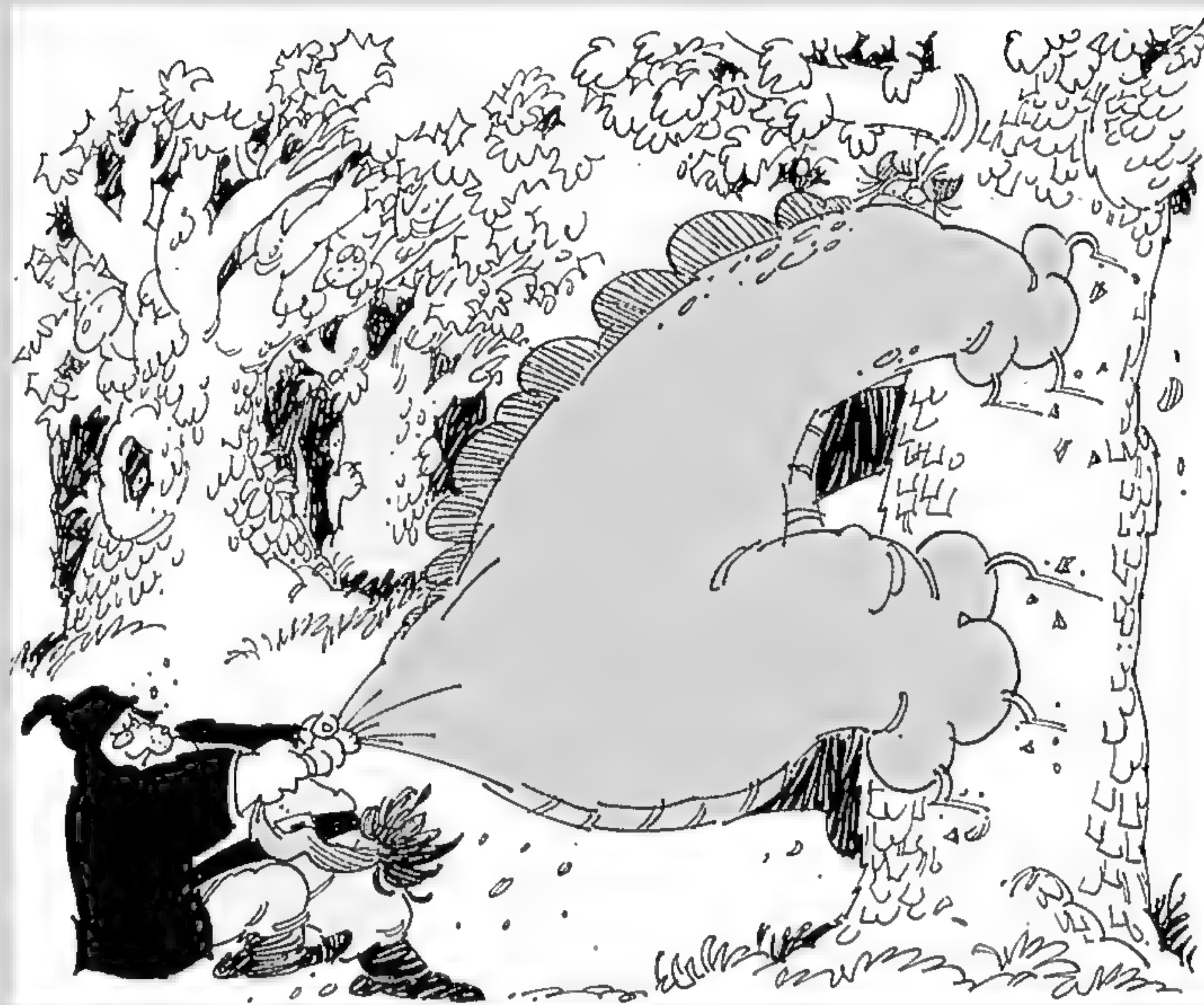
Putting Out A CONTRACT



Ignoring A SUMMONS



Pulling Off A CAPER



Impaneling A JURY



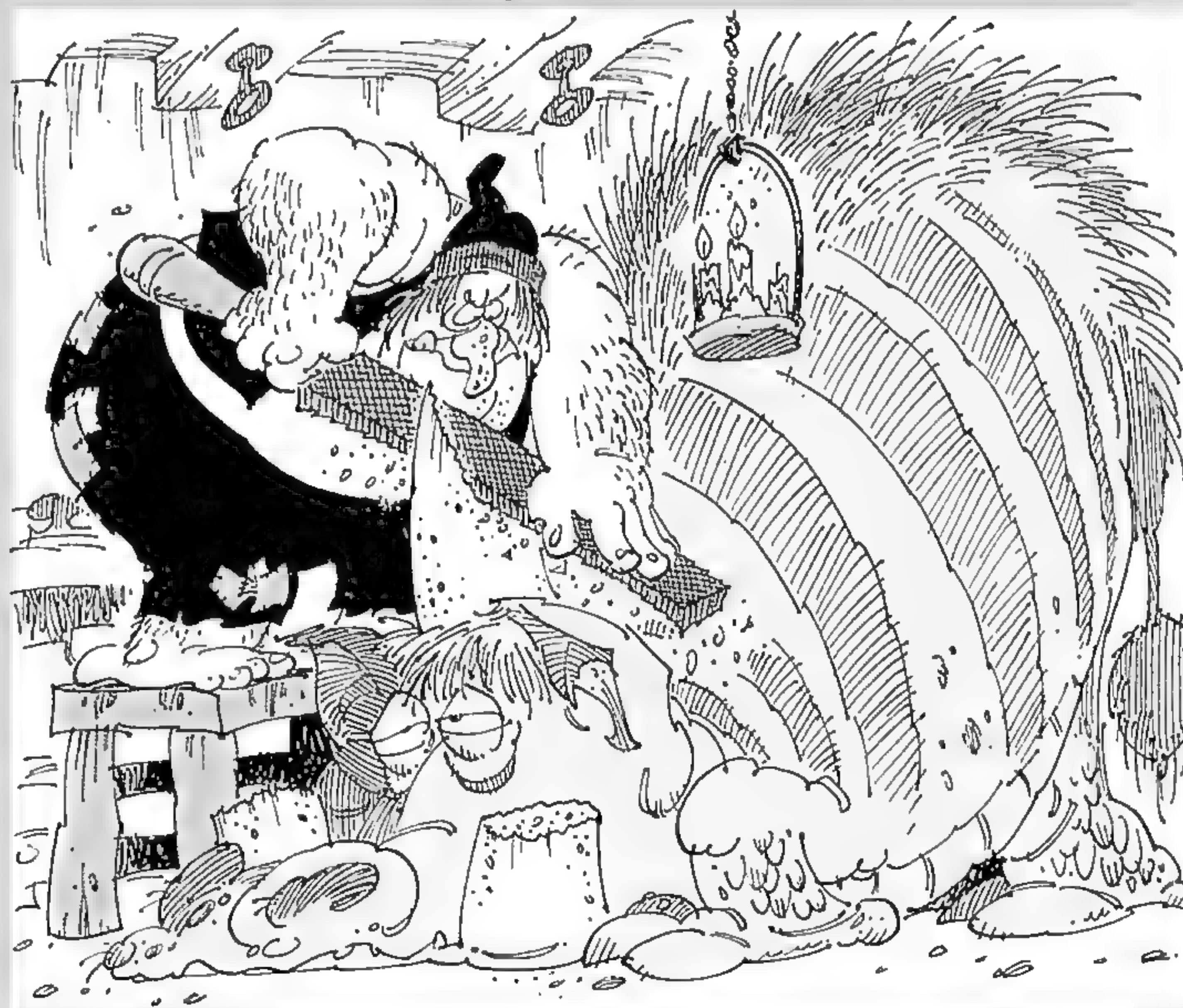
Delivering A VERDICT



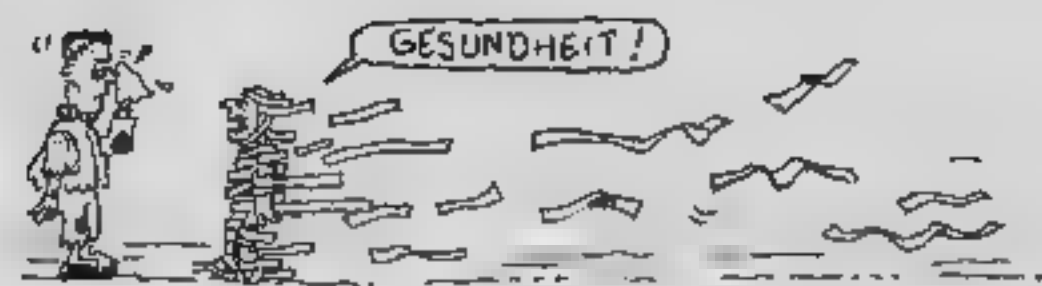
Getting Off With An ACQUITTAL



Filing An APPEAL



Ducking A WARRANT



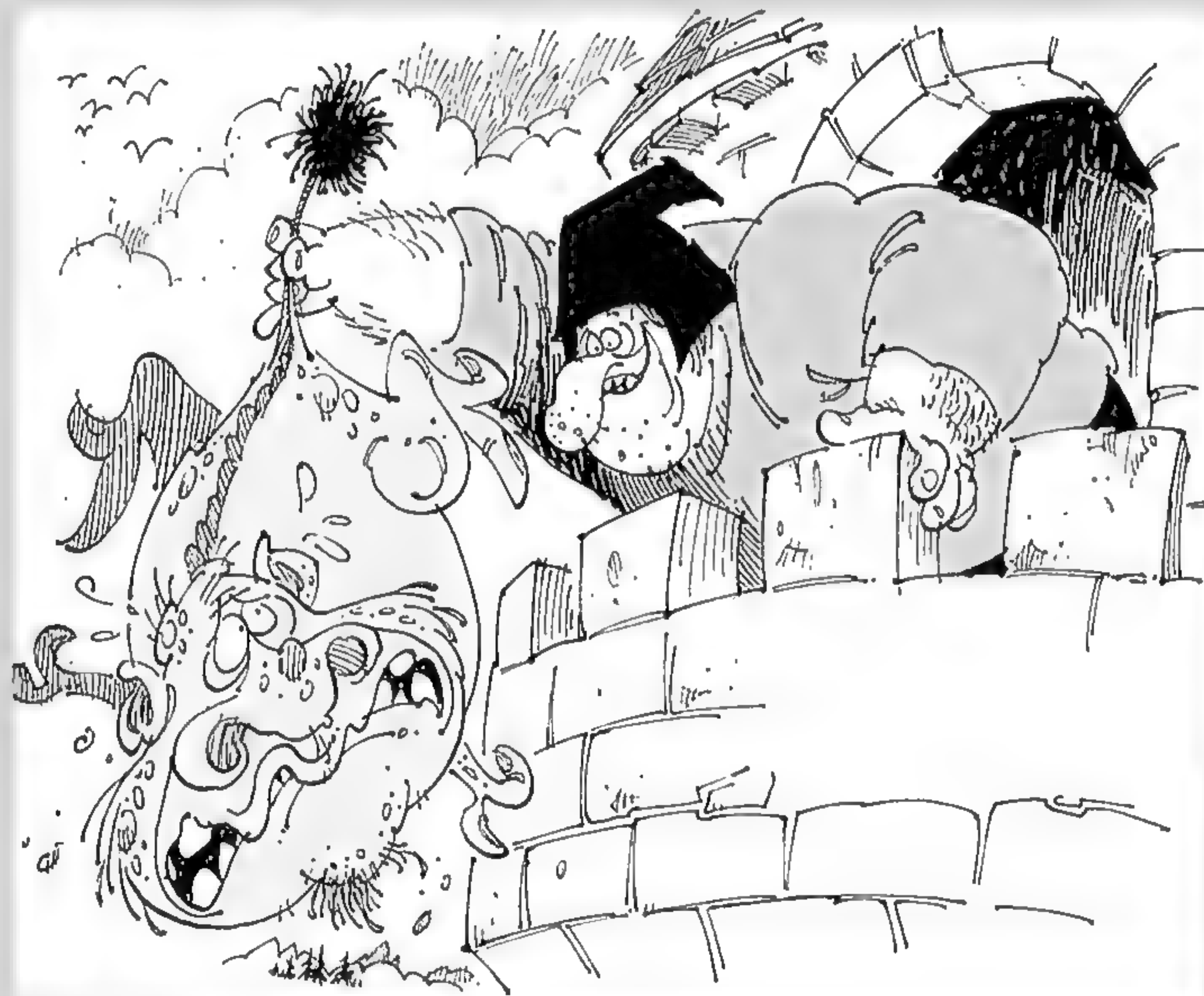
Copping A PLEA



Beating A RAP



Suspending A SENTENCE

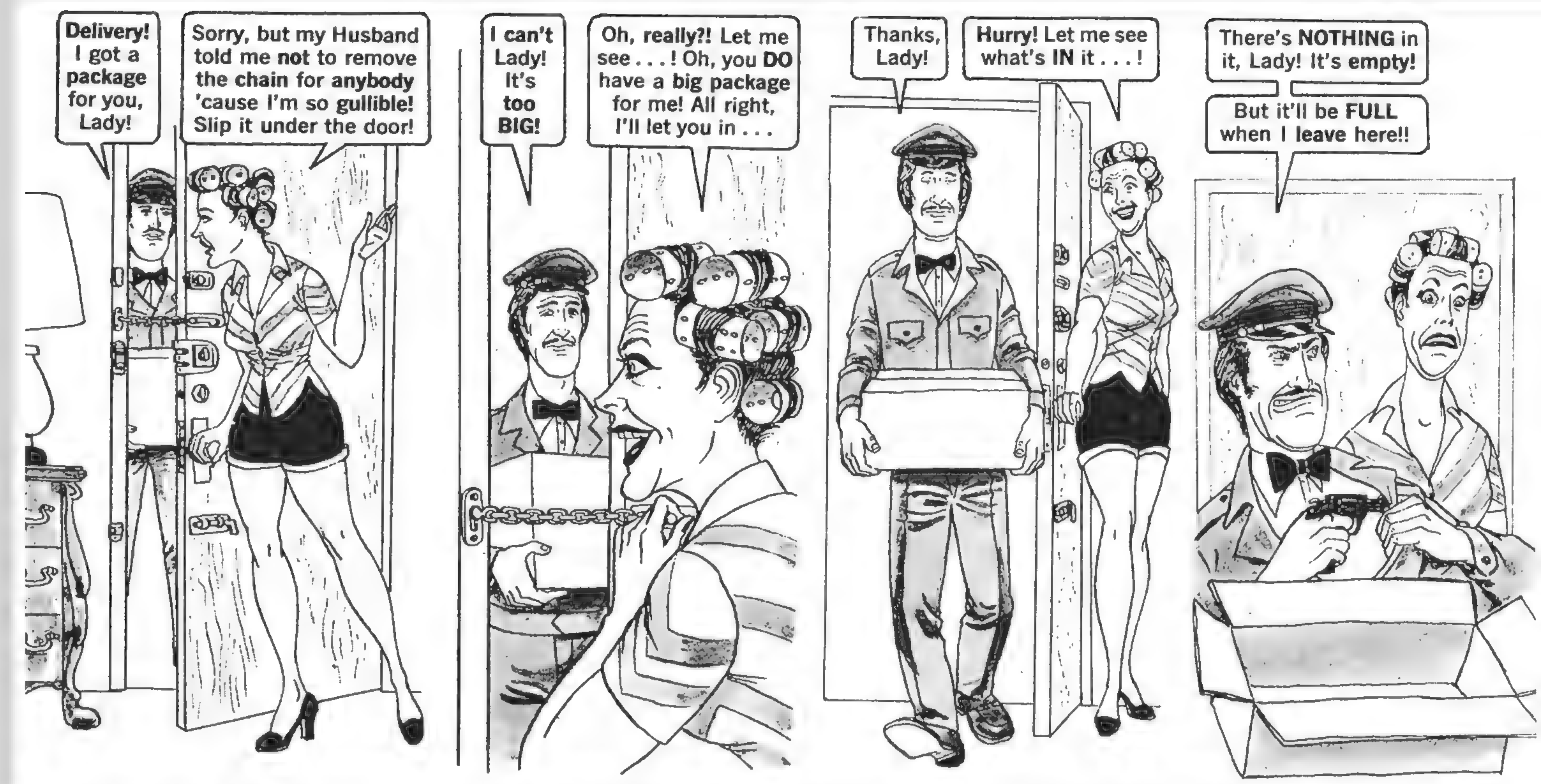


Overturning A CONVICTION



Serving A STIFF TERM

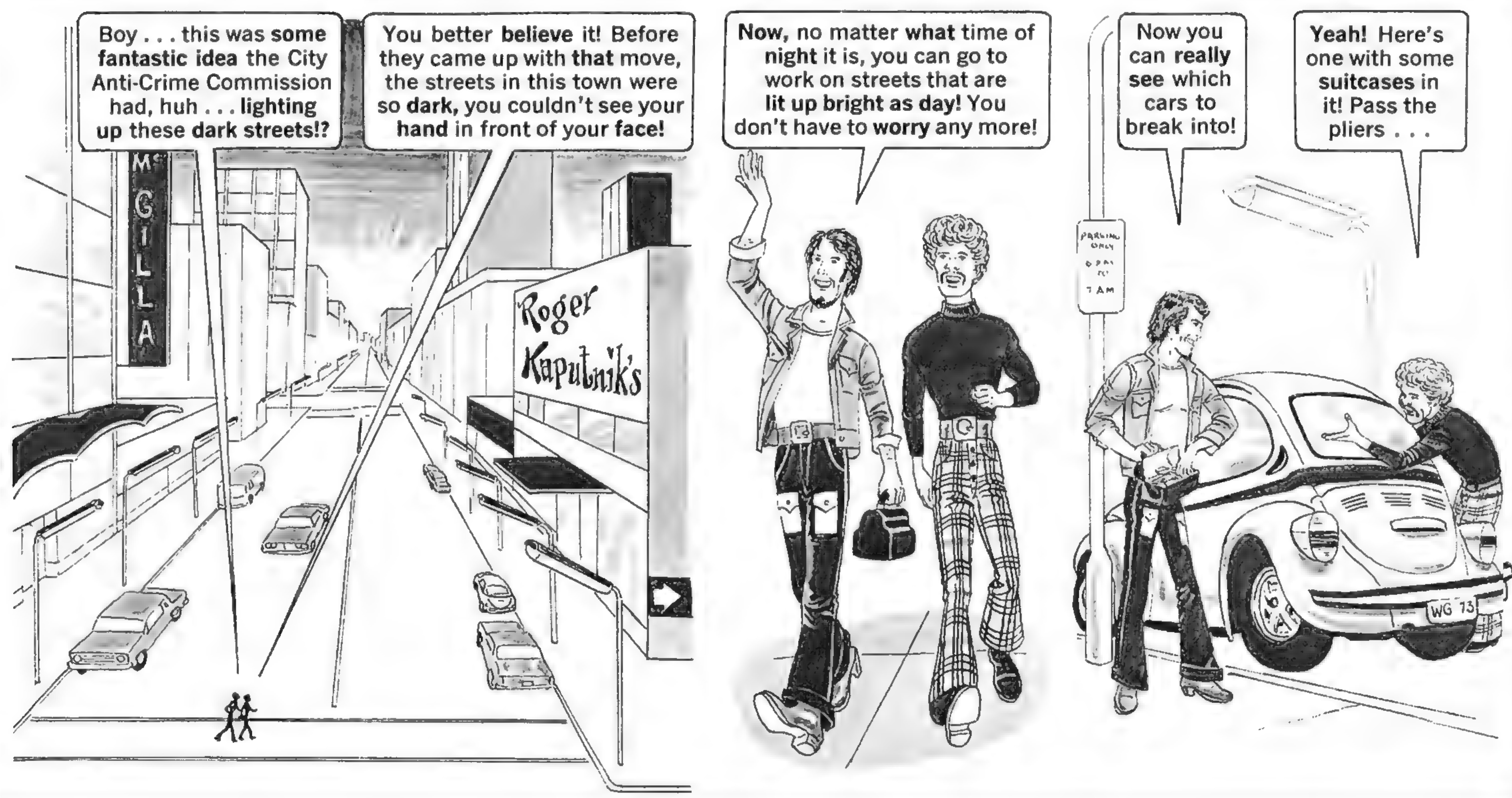




BERG'S EYE-VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CRIME IN THE STREETS

WRITER & ARTIST DAVE BERG



We are in the midst of the worst crime wave in history! And what's the biggest cause of crime? **Drug addiction!** Drug addicts have to steal to finance their habit!



I say they should take all the drug addicts and put 'em in **Concentration Camps!** Let 'em prey on each other, and leave us honest folks alone!



That is the worst, **Fascist, un-American idea** I ever heard of! Besides . . . think of all the money that would be wasted!



Huh? What money would be wasted?

All the money I spent burglar-proofing my home!



You—you're back here again?!

Yep! This is the **third time** my house was broken into—and my television set stolen!!



And you have to replace it again, eh? Let me show you our stock . . .

As you can see, we have a large variety!

How about this one?



I don't recommend that model! It'll give you nothing but trouble!

Good! I'll take it!!

Let the next house-breaker suffer!!



See this lamp! It's connected to a gadget that automatically turns the light on at dusk! A light is supposed to scare off burglars when we're not home!



Isn't that ingenious?! Modern-day Technology has made such great strides!



Big deal! It didn't do ME any good! We were ripped off anyway!



Really? How did that happen?



It happened because of Modern-day Technology!



The bulb in the lamp blew out!



There were so many reports of burglaries and break-ins that I figured I'd better do something to protect myself!



So I bought myself a double-barrelled shotgun, and put it under my bed—just in case!



Sure enough, I come home one night... and there's a burglar in the house!



Did you get your shotgun?



No... the **BURGLAR** was hiding under the bed!!



The crime rate is so high, many Insurance Companies won't sell Theft Insurance! And they cancel existing policies when they run out! So if you really want Theft Insurance you have to pay exorbitant prices for it!



But I felt that insuring my material possessions was more important than saving money, so I paid the big premiums, just to have peace of mind!



But you hardly **HAVE** any possessions!



I know! I've been selling them off to raise money to pay the big premiums!



Oh, darn! I don't have any paper bags! What am I going to do with this stuff?

You've got a shopping bag! Use that!

Sometimes, you actually make sense! I'll be right back! I'm taking it downstairs...



HEY!!



STOP, THIEF! STOP!!

What'd he steal??

HE—HE STOLE MY GARBAGE!!





Boy, I have to go to the bathroom so bad, my back teeth are swimming!

Then why don't you go?

BOYS



You kidding?!? I wouldn't go near the place! Last time I was in there, "Big Dom" and "Rocko The Knife" mugged me for five bucks!

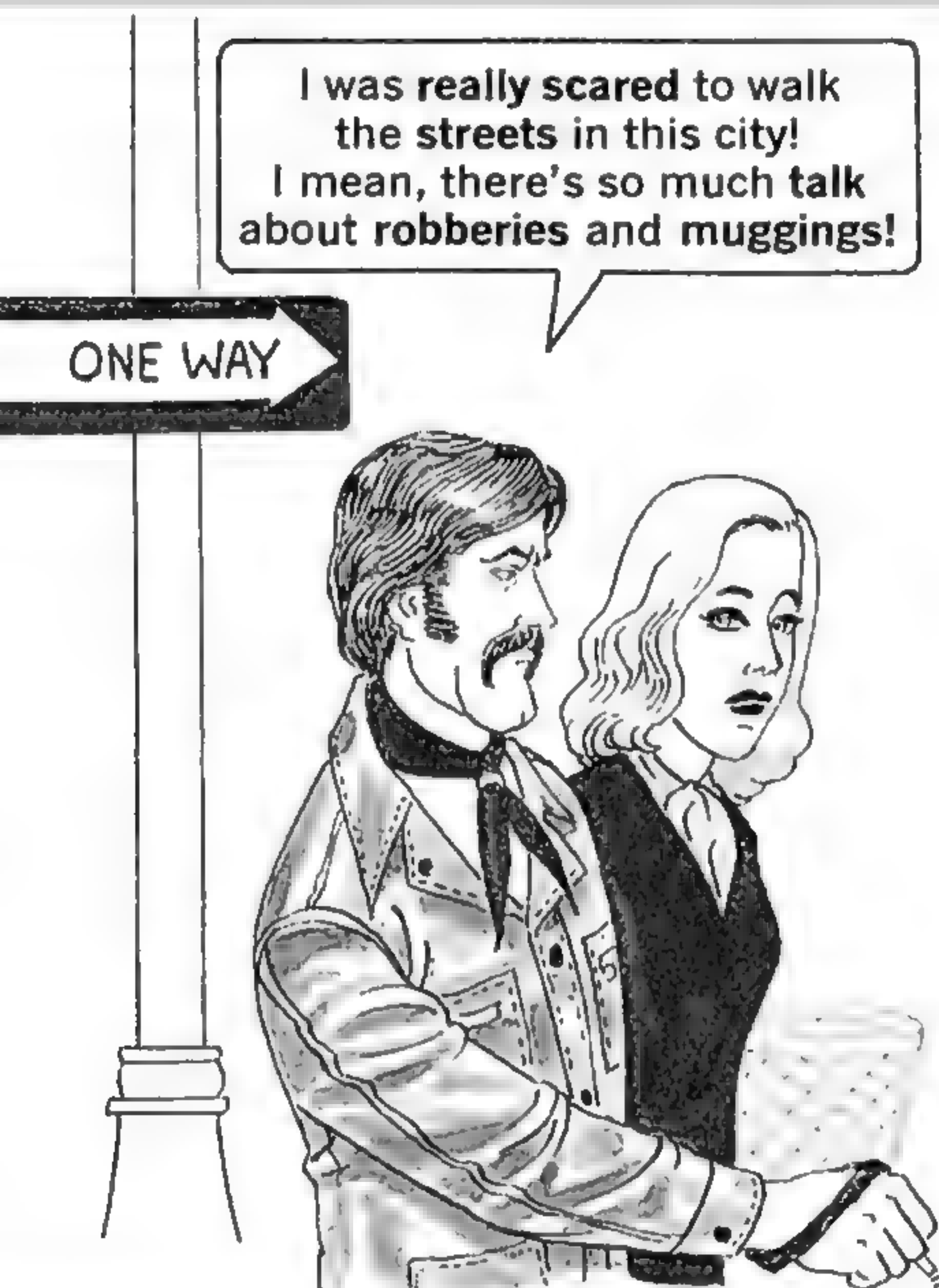


Did you report it to the Principal?

Are you crazy?!?



There's nothing worse than a **SNITCHER!!**



I was really scared to walk the streets in this city! I mean, there's so much talk about robberies and muggings!



Then I got myself this **Attack Dog**—and now I'm not scared anymore!

Gee, **Attack Dogs** are expensive, aren't they?

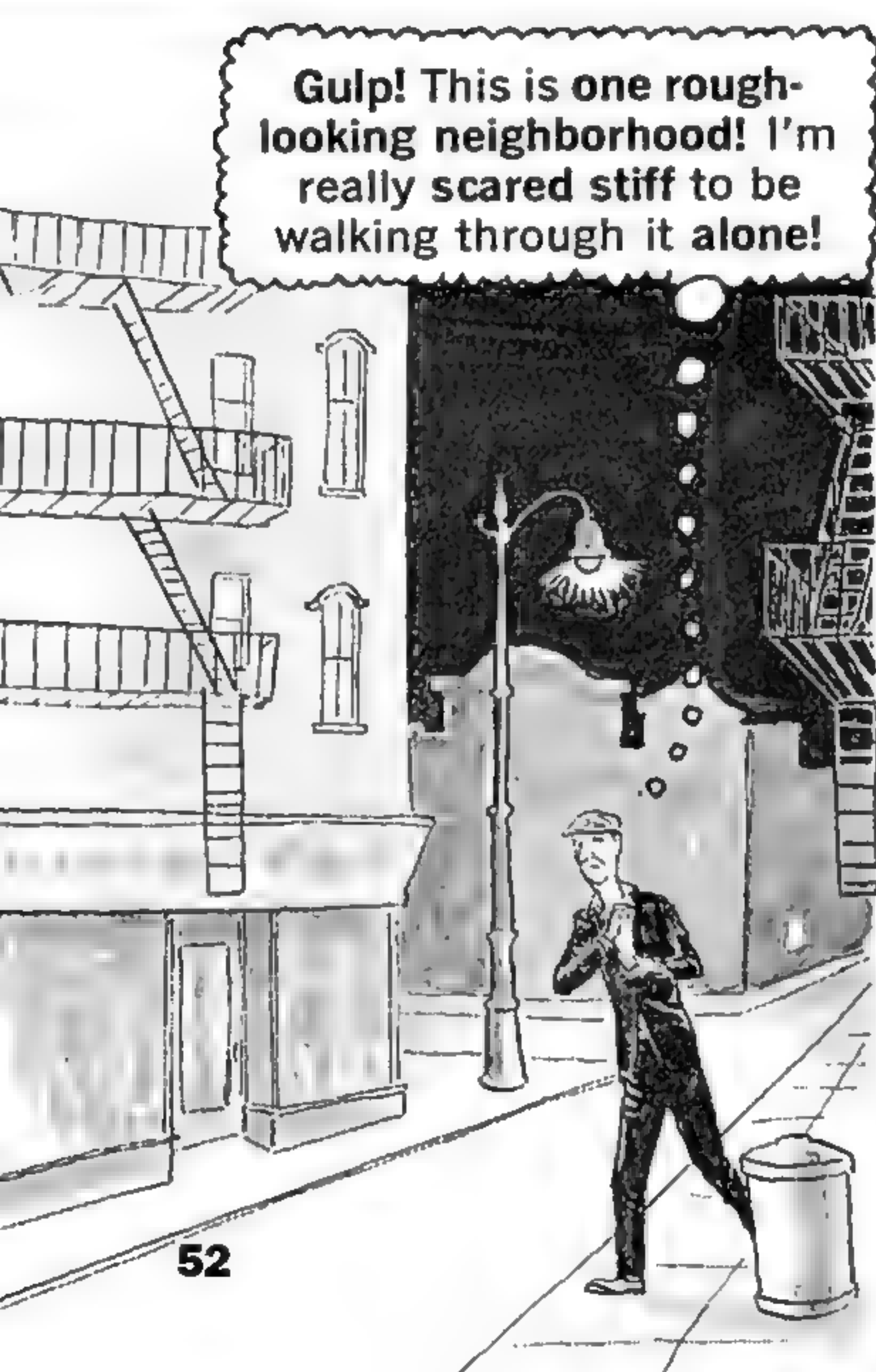


You bet! This mutt cost me over **\$500!**

Oh, wow! Where'd you get that kind of bread?!?



I mugged a few people!



Gulp! This is one rough-looking neighborhood! I'm really scared stiff to be walking through it alone!



Oh, no! Now, there's a big **Black** guy following me! I think I'm in heavy trouble!



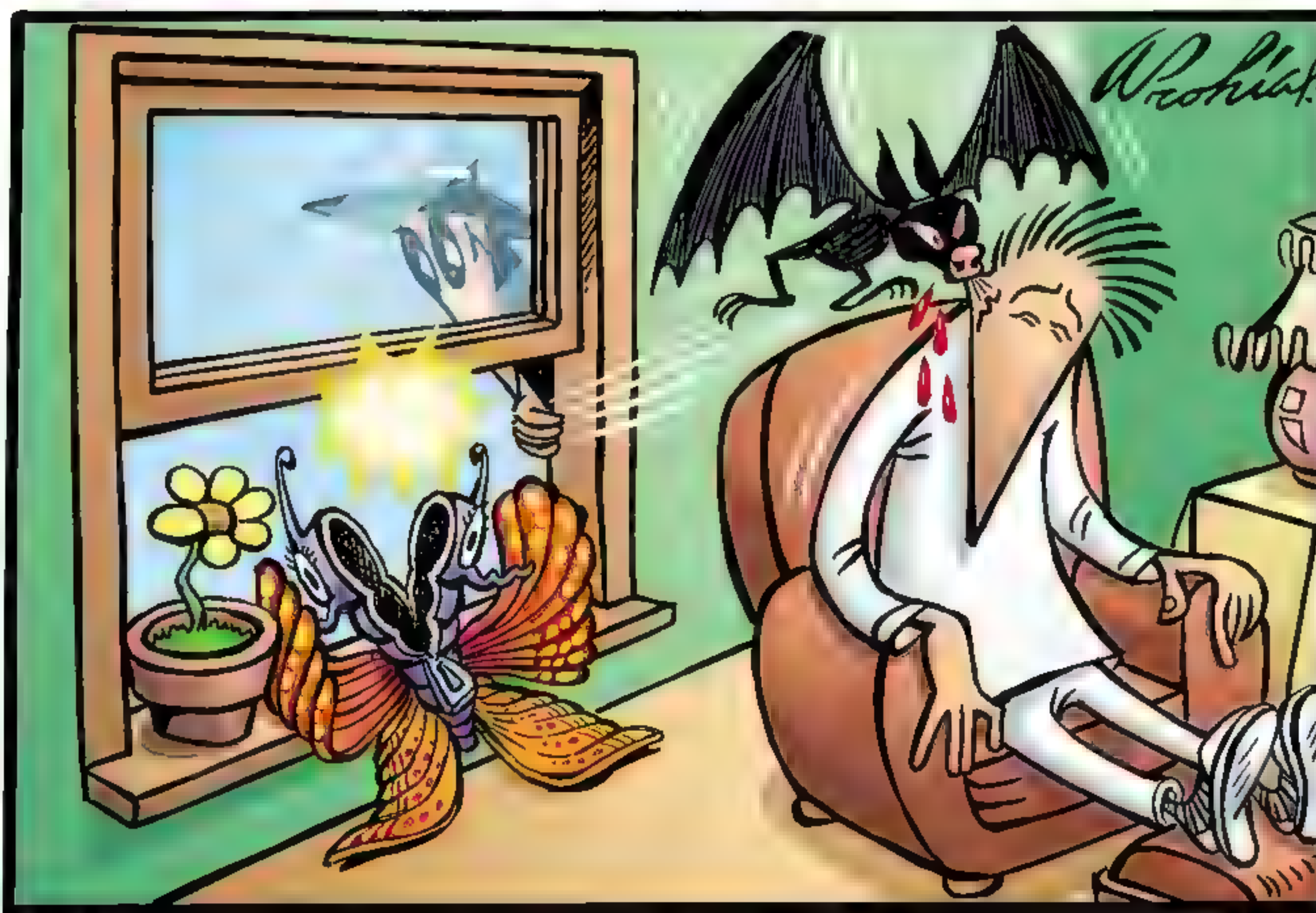
The faster I walk, the faster **HE** walks!!



Gulp! I wish that big **White** guy would walk slower!



This is one rough-looking neighborhood . . . and I'm really scared stiff to be walking through it alone!



RITA



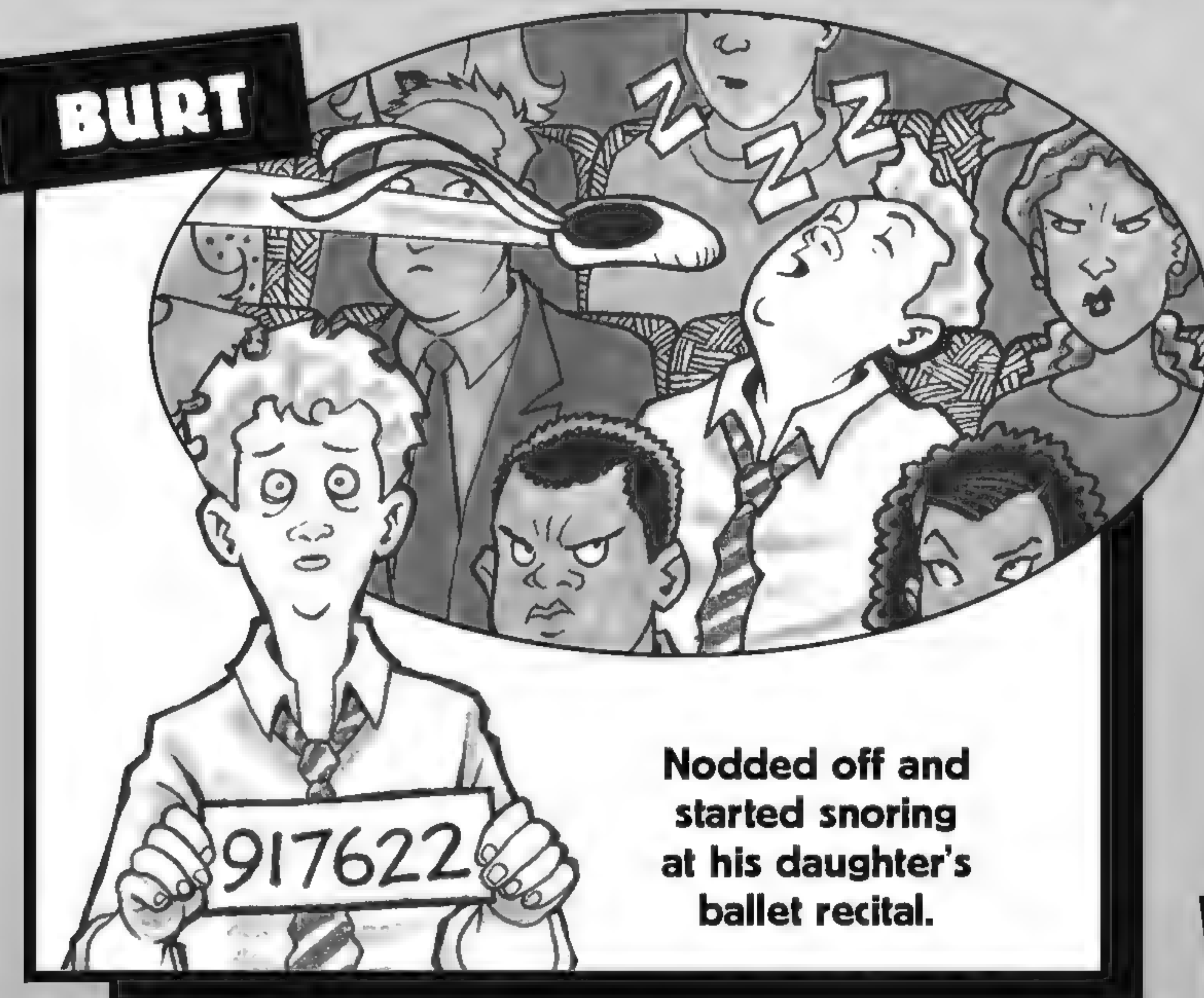
Guilt tripped her neighbors into buying her son's fundraiser chocolates.

JERRY



Cheated in wiffle ball with his own kids

BURT



Nodded off and started snoring at his daughter's ballet recital.

MARIA



Skipped pages while reading bedtime stories to her three year-old son, thinking he wouldn't notice.

BARB



Doesn't really sing along at her kid's birthday parties but just moves her lips, pretending.

CATHY



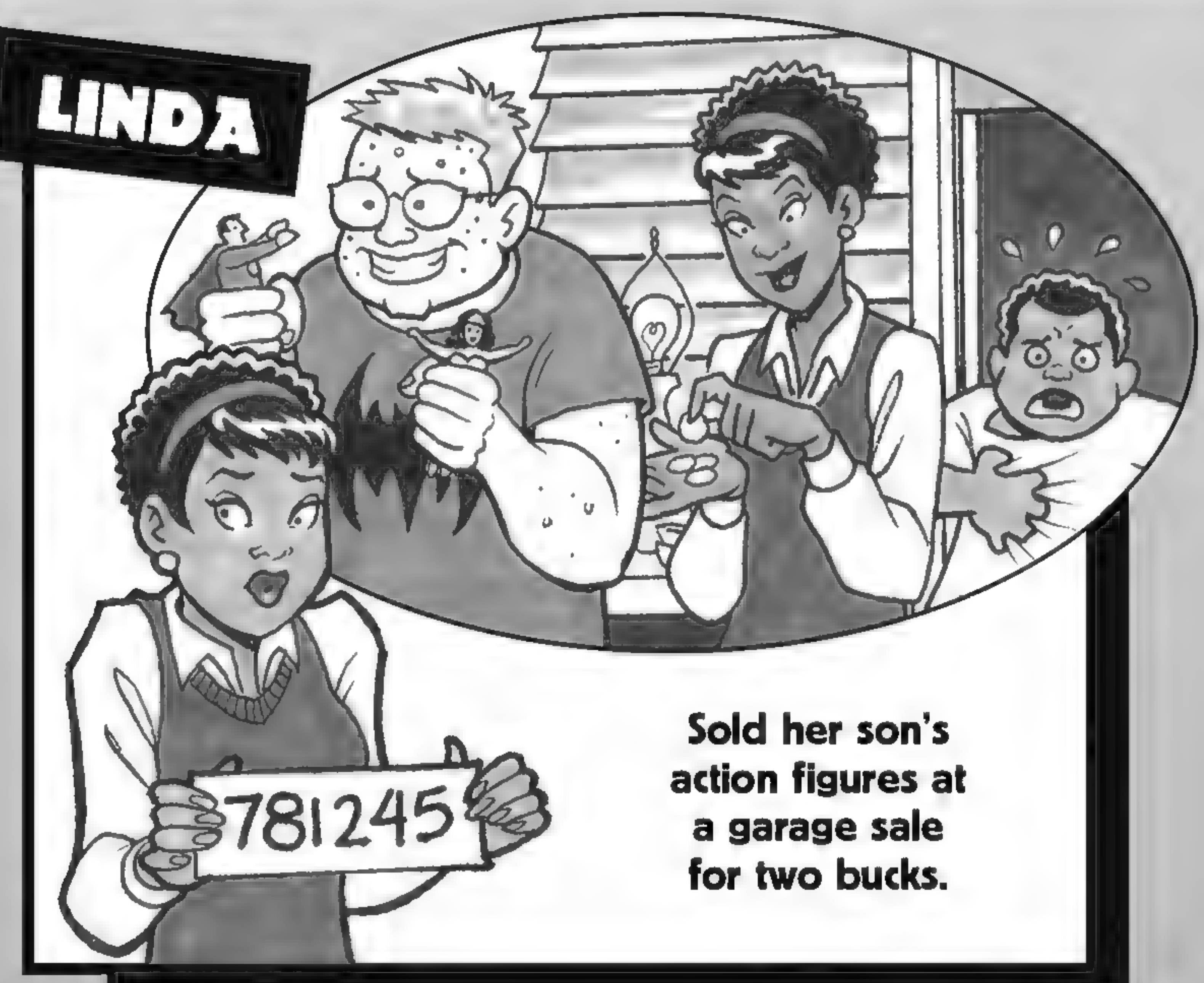
Didn't rewind her rental video all the way.

TOM



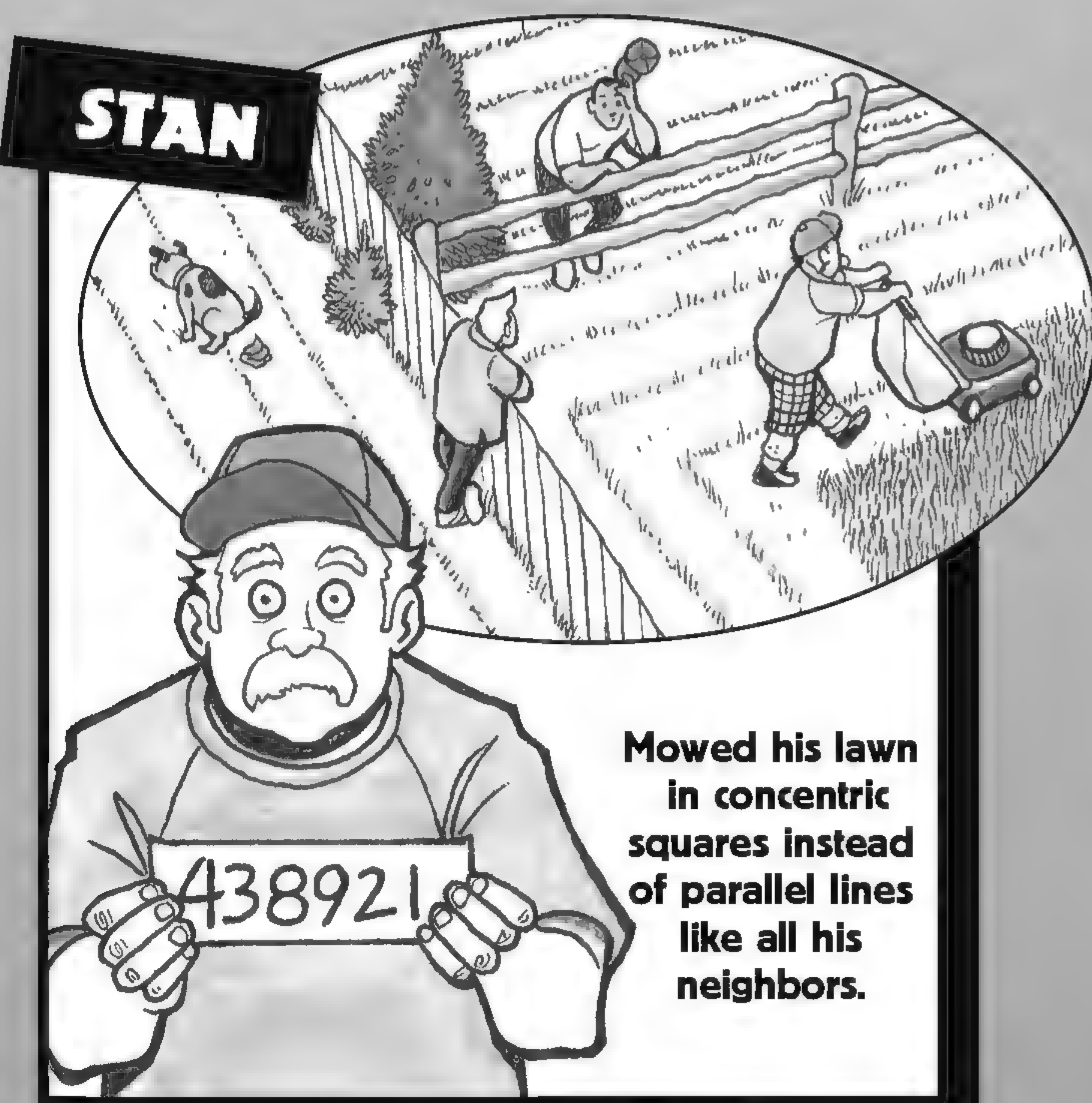
Sent Christmas cards to people only after receiving one from them.

LINDA



Sold her son's action figures at a garage sale for two bucks.

STAN



Mowed his lawn in concentric squares instead of parallel lines like all his neighbors.

PAM



Discreetly gave cashier a Canadian penny, pretending it was a U.S. penny

BEHIND THE PERPETRATE BALL DEPT.

You'll never see them or their despicable act portrayed on an episode of *Cops*, but in their own sick, twisted way, they are as big a threat to the fabric of society as any you could possibly imagine! Here are...

SUBURBAN DEVIANTS AND THEIR REALLY MINOR CRIMES



"Edward, I think we've discovered why you have blood in your stool..."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION

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Daniel Cherry III, General Manager, MAD, November 2, 2021

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**WHAT SETS
BRUCE WAYNE
APART FROM
THE OTHER
BILLIONAIRES?**

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

If you ever become a billionaire (*fat chance!*), you gain entrance into an elite club with the most exclusive membership. Bruce Wayne is certainly a member, but there is something about him that is noticeably different from the others. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A

B



HEROES ARE TYPICALLY CELEBRATED FOR THEIR SELFLESS ACTIONS, NOT THEIR NET WORTH. PEOPLE EXTOL THE UNUSUALLY WEALTHY'S LARGESSE, BUT DO THEY REALLY ACT AS SERVANTS TO SOCIETY'S GREATER GOOD? THOUGH THEY CERTAINLY HAVE THE EARNINGS TO ADVANCE JUSTICE, THEY RARELY SEE THE WORTH.

A

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

B

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FORTUNE
FAVORS THE
SOUL WHO
LOVES TO
SUCCEED!

THE
0.01%
CLUB

THE SPOILS
OF LIFE
GO UNTO
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B



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THE SPOILS
OF LIFE
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THINKERS!

WELCOME NEW MEMBER
BRUCE WAYNE



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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

A

B

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If you ever become a billionaire (at chance!), you gain entrance into an elite club with the most exclusive membership. Bruce Wayne is certainly a member, but there is something about him that is noticeably different from the others. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



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WRITER & ARTIST: JOHNNY SAMPSON

WHAT SETS
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HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW
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If you ever become a billionaire (or dare I say it, you gain entrance into an elite club with the most exclusive membership, Bruce Wayne is certainly a member, but there is something about him that is noticeably different from the others. It's not what he's like in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A

B



THEY ARE TYPICALLY CELEBRATED FOR THEIR SELFLESS
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A

B

WHAT SETS
BRUCE WAYNE
APART FROM
THE OTHER
BILLIONAIRES?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



HE
ACTUALLY
WANTS
TO SAVE THE
EARTH.

A B

THE FBI'S 6 MOST WANTED RENEGADE CLOWNS

WRITER **DAN BIRTCHER**

ARTIST **GREG THEAKSTON**



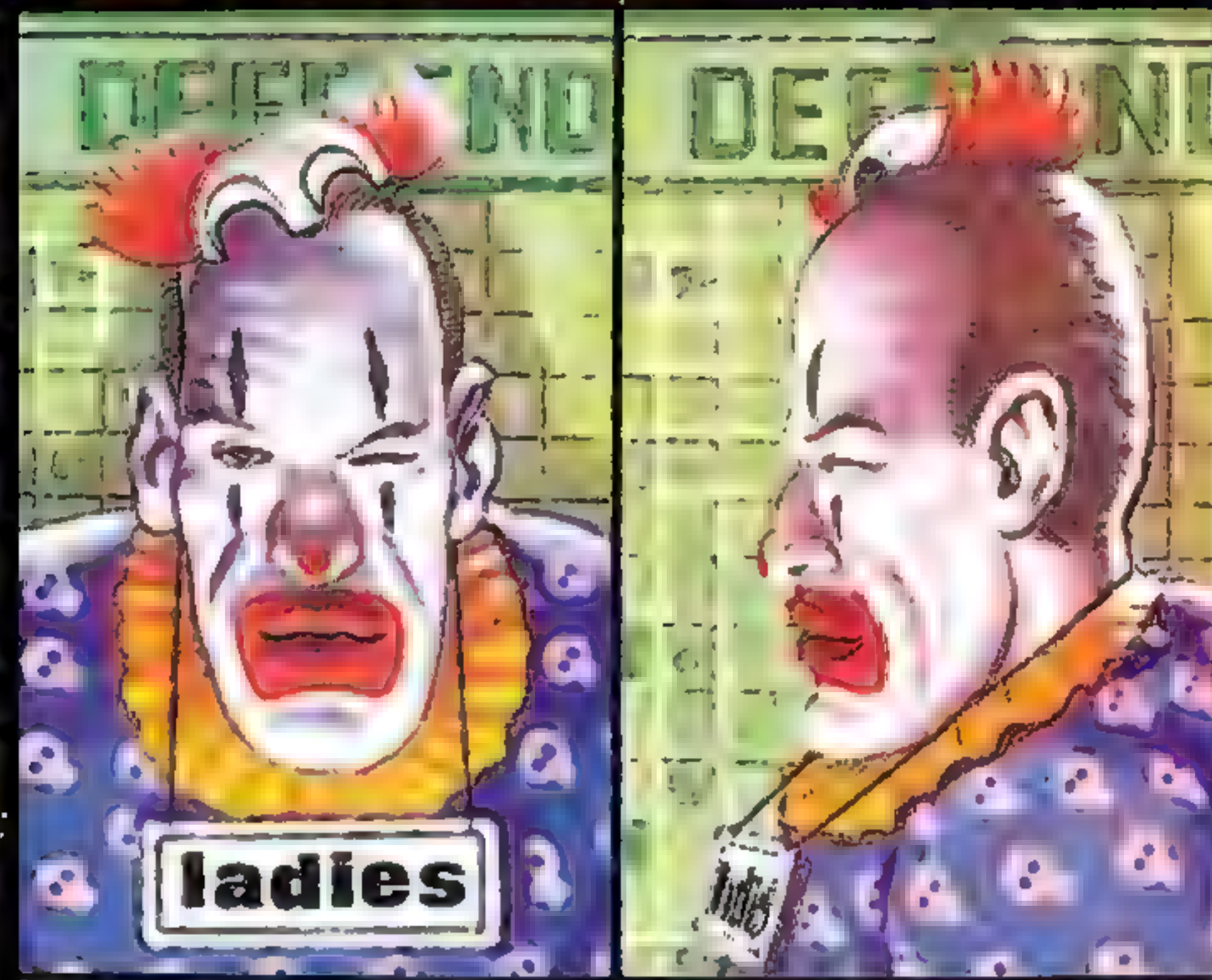
HUMOR ENEMY #1

Zippy Zippo

a.k.a. Slappy, Tooter

Wanted for convincing the residents of Nawdy, Idaho, that Leonardo da Vinci is still alive. Last seen reading *The Closing of the American Mind* while standing in a pond.

Is missing one very big shoe.



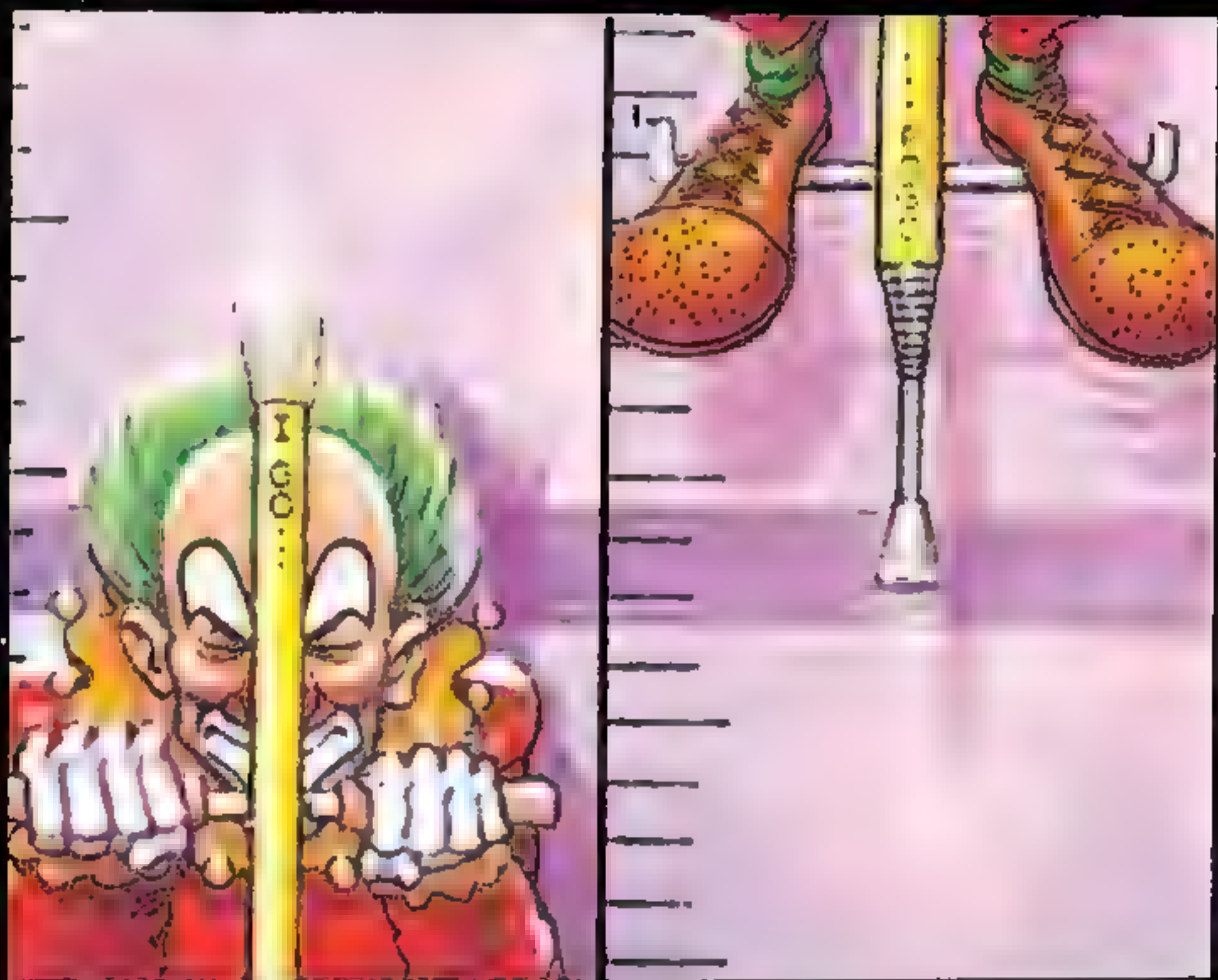
HUMOR ENEMY #2

Lotta Fun

a.k.a. Inky, Dinky, Raoul

Wanted for shampooing a traffic cop with rubbercement. Last seen driving tiny get-away car for the 112 clowns who robbed The Big Red Balloon Co., New York City.

Answers to "Hey, You Clown!"



HUMOR ENEMY #3

Bonkers

a.k.a. The Salk Vaccine

Wanted for planting tubes of springing snakes in bodies to be autopsied. Last heard yelling "No Fire" in a blazing Bronx tenement.

Has never been photographed without a pogo stick.



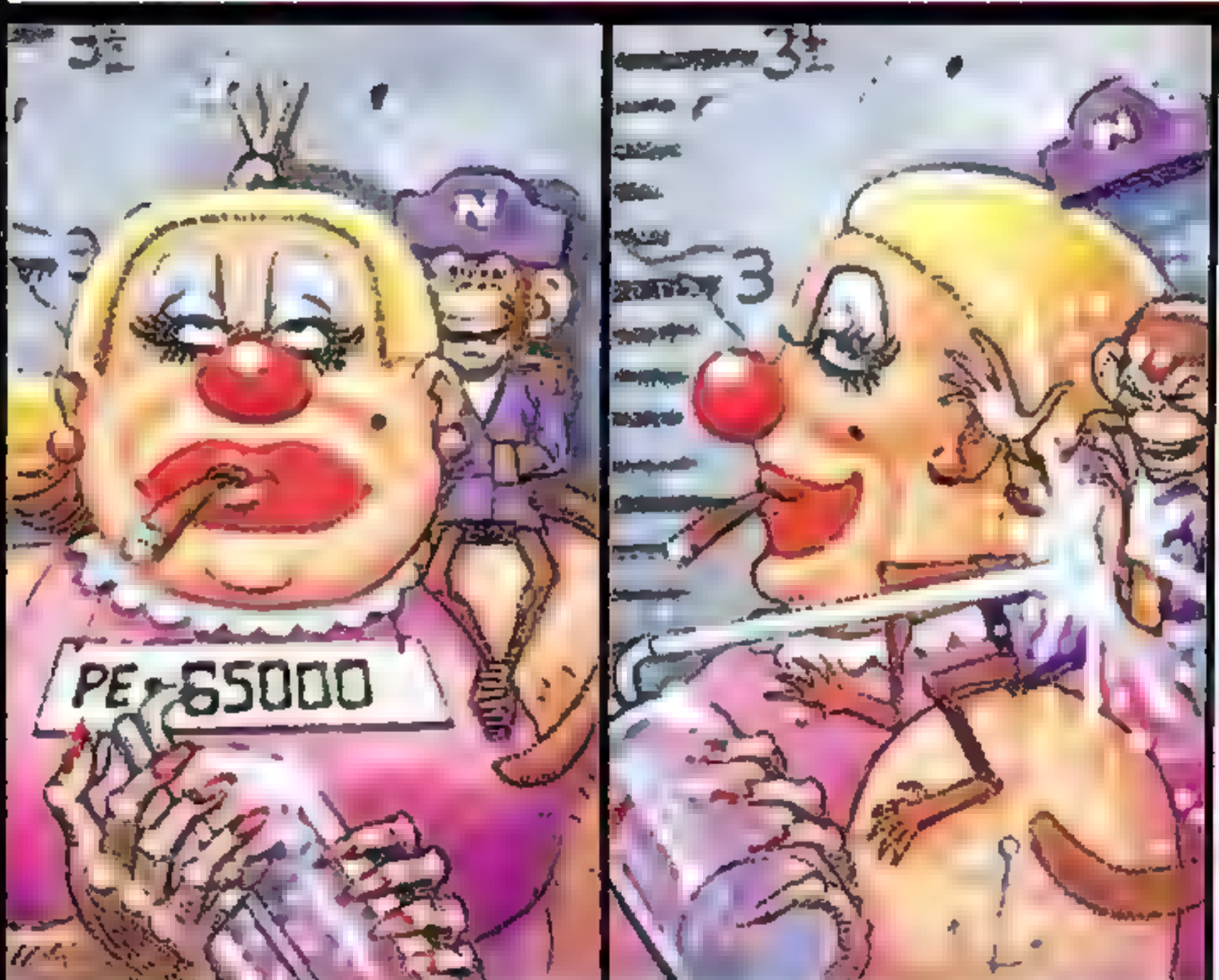
HUMOR ENEMY #4

Poppa Doppla

a.k.a. Trolla Bolla, Sam, Tim

Wanted for attempting to pay debts with rubber chickens instead of cash. Last seen trying to convince the U.S. Senate he has the solution to the National Debt crisis.

Has mole on left glove.



HUMOR ENEMY #5

Betty Retters

a.k.a. Honey, Mommy

Wanted for disrupting funerals with a seltzer bottle and horn. Last seen riding a little tricycle onto hood of hearse in Sioux Falls, Idaho.

Frequently accompanied by a monkey dressed as Napoleon.



HUMOR ENEMY #6

Cleo the Clod

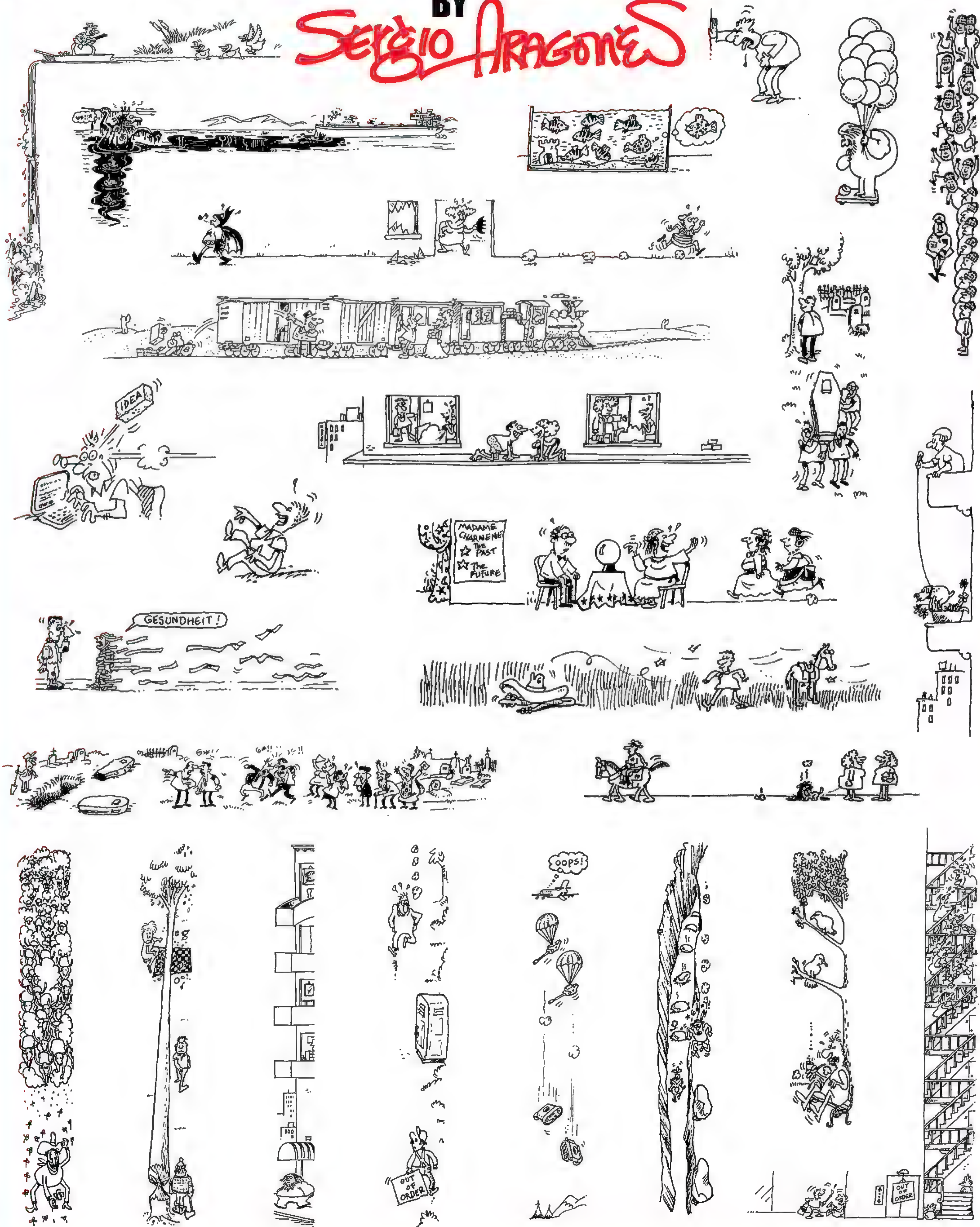
a.k.a. Carl Clod, Karl Clod

Wanted for transporting plastic squirty flowers across state lines for immoral purposes. Last seen attempting to cut a steel beam in half with a chicken leg.

Falls down without warning for no apparent reason.

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES

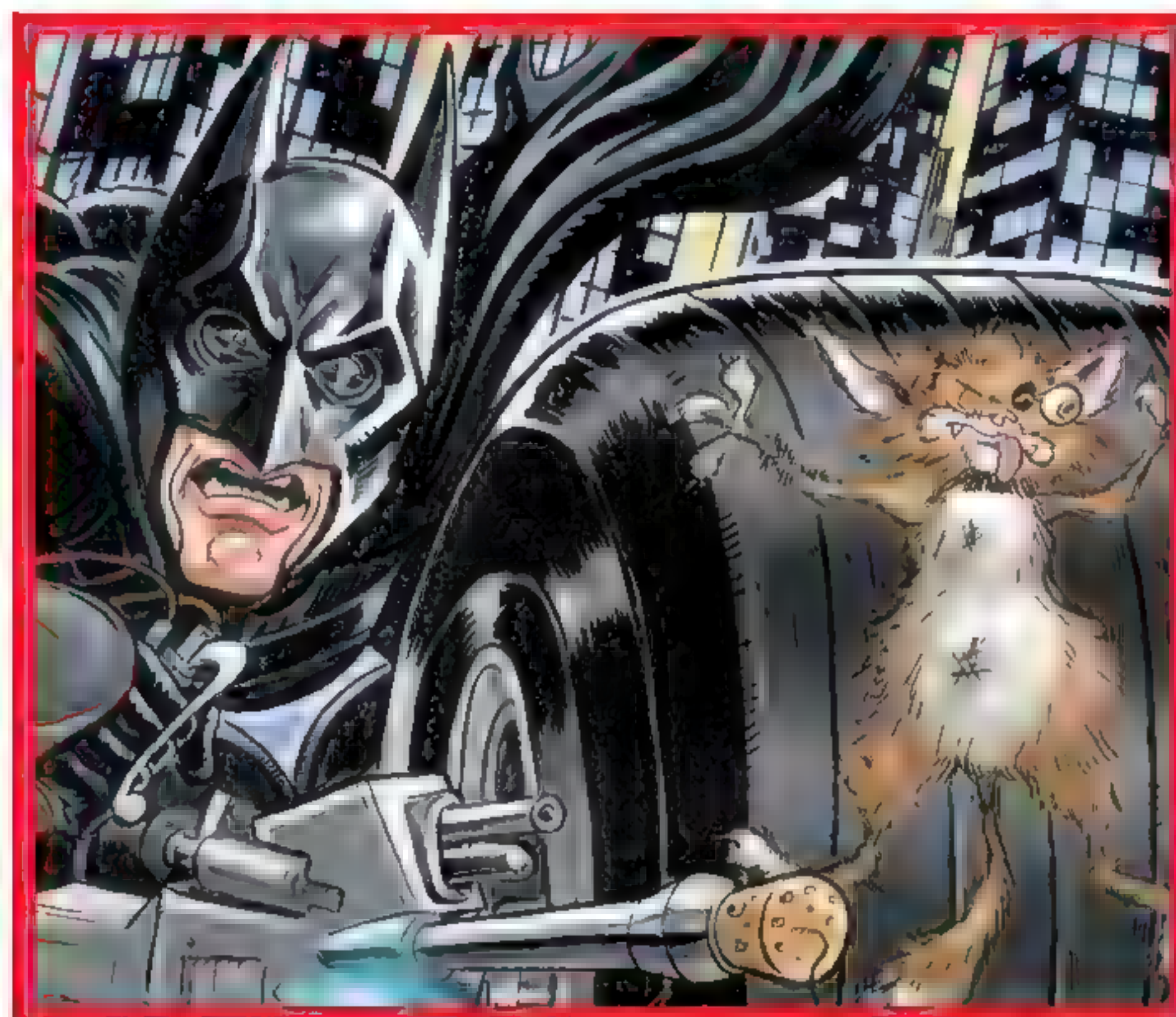


MAD

DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Holy seventh sequel Batman! Get a wedgie in your Bat-pants as we slide down the Bat-pole one more time with *The Dork Knight* movie parody from MAD #495, November 2008.



Go batty over the special fold-in cover by MAD creative caped centenarian Al Jaffee. From the series of April Fool's Day gag variant covers for DC comics *Batman*, published in April 2013.





DON'T WAYNE ON MY PARADE DEPT.

Movie-goers were a bit surprised by the latest movie adaptation from DC Comics. It wasn't just another summer superhero popcorn flick! It explored serious themes! It was an allegory for our times! In fact, an academic presentation entitled *The Doppelgänger Denied: Batman and the Duality of the Mythic Vigilante* got an award at this year's San Diego Comic-Con. It came in a strong second to *Scrappy-Doo: Vestigial or Essential?* No wonder criminals and fanboys alike call this guy...

I'm Battyman! Despite my costume, some have suggested that Bruce Whine is my real mask — that I hide behind black-tie champagne parties, 400-foot yachts, and unemotional group sex with runway models who'll never know the real me! How long can a person keep living a lie? Me, I'm giving the pretense just 30 more years. Maybe 35, if my knees hold up!

What drives me to do this? I could have used my hundreds of billions to fund youth centers, neighborhood watch programs, and enhanced urban security. Or I can dress up like a giant rodent and punch guys in the nose — my choice was clear!

I used to think it was bad driving Miss Daisy. But now I'm just the auto mechanic for Mister Crazy! In this story, there are actually two of us in charge of manipulating stiff mechanical props — myself, and Christian Bale's vocal coach!

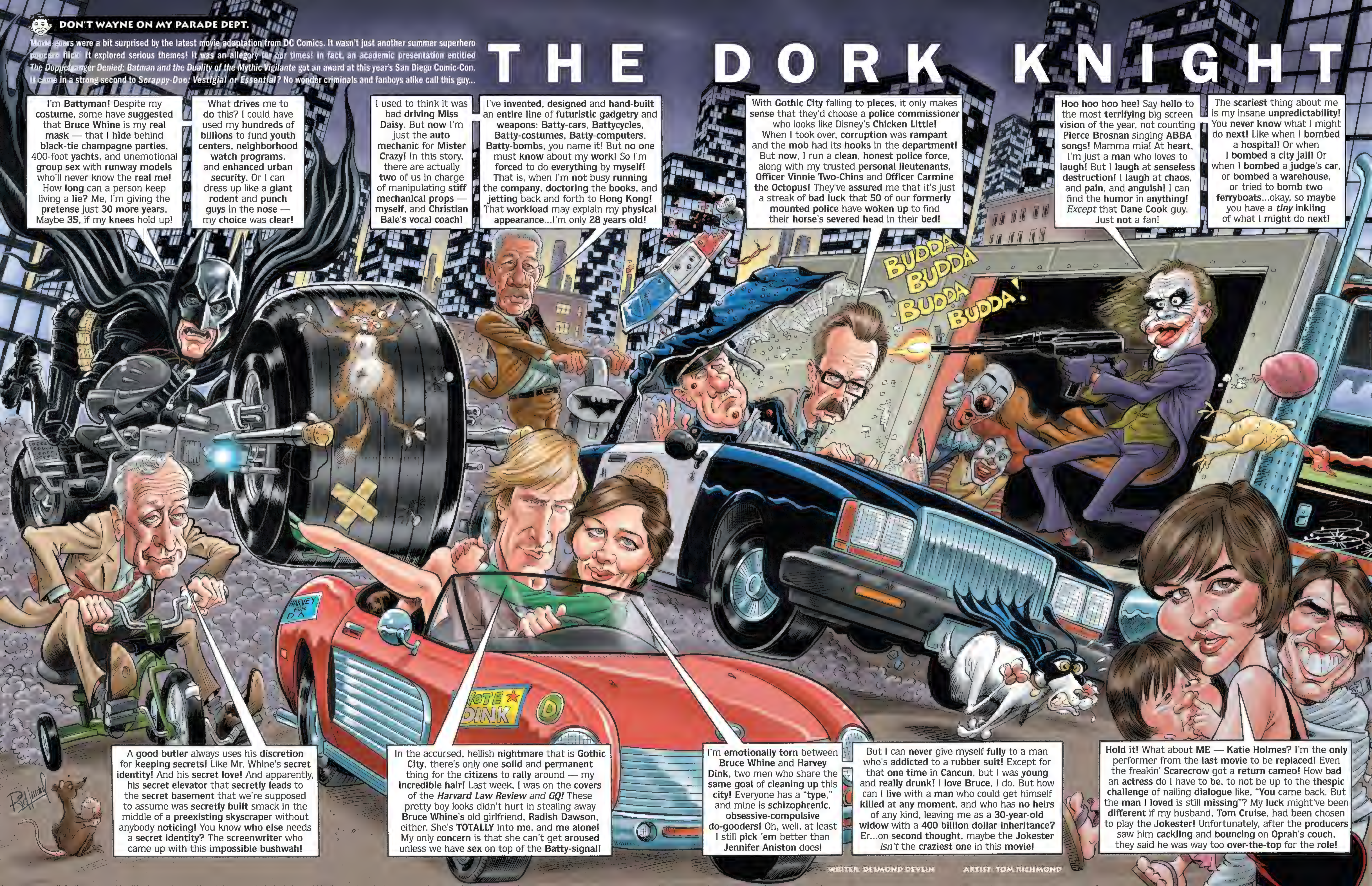
I've invented, designed and hand-built an entire line of futuristic gadgetry and weapons: Batty-cars, Battycycles, Batty-costumes, Batty-computers, Batty-bombs, you name it! But no one must know about my work! So I'm forced to do everything by myself! That is, when I'm not busy running the company, doctoring the books, and jetting back and forth to Hong Kong! That workload may explain my physical appearance...I'm only 28 years old!

With Gothic City falling to pieces, it only makes sense that they'd choose a police commissioner who looks like Disney's Chicken Little! When I took over, corruption was rampant and the mob had its hooks in the department! But now, I run a clean, honest police force, along with my trusted personal lieutenants, Officer Vinnie Two-Chins and Officer Carmine the Octopus! They've assured me that it's just a streak of bad luck that 50 of our formerly mounted police have woken up to find their horse's severed head in their bed!

Hoo hoo hoo hee! Say hello to the most terrifying big screen vision of the year, not counting Pierce Brosnan singing ABBA songs! Mamma mia! At heart, I'm just a man who loves to laugh! But I laugh at senseless destruction! I laugh at chaos, and pain, and anguish! I can find the humor in anything! Except that Dane Cook guy. Just not a fan!

The scariest thing about me is my insane unpredictability! You never know what I might do next! Like when I bombed a hospital! Or when I bombed a city jail! Or when I bombed a judge's car, or bombed a warehouse, or tried to bomb two ferryboats...okay, so maybe you have a *tiny* inkling of what I might do next!

THE DORK KNIGHT



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA!

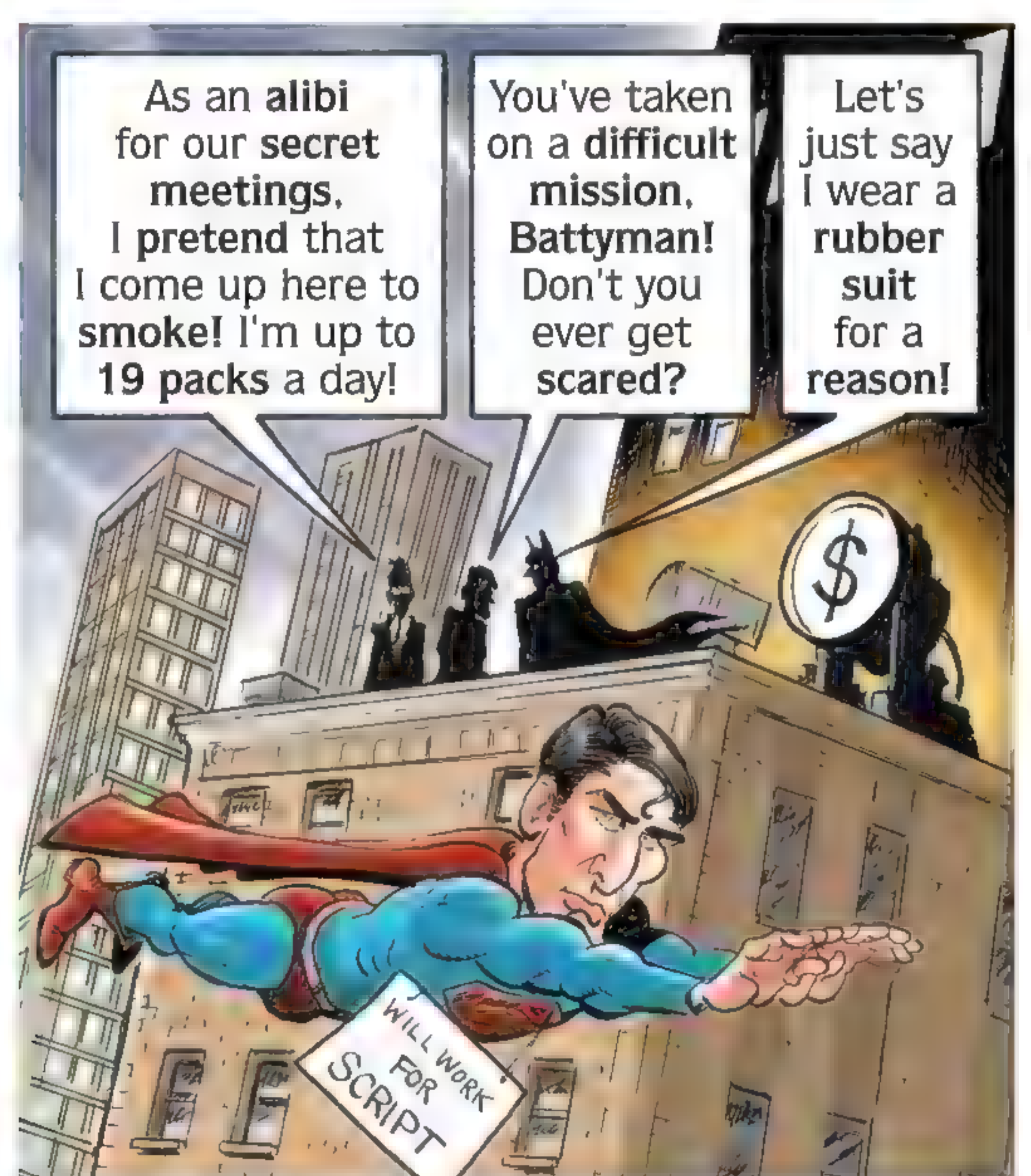
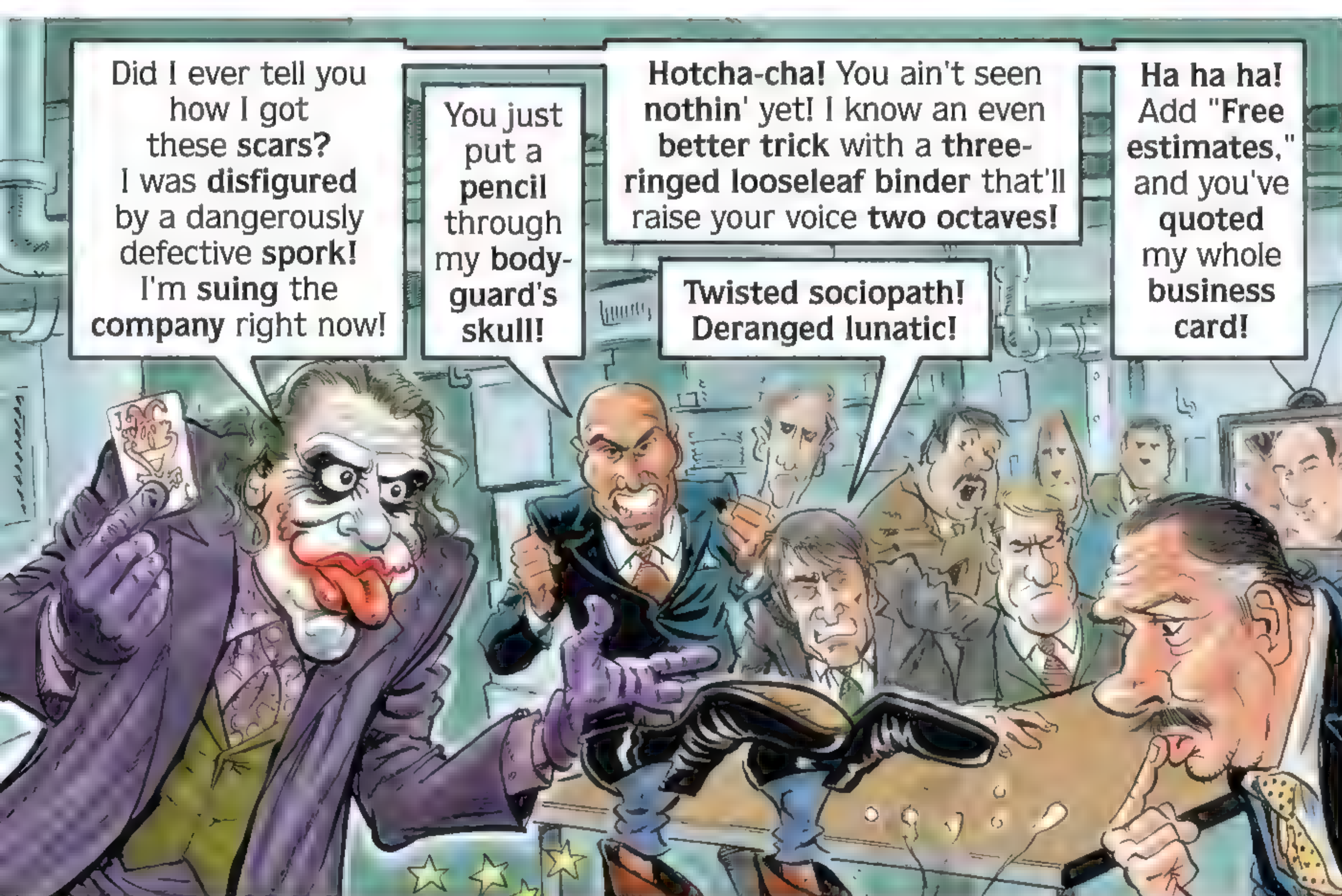
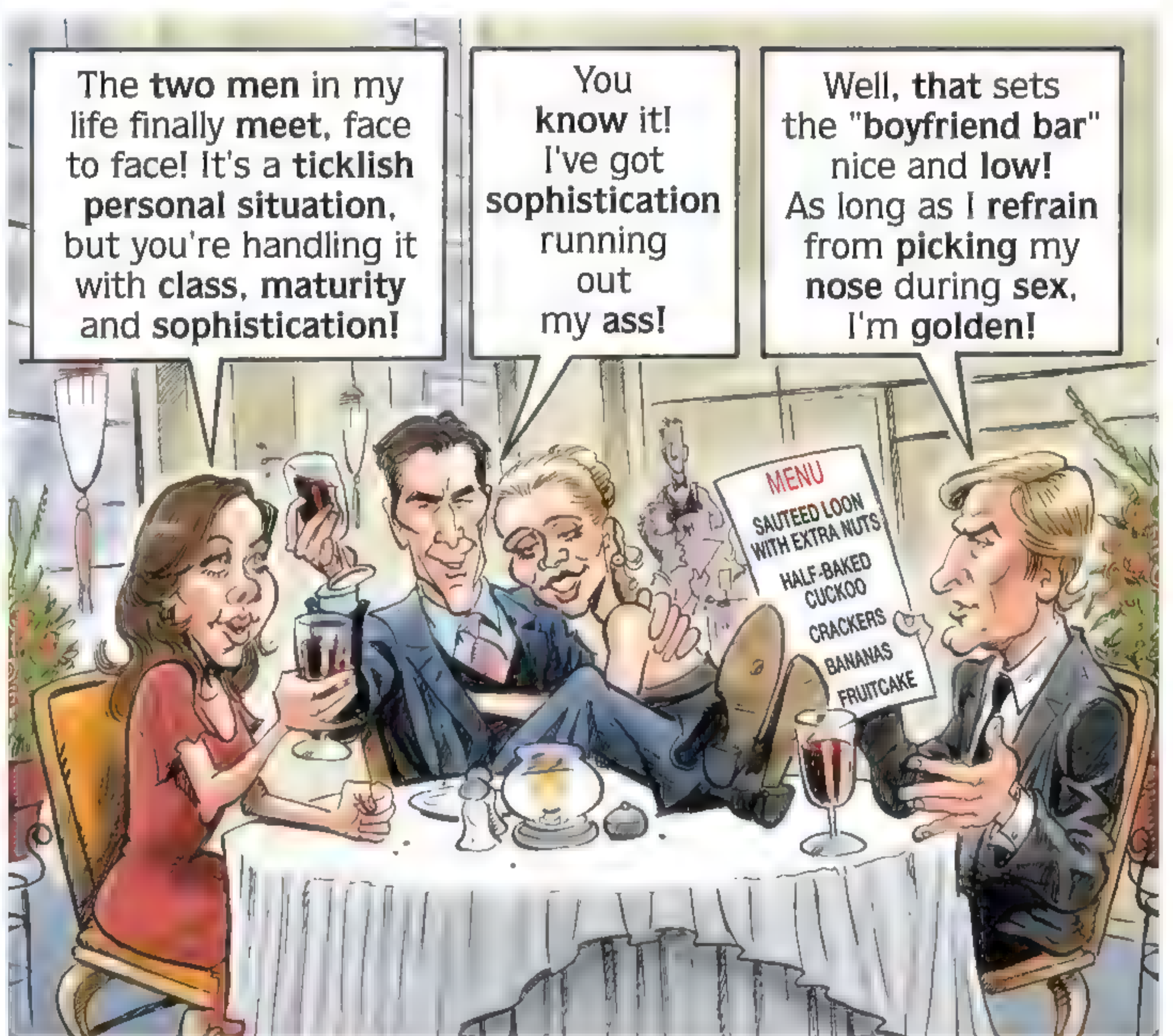
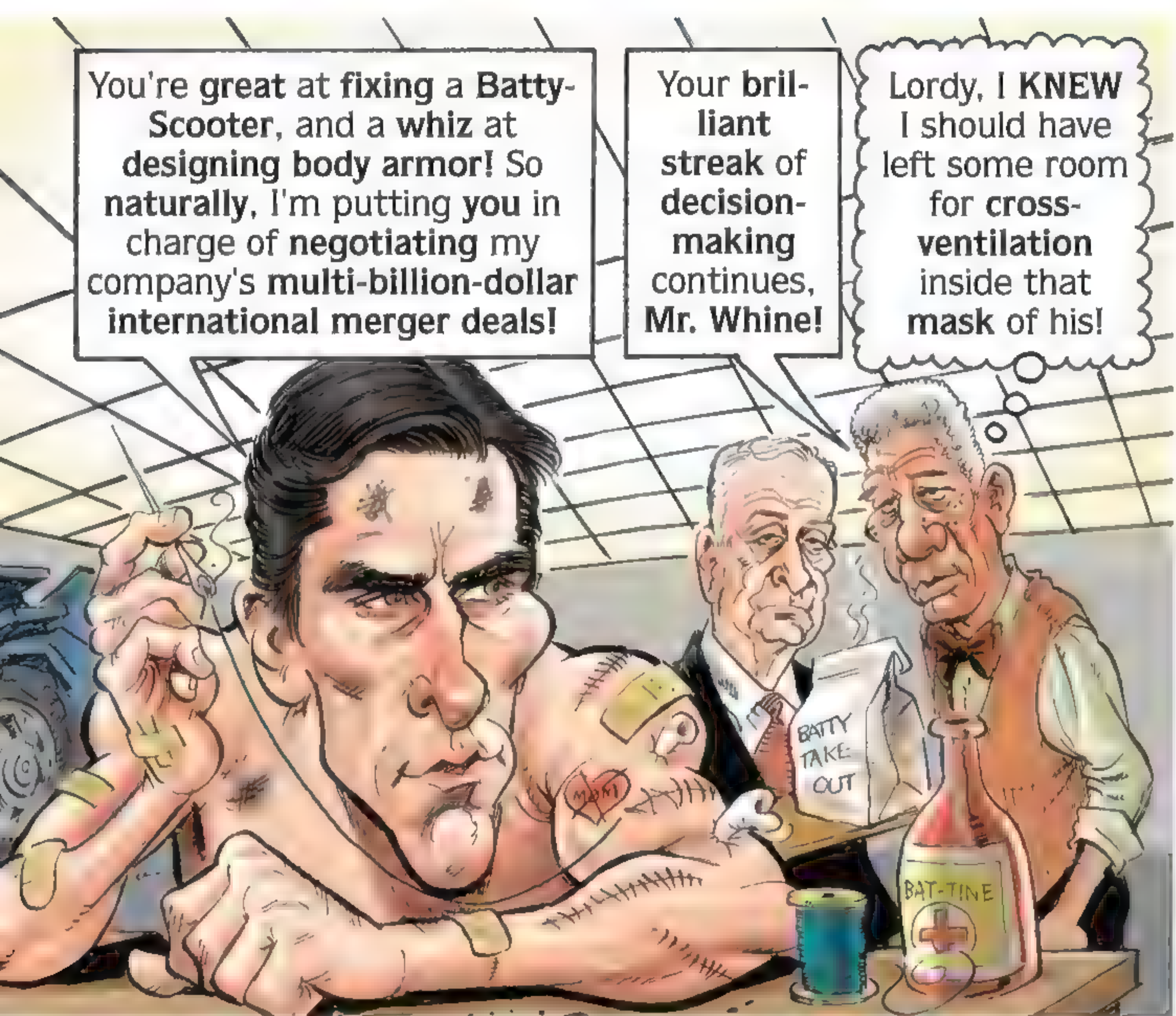
A good butler always uses his discretion for keeping secrets! Like Mr. Whine's secret identity! And his secret love! And apparently, his secret elevator that secretly leads to the secret basement that we're supposed to assume was secretly built smack in the middle of a preexisting skyscraper without anybody noticing! You know who else needs a secret identity? The screenwriter who came up with this impossible bushwah!

In the accursed, hellish nightmare that is Gothic City, there's only one solid and permanent thing for the citizens to rally around — my incredible hair! Last week, I was on the covers of the *Harvard Law Review* and *GQ*! These pretty boy looks didn't hurt in stealing away Bruce Whine's old girlfriend, Radish Dawson, either. She's **TOTALLY** into me, and me alone! My only concern is that she can't get aroused unless we have sex on top of the Batty-signal!

I'm emotionally torn between Bruce Whine and Harvey Dink, two men who share the same goal of cleaning up this city! Everyone has a "type," and mine is schizophrenic, obsessive-compulsive do-gooders! Oh, well, at least I still pick 'em better than Jennifer Aniston does!

But I can never give myself fully to a man who's addicted to a rubber suit! Except for that one time in Cancun, but I was young and really drunk! I love Bruce, I do. But how can I live with a man who could get himself killed at any moment, and who has no heirs of any kind, leaving me as a 30-year-old widow with a 400 billion dollar inheritance? Er...on second thought, maybe the Jokerster isn't the craziest one in this movie!

Hold it! What about ME — Katie Holmes? I'm the only performer from the last movie to be replaced! Even the freakin' Scarecrow got a return cameo! How bad an actress do I have to be, to not be up to the thespic challenge of nailing dialogue like, "You came back. But the man I loved is still missing"? My luck might've been different if my husband, Tom Cruise, had been chosen to play the Jokerster! Unfortunately, after the producers saw him cackling and bouncing on Oprah's couch, they said he was way too over-the-top for the role!





I'd like to say a few words on behalf of Harvey Dink! Sure, he looks like a beady-eyed Jeff Daniels stand-in, but he must have some **good qualities** we don't know about! Speaking of good quality, check this out! I've upgraded to **THREE** babes! So, Harvey, go marry my old girlfriend who you supposedly love sooooo much! Just remember, that's **billionaire** you're tasting! I'm Bruce Whine, and I approved this message!

That speech was still more **heartfelt** and **sincere** than when Hillary Clinton endorsed Obama!



You look very familiar! Didn't I go camping with your brother once?

I'm not afraid of you! The concrete pavement sixty stories down, though, now **THAT** scares me!

Did I ever tell you how I got these scars? I was working at an exotic pet store, and the owner bet me five bucks I wouldn't French kiss a pms-ing ocelot!



Oh, God! It's so horrible! It's just so horrible!

The Joker's rash of murders? A hysterical city gripped in fear?

No, these bagpipes!

We will never forget Commissioner Walk-on! His two minutes of screen time will forever be a shining inspiration to the citizens of Gothic City! I fervently believe we can sum up this great man's life with three simple words: **Courage. Justice. And...DUCK!**



Me? The Joker has picked me as his next target? I know the perfect spot to hide! Bruce Whine's penthouse is the safest place in Gothic City!

You mean the exact same location where the Joker just barged in two days ago, and dropped you out the window?

Uh. Yeah. Good point! But it's so high up, you can't beat the phone reception when you're dialing 911!



Neuman, you know Bruce! Can we ever be happy together? What is it like to live with a violent, unstable psychotic?

It's a breeze! I was Naomi Campbell's butler for two years!



Perhaps chance will make you reveal the Joker's plans! Heads, and this scene becomes a clumsy analogy challenging the primacy of eternal civil liberties in an insecure world. Tails, and my story acquires a tragic arc, dramatizing the limits of situational ethics!

Don't do it! I'll unmask instead. Only one of us can be a living metaphor for the internal struggle between the stated needs of the state, and the realpolitik ambiguity of their ultimate attainment! Only my actions can simultaneously undermine and validate the principle of Kantian autonomy!

There's nothing like a philosophical impasse between a guy flipping a coin and a guy with pointy ears! When do we get a damn car chase around here?



Hey, look! At the big press conference to reveal Battyman's true identity, we've got 100 reporters, 100 cops, 100 politicians, and for no apparent reason, bajillionaire Bruce Whine! There's nothing suspicious about that!

This is a Battyman press conference? Phooey! I assumed it was yet another elected official admitting that they're gay!

Remember, the night is darkest just before the dawn! The only thing to fear is fear itself! United we stand, divided we fall! Snug as a bug in a rug! The squeaky wheel gets the grease! And now, since I've run out of vapid clichés, you may arrest me! I am Battyman!

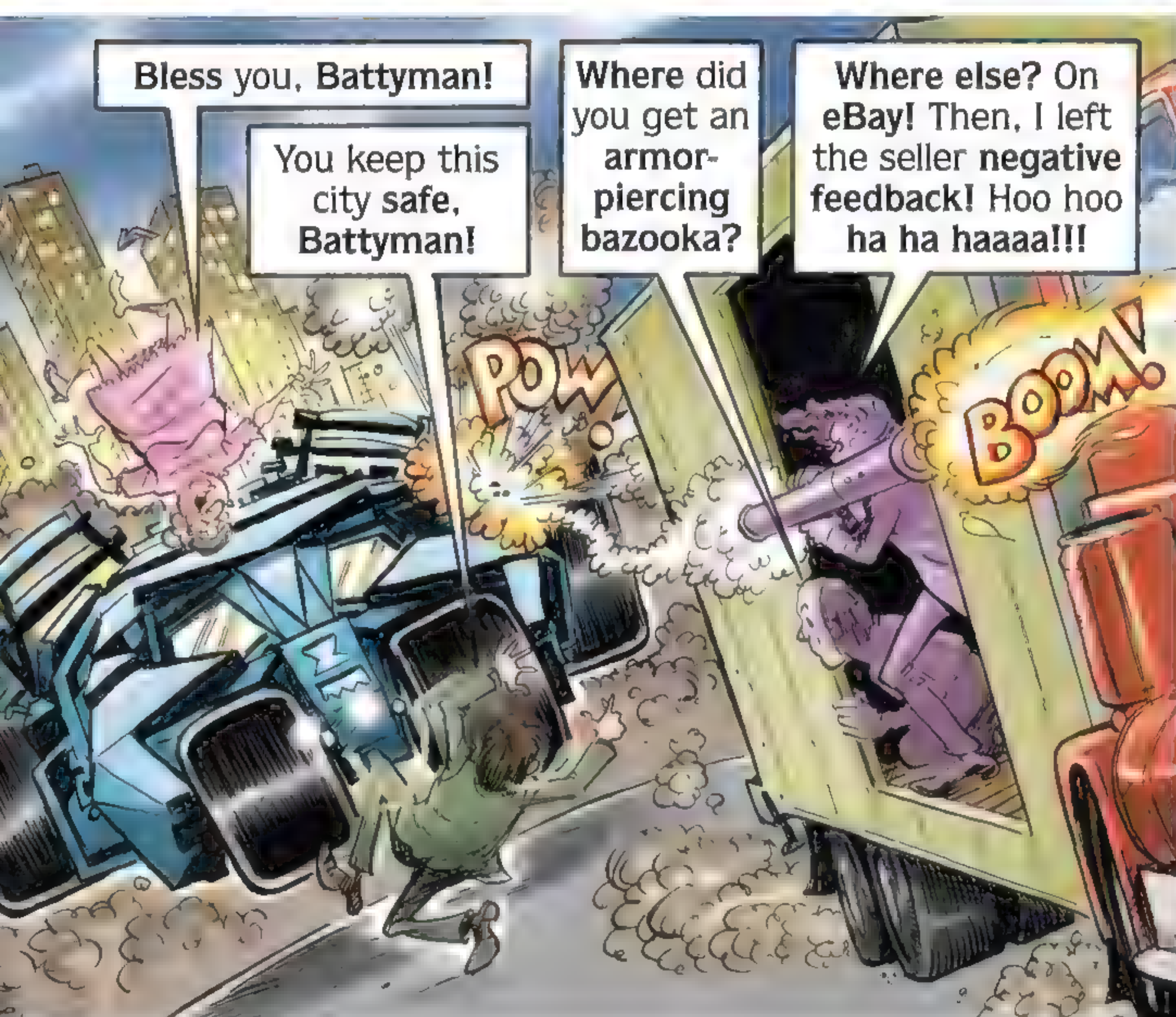


Bless you, Battyman!

You keep this city safe, Battyman!

Where did you get an armor-piercing bazooka?

Where else? On eBay! Then, I left the seller negative feedback! Hoo hoo ha ha haaaa!!!



Gently! Gently! You'll smear my makeup!

You have the right to remain silent, especially after I knock you unconscious! You have the right to have an attorney present during questioning! If I were you, I'd pick one who's a blood donor match!

Aha! Listen to Battyman's ridiculous growly, gravelly voice! I just figured out his secret identity!

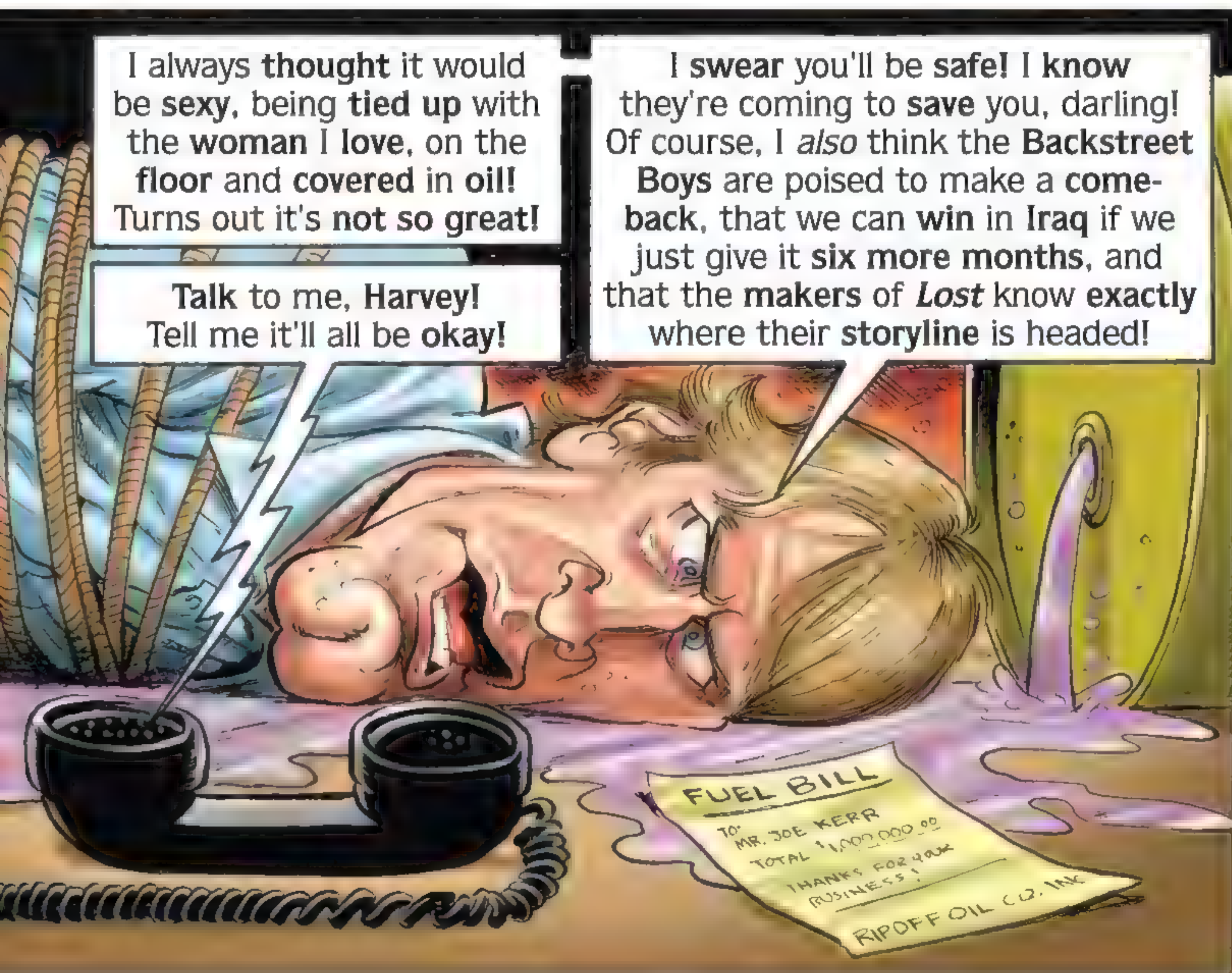
Cookie! Me want cookie!



I always thought it would be sexy, being tied up with the woman I love, on the floor and covered in oil! Turns out it's not so great!

Talk to me, Harvey! Tell me it'll all be okay!

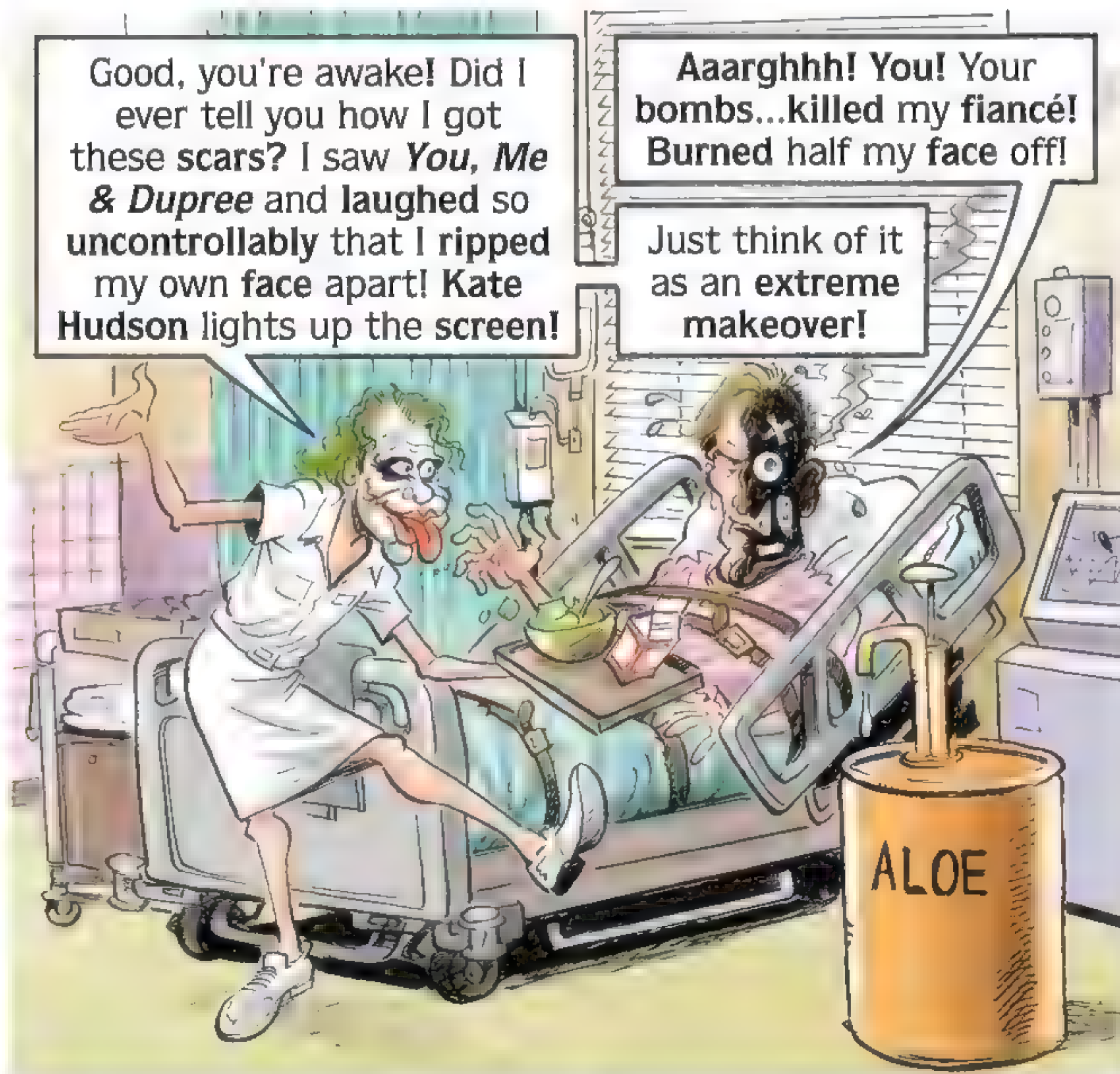
I swear you'll be safe! I know they're coming to save you, darling! Of course, I also think the Backstreet Boys are poised to make a comeback, that we can win in Iraq if we just give it six more months, and that the makers of *Lost* know exactly where their storyline is headed!



Good, you're awake! Did I ever tell you how I got these scars? I saw *You, Me & Dupree* and laughed so uncontrollably that I ripped my own face apart! Kate Hudson lights up the screen!

Aaarghhh! You! Your bombs...killed my fiancé! Burned half my face off!

Just think of it as an extreme makeover!

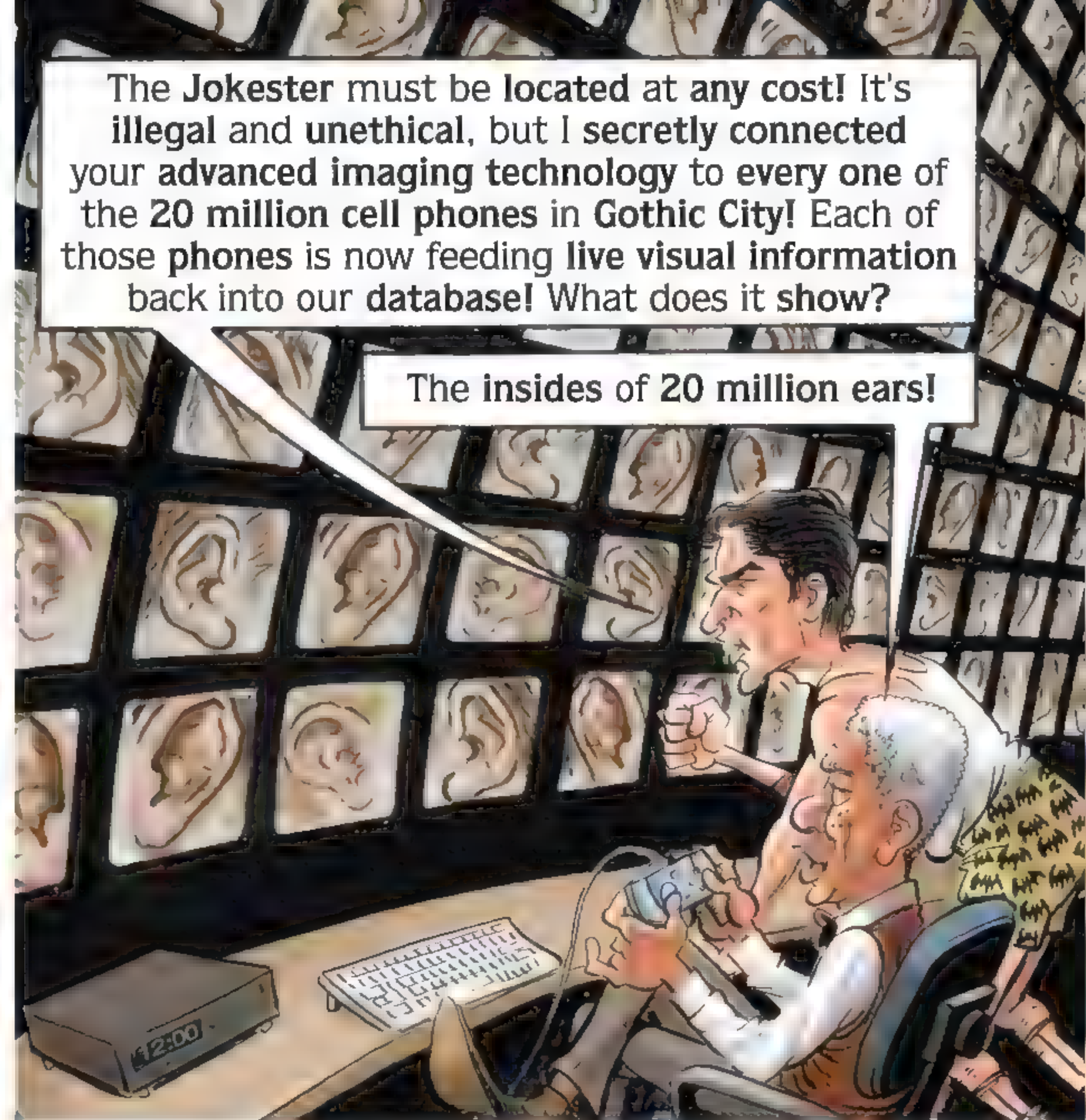


The Joker's plot is diabolically simple! Somehow he guessed which two ferryboats to put two bombs on. Each boat has a detonator! But *our* detonator is connected to the *OTHER* ship's bomb, and vice versa! *Either* boat can save itself from being killed by exploding the *other* boat! However, *one* group of passengers must trigger its detonator by midnight, or else Joker will blow up *BOTH* boats! That is, unless the Joker deliberately provided false information about the detonators, the deadline, or the...

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Push the button already! Getting blown to pieces will be a pleasure after all that nonsense!

The Joker must be located at any cost! It's illegal and unethical, but I secretly connected your advanced imaging technology to every one of the 20 million cell phones in Gothic City! Each of those phones is now feeding live visual information back into our database! What does it show?

The insides of 20 million ears!



Finally, I've got you roped and tied, with your butt up in the air! I'll bet you're relieved that this is a mainstream action movie and not *Brokeback Mountain 2!*

Wake up, Battyman! We did the *Brokeback Mountain* joke 12 panels ago!

I know! But I'm stuck for a gag, and for jokes about OD-ing on illegal prescription drugs, it's still "too soon"!



Heads, your boy lives! Tails, he dies! A flip of my coin will decide!

What about my wife and daughter? Or Battyman? Or myself? Or you?

Okay, have it *your* way! Let's decide this with a game of Yahtzee!



The public must never learn what Harvey did! There's only one way to cover this up. Me! Blame his police killings on me!

But wouldn't it be even easier to blame the murders on Joker?

Maybe! But this is the best plan I can suggest right now! I just hope my thinking hasn't been too affected by the fact that I just fell four stories and probably have a grade-2 concussion!



Now that you're being hunted by the police, I've whipped up a snazzy cloaking device for your Battymobile! It'll help you escape detection as you drive on your nightly patrols!

Forget it! I can't afford to keep running the Battymobiles anymore, plus the Battycycle, and a Battyplane besides. With current gasoline prices, I'm bankrupt!





19

THE NEW 52!

A SPECIAL MAD FOLD-IN COVER

BATMAN

**WHAT
TWISTED
JOKER
IS
BATMAN'S
BIGGEST
THREAT?**

A

B

FOLD PAGE SO "A" MEETS "B"





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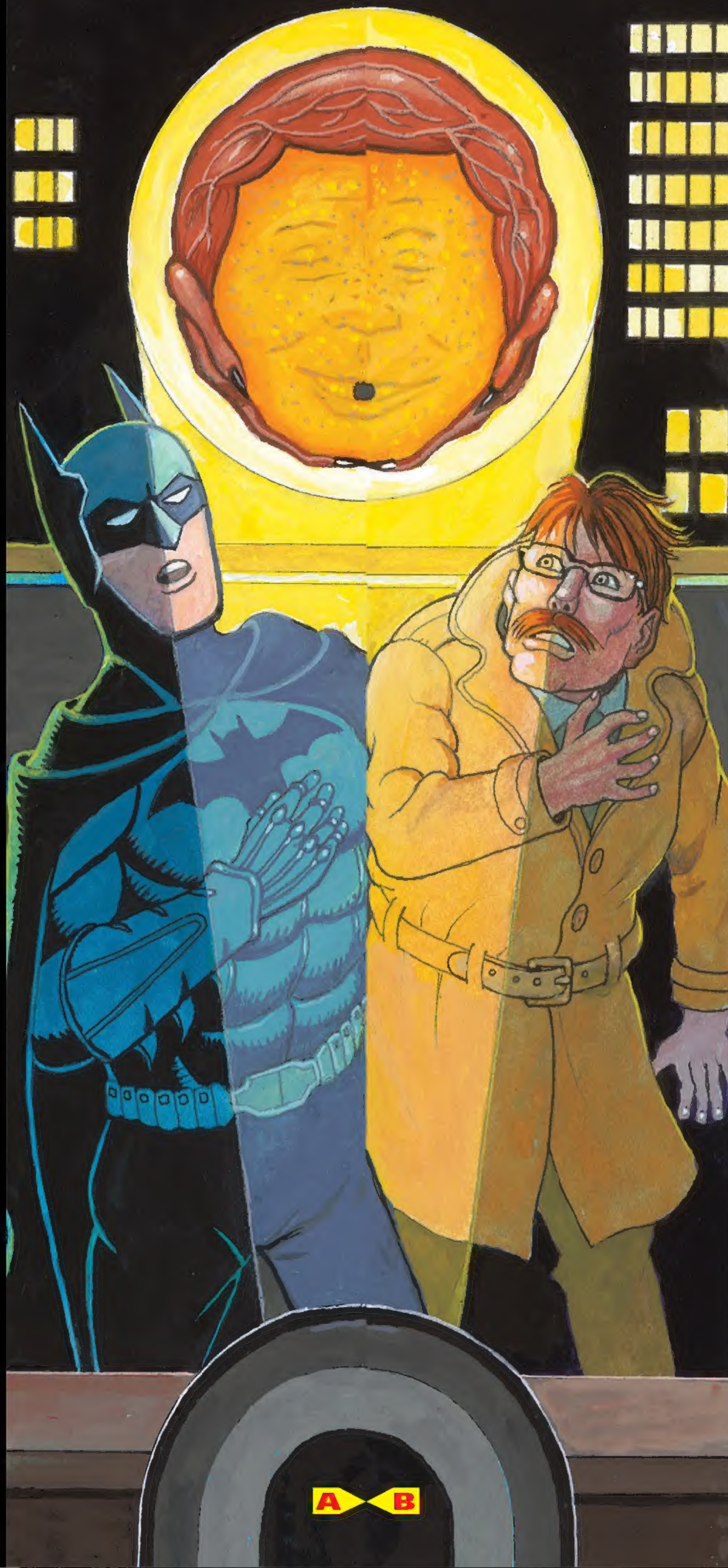


19

THE NEW 52!

WHAT TWISTED JOKESTER IS BATMAN'S BIGGEST THREAT?

A **B** FOLD PAGE SO "A" MEETS "B"



MAD



HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN since 1952

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

